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John Boyd

1871

XK14

THE
DRAMATICK WORKS
OF
PHILIP MASSINGER
COMPLETE,
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

REVISED AND CORRECTED,
WITH NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY,
BY JOHN MONCK MASON, Esq.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
REMARKS AND OBSERVATIONS OF VARIOUS AUTHORS;
CRITICAL REFLECTIONS ON THE OLD ENGLISH
DRAMATICK WRITERS;

AND
A SHORT ESSAY ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF
MASSINGER, INSCRIBED TO DR. S. JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. DAVIES, in RUSSEL-STREET; T. PAYNE and
SON, at the MEWS-GATE; L. DAVIS, in HOLBOURN;
J. NICHOLS, RED-LION PASSAGE; T. EVANS, in
the STRAND; W. DAVIS, in PICCADILLY;
and H. PAYNE, in PALL MALL.

MDCCLXXIX.



THE
GUARDIAN.
A
Comical History.

As it hath been often acted at the Private-House in
Black-Friars, by his late M A J E S T Y's Servants,
with great Applause. 1655 *.

WRITTEN BY
PHILIP MASSINGER, Gent.

* The Date 1655 refers to the Publication of the Play, not the
acting it.—The Playhouses had been then shut at least fourteen Years. D.



VOL. IV.

B

THE P R O L O G U E.

*After twice putting forth to Sea, his Fame
Shipwreck'd in neither, and his once known Name
In two Tears' Silence buried, perhaps lost
The general Opinion; 'at our Cost
(A zealous Sacrifice to Neptune made
For good Success in his uncertain Trade)
Our Author weighs up Anchors, and once more
Forsaking the Security of the Shore,
Resolves to prove his Fortune: What 'twill be,
Is not in him or us to prophecy;
You only can assure us. Yet he pray'd
This little in his Absence might be said,
Designing me his Orator. He submits
To the grave Censure of those abler Wits
His Weakness; nor dares he profess that when
The Critics laugh he'll laugh at them again.
(Strange Self-Love in a Writer!) He would know
His Errors as you find 'em, and bestow
His future Studies to reform from this
What in another might be judg'd amiss.
And yet despair not, Gentlemen; though he fear
His Strengths to please, we hope that you shall bear
Some things so writ, as you may truly say
He hath not quite forgot to make a Play,
As 'tis with Malice rumour'd. His Intent
Are fair; and though he want the Compliments
Of wide-mouth'd Promisers, who still engage
(Before their Works are brought upon the Stage)
Their Parasites to proclaim 'em: This last Birth
Deliver'd without Noise may yield such Mirth,
As, balanc'd equally, will cry down the Boast
Of Arrogance, and regain his Credit lost.*

✂ ¹ *He hath not quite forgot to make a Play,
As 'tis with Malice rumour'd.*

Massinger being esteemed one of the best Poets of the Age he lived in, and not having published a Play in the Interval of two Years, gave his Cotemporaries Room to raise such a Report as is here alluded to.

Dramatis Personæ.

ALPHONSO, King of *Naples*.

General of *Milain*.

SEVERINO, a Nobleman banish'd.

MONTECLARO, his Brother-in-Law, disguised.

DURAZZO, the Guardian.

CALDORO, his Ward, in Love with CALISTE.

ADORIO, beloved by CALISTE.

CAMILLO,

LENTULO, } Neapolitan Gentlemen.

DONATO,

CARIO, Servant to ADORIO.

CLAUDIO, Servant to SEVERINO.

Captains.

Servants.

Banditti.

JOLANTRE, Wife to SEVERINO.

CALISTE, her Daughter.

MIRTILLA, CALISTE's Maid.

CALIPSO, the Confident of JOLANTRE.

THE



THE GUARDIAN.[†]

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Durazzo, Camillo, Lentulo, and Donato ;
two Servants.*

Durazzo.

TELL me of his Expences? Which of you
Stands bound for a gazet? He spends his own;
And you impertinent Fools or Knaves, (make
Choice
Of either Title, which your Seigniorships please)
To meddle in't.

Cam. Your Age gives Privilege to this harsh Language.

Dur. My Age! do not use
That Word again; if you do, I shall grow young
And swinge you soundly: I would have you know,
Though I write fifty odd, I do not carry
An Almanac in my Bones to predeclare
What Weather we shall have; nor do I kneel

† The Plot of this Play is taken from *Boccace's Novels*, Day 8th, Novel 7th; to which I refer the curious Reader.

The curious Reader will find no Traces of this Play in the Novel he is referred to: but in the 8th Novel of the 7th Day he will find an Adventure related which resembles a single Incident in this Play; Calypso's assuming the Place of Jolante, and sustaining the brunt of her Husband's Fury without discovering herself: this Incident, however, makes a very insignificant Part of the various Plots of this Comical History. M. M.

In Adoration at the Spring and Fall
 Before my Doctor for a Dose or two
 Of his Restoratives, which are Things I take it
 You are familiar with.

Cam. This is from the Purpose.

Dur. I cannot cut a Caper, or groan like you
 When I have done, nor run away so nimbly
 Out of the Field. But bring me to a Fence-school,
 And crack a Blade or two for Exercise,
 Ride a barb'd Horse, or take a Leap after me
 Following my Hounds or Hawks, (and by your Leave
 At a gamesome Mistress) and you shall confess
 I'm in the *May* of my Abilities,
 And you in your *December*.

Lent. We are glad you bear your Years so well.

Dur. My Years! No more of Years; if you do,
 at your Peril.

Cam. We desire not
 To prove your Valour.

Dur. 'Tis your safest Course.

Cam. But as Friends to your Fame and Reputation,
 Come to instruct you: Your too much Indulgence
 To the exorbitant Waste of young CALDORO
 Your Nephew and your Ward, hath rendered you
 But a bad Report among wise Men in *Naples*.

Dur. Wise Men! — in your Opinion; but to me
 That understand myself and them, they are
 Hide-bounded Money-mongers: they would have me
 Train up my Ward a hopeful Youth, to keep
 A Merchant's Book, or at the Plough, and cloath him
 In Canvass or coarse Cotton; while I sell
 His Woods, grant Leases, which he must make good
 When he comes to Age, or be compell'd to marry
 With a cast Whore and three Bastards: Let him know
 No more than how to cypher well, or do
 His Tricks by the Square Root; grant him no Pleasure
 But Coits and Nine-pins; suffer him to converse
 With none but Clowns and Coblers; as the *Turk* says,
 Poverty,

Poverty, old Age, and Aches of all Seasons,
Light on such heathenish Guardians!

Don. You do worse

To the Ruin of his 'State, under your Favour,
In feeding his loose Riots.

Dur. Riots! What Riots?

He wears rich Cloaths, I do so; keeps Horses, games,
and wenches;

'Tis not amiss, so it be done with Decorum:
In an Heir 'tis ten Times more excusable
Than to be over-thrifty. Is there aught else
That you can charge him with?

Cam. With what we grieve for,
And you will not approve,

Dur. Out with it, Man.

Cam. His rash Endeavour, without your Consent
To match himself into a Family
Not gracious with the Times.

Dur. 'Tis still the better;

By this Means he shall 'scape Court-visitants,
And not be eaten out of House and Home
In a Summer Progress. But does he mean to marry?

Cam. Yes, Sir, to marry.

Dur. In a beardless Chin

'Tis ten Times worse than wenching, Family! whose
Family?

Cam. Signior *Severino's*,

Dur. How? not he that kill'd

The Brother of his Wife (as it is rumour'd)
Then fled upon it; since proscrib'd, and chosen
Captain of the Banditti; the King's Pardon
On no Suit to be granted?

Lent. The same, Sir.

Dur. This touches near: How is his Love return'd
By the Saint he worships?

Don. She affects him not, but dotes upon another.

Dur. Worse and worse.

Cam. You know him, young *Adorio*.

Dur. A brave Gentleman! what Proof of this?

Lent. I dogg'd him to the Church ;
Where he, not for Devotion, as I guess,
But to make his Approaches to his Mistress,
Is often seen.

Cam. And would you stand conceal'd
Among these Trees, for he must pass this Green,
The Mattins ended, as she returns Home
You may observe the Passages.

Dur. I thank you ; this Torrent must be stopt.

Enter Adorio, Caliste, Mirtilla, *and* Caldoro *muffled.*

Don. They come.

Cam. Stand close.

Calist. I know I wrong my Modesty,

Ador. And wrong me

In being so importunate for that

I neither can nor must grant.

Calist. A hard Sentence ! and to increase my Misery,
by you

(Whom fond Affection hath made my Judge)

Pronounc'd without Compassion. Alas, Sir,

Did I approach you with unchaste Desires ;

A sullied Reputation ; were I deform'd,

As it may be I am, tho' many affirm

I am something more than handsome——

Dur. I dare swear it.

Calist. Or if I were no Gentlewoman, but bred
coarsely,

You might with some Pretence of Reason slight

What you should sue for.

Dur. Were he not an Eunuch,

He would, and sue again ; I am sure I should.

Pray look in my Collar, a Flea troubles me :

Hey-day ! there are a Legion of young Cupids

At Barley-break in my Breeches.

Calist. Hear me, Sir ; tho' you continue, nay
increase your Scorn,

Only vouchsafe to let me understand

What my Defects are ; of which once convinc'd,

I will

I will hereafter silence my harsh Plea,
And spare your farther Trouble.

Ador. I'll tell you, and bluntly, as my usual Manner is.

Though I were a Woman-hater, which I am not,
But love the Sex for my Ends; take me with you :
If in my Thought I found one Taint or Blemish
In the whole Fabrick of your outward Features,
I would give myself the Lye. You are a Virgin
Possess'd of all your Mother could wish in you;
Your Father *Severino's* dire Disaster
In killing of your Uncle, which I grieve for,
In no Part taking from you. I repeat it;
A noble Virgin, for whose Grace and Favours
Th' *Italian* Princes might contend as Rivals;
Yet unto me (a Thing far, far beneath you.
A noted Libertine I profess myself :)
In your Mind there does appear one Fault so gross,
Nay, I might say unpardonable at your Years,
If justly you consider it, that I cannot
As you desire, affect you.

Calist. Make me know it, I'll soon reform it.

Ador. Would you would keep your Word !

Calist. Put me to the Test.

Ador. I will. You are too honest,
And, like your Mother, too strict and religious,
And talk too soon of Marriage : I shall break,
If at that Rate I purchase you. Can I part with
My uncurb'd Liberty, and on my Neck
Wear such a heavy Yoke ? Hazard my Fortunes,
With all th'expected Joys my Life can yield me,
For one Commodity before I prove it ?
Venus forbid on both Sides ; let crook'd Hams,
Bald Heads, declining Shoulders, furrow'd Cheeks,
Be aw'd by Ceremonies : If you love me
I'the Way young People should, I'll fly to meet it ;
And we'll meet merrily.

Calist. 'Tis strange such a Man can use such Language.

Ador.

Ador. In my Tongue my Heart
Speaks freely, Fair-one! Think upon't, a close Friend
Or private Mistress is Court-rhetorick;
A Wife, meer rustick Solecism. So good Morrow.

Cam. How like you this? [*Adoria offers ta go, &c*

Dur. A well-bred Gentleman! [*said by Caldora.*]

I am now thinking if e'er in the Dark,
Or drunk, I met his Mother? He must have
Some Drops of my Blood in him; for at his Years
I was much of his Religion.

Cam. Out upon you!

Don. The Colt's Tooth still in your Mouth?

Dur. What means this Whispering?

Ador. You may perceive I seek not to displant you
Where you desire to grow: For farther Thanks,
'Tis needless Compliment.

Cald. There are some Natures
Which blush to own a Benefit, if not
Receiv'd in Corners, holding it an impairing
To their own Worth, should they acknowledge it,
I am made of other Clay, and therefore must
Trench so far on your Leisure, as to win you
To lend a patient Ear, while I profess
Before my Glory, though your Scorn, *Calista*,
How much am I your Servant.

Ador. My Designs
Are not so urgent, but they can dispense
With so much Time.

Cam. Pray you now observe your Nephew.

Dur. How he looks! like a School-boy that had
play'd the Truant,
And went to be breech'd.

Cald. Madam!

Calist. A new Affliction:
Your Suit offends as much as his Repulse,
It being not to be granted.

Mirt. Hear him, Madam,
His Sorrow is not personated; he deserves
Your Pity, not Contempt.

Dur.

Dur. He has made the Maid his :
And as the Master of the Art of Love
~~Wifely affirms, it is a kind of Passage~~
To the Mistress's Favour.

Cald. I come not to urge
My Merit to deserve you, since you are,
Weigh'd truly to your Worth, above all Value :
Much less to argue you of want of Judgment
For following one that with wing'd Feet flies from you ;
While I, at all Parts (without Boast) his Equal,
In vain pursue you ; bringing those Flames with me,
Those lawful Flames, (for Madam know, with other
I never shall approach you) which *Adorio*,
In scorn of *Hymen* and religious Rites,
With atheistical Impudence contemns,
And in his loose Attempt to undermine
The Fortrefs of your Honour, seeks to ruin
All holy Altars by clear Minds erected
To Virgin Honour.

Dur. My Nephew is an Ass,
What a Devil hath he to do with Virgin Honour,
Altars, or lawful Flames ? when he should tell her
They are superstitious Nothings, and speak to the
Purpose,
Of the Delight to meet in the old Dance
Between a Pair of Sheets ; my Grandame call'd it
The Peopling of the World.

Calist. How, gentle, Sir ?
To vindicate my Honour ? that is needless ;
I dare not fear the worst Aspersions Malice
Can throw upon it.

Cald. Your sweet Patience, Lady,
And more than Dove-like Innocence renders you
Insensible of an Injury, for which
I deeply suffer. Can you undergo
The Scorn of being refus'd ? I must confess
It makes for my Ends ; for had he embrac'd
Your gracious Offers tender'd him, I had been
In my own Hopes forsaken ; and if yet

There

There can breathe any Air of Comfort in me,
 To his Contempt I owe it : but his Ill
 No more shall make Way for my good Intent,
 Than Virtue, powerful in herself, can need
 The Aids of Vice.

Ador. You take that Licence Sir,
 Which yet I never granted.

Cald. I'll force more,
 Nor will I for my own Ends undertake it,
 (As I will make apparent) but to do
 A Justice to your Sex, with mine own Wrong
 And irrevocable Loss. To thee I turn,
 Thou goatish Ribauld, in whom Lust is grown
 Defensible², the last Descent to Hell,
 Which gapes wide for thee : Look upon this Lady,
 And on her Fame, (if it were possible
 Fairer than she is) and if base Desires
 And beastly Appetite will give thee Leave,
 Consider how she sought thee, how this Lady
 In a noble Way desir'd thee : Was she fashion'd
 In an inimitable Mould, (which Nature broke,
 The great Work perfected) to be made a Slave
 To thy libidinous Twines, and when commanded,
 To be us'd as Physic after drunken Surfeits ?
 Mankind should rise against thee : What even now
 I heard with Horror, shew'd like Blasphemy,
 And as such I will punish it.

[*He strikes Adorio, the rest make in, they all draw.*
Calist. Murder !

Mir. Help !

Dur. After a whining Prologue, who would have
 look'd for
 Such a rough Catastrophe ? Nay, come on, fear nothing :
 Never till now, my Nephew. And do you hear, Sir,

² *In whom Lust is grown defensible, &c.*

That is, who, instead of being ashamed of his Lust, glories in it, and attempts to justify it.

In the first Scene of the 4th Act, *Adorio* reproves himself for his defended Wantonness. M. M.

(And

(And yet I love thee too) if you take the Wench now
I'll have it posted first, then chronicled,
Thou wert beaten to't.

Ador. You think you have shewn
A memorable Master-piece of Valour
In doing this in public; and it may
Perhaps deserve her Shoe-string for a Favour:
Wear it without my Envy; but expect
For this Affront, when Time serves, I shall call you
To a strict Account. [*Exeunt.*

Dur. Hook on, follow him, Harpies,
You may feed upon this Business for a Month,
If you manage it handsomely: When two Heirs quarrel,
The Sword-men of the City shortly after
Appear in Plush, for their grave Consultations
In taking up the Difference; some I know
Make a set Living on't. Nay, let him go,
Thou art Master of the Field; enjoy thy Fortune
With Moderation: For a flying Foe,
Discreet and provident Conquerors build up
A Bridge of Gold. To thy Mistress, Boy! if I were
I'thy Shirt, how I could nick it!

Cald. You stand, Madam,
As you were rooted, and I more than fear
My Passion hath offended: I perceive
The Roses frightened from your Cheeks, and Paleness
T'usurp their Room; yet you may please to ascribe it
To my Excess of Love and boundless Ardor
To do you right; for myself I have done nothing.
I will not curse my Stars, howe'er assur'd
To me you are lost for ever: For suppose
Adorio slain, and by my Hand, my Life
Is forfeited to the Law, which I condemn,
So with a Tear or two you would remember
I was your Martyr; and died in your Service.

Calist. Alas, you weep! and in my just Compassion
Of what you suffer, I were more than Marble,
Should I not keep you Company; You have fought
My Favors nobly, and I am justly punish'd

In

In wild *Adorio's* Contempt and Storn
 For my Ingratitude, it is no better,
 To your Deservings : Yet such is my Fate,
 Though I would, I cannot help it. O *Caldoro* !
 In our misplac'd Affection I prove
 Too soon, and with dear-bought Experience, *Cupid*
 Is blind indeed, and hath mistook his Arrows.
 If it be possible, learn to forget ;
 (And yet that Punishment is too light) to hate
 A thankless Virgin : practise it ; and may
 Your due Consideration that I am so,
 In Your Imagination disperse
 Loathsome Deformity upon this Face
 That hath bewitch'd you. More I cannot say,
 But that I truly pity you, and wish you
 A better Choice, which in my Prayers, (*Caldoro*)
 I ever will remember. [*Exeunt Caliste, Mirtilia.*]

Dur. 'Tis a sweet Rogue :
 Why how now ? thunderstruck ?

Cald. I am not so happy :
 Oh that I were but Master of myself's,
 You soon should see me nothing.

Dur. What would you do ?

Cald. With one Stab give a fatal Period
 To my Woes and Life together.

Dur. For a Woman !
 Better the Kind were lost, and Generation
 Maintain'd a new Way.

Cald. Pray you, Sir, forbear
 This profane Language.

Dur. Pray you, be you a Man,
 And whimper not like a Girl : All shall be well,
 As I live it shall ; this is no Hectick Fever,
 But a Love-sick Ague, easy to be cur'd,
 And I'll be your Physician, so you subscribe
 To my Directions. First you must change

³ *Oh that I were but Master of myself.*

An excellent Reproof of Self-murder. No Man is Master of that
 Life which ought to be at the Disposal of the Almighty. D.

This

'This City whorish Air, for 'tis infected,
 And my Potions will not work here, I must have you
 To my Country Villa: Rise before the Sun,
 Then make a Breakfast of the Morning-Dew
 Serv'd up by Nature on some grassy Hill;
 You'll find it Nectar, and far more Cordial
 Than Cullises, Cock-broth, or your Distillations
 Of a hundred Crowns a Quart.

Cald. You talk of nothing.

Dur. This ta'en as a Preparative to strengthen
 Your queasy Stomach, vault into your Saddle;
 With all this Flesh I can do it without a Stirrup:
 My Hounds uncoupled, and my Huntsmen ready,
 You shall hear such Music from their tunable Mouths
 That you will say the Viol, Harp, Theorbo,
 Ne'er made such ravishing Harmony, from the Groves
 And neighbouring Woods, with frequent Iterations,
 Enamour'd of the Cry, a thousand Echos
 Repeating it.

Cald. What's this to me?

Dur. It shall be,
 And you give thanks for't. In the Afternoon
 (For we will have Variety of Delights)
 We'll to the Field again, no Game shall rise
 But we'll be ready for't; if a Hare, my Greyhounds
 Shall make a Course; for the Pye, or Jay, a Sparhawk
 Flies from the Fist; the Crow so near pursu'd,
 Shall be compell'd to seek Protection under
 Our Horses' Bellies; a Hearn put from her Siege,
 And a Pistol shot off in her Breech, shall mount
 So high, that to your View she'll seem to soar
 Above the Middle Region of the Air;
 A Cast of haggard Falcons, by me mann'd,
 Eying the Prey at first, appear as if
 They did turn Tail, but with their labouring Wings
 Getting above her, with a Thought their Pinions
 Cleaving the purer Element, make in,
 And by Turns bind with her; the frighted Fowl,
 Lying at her Defence upon her Back,

With

With her dreadful Beak, awhile defers her Death,
But by Degrees forc'd down, we part the Fray
And feast upon her.

Cald. This cannot be, I grant, but pretty Pastime.

Dur. Pretty Pastime, Nephew!

'Tis royal Sport, then for an Evening Flight
A Tiercel gentle ⁴, which I call my Masters;
As he were sent a Messenger to the Moon,
In such a Pace flies, as he seems to say,
See me, or see me not: the Partridge sprung,
He makes his Stoop; but wanting Breath, is forc'd
To cancelier ⁵, then with such Speed, as if
He carried Lightning in his Wings, he strikes
The trembling Bird; who even in Death appears
Proud to be made his Quarry ⁶.

Cald. Yet all this is nothing to *Caliste*.

Dur. Thou shalt find twenty *Calistes* there, for every
Night

A fresh and lusty one; I'll give thee a Ticket,
In which my Name, *Durazzo's* Name, subscrib'd,
My Tenants' Nut-brown Daughters, wholesome Girls,
At Midnight shall contend to do thee Service.
I have bred them up to't; should their Fathers murmur,
Their Leases are void; for that is a main Point
In my Indentures: And when we make our Progress
There is no Entertainment perfect, if
This last Dish be not offer'd.

Cald. You make me smile.

⁴ In this Description of Hunting and Hawking Massinger seems to be as well acquainted with Field Sports as Shakespeare himself.—Tiercel I suppose to be the French Term for a tame Hawk: the Diversion of Hawking we owed chiefly to our Neighbours of France, who greatly excelled in it.—Tiercel gentle is by Shakespeare, in his *Romeo and Juliet*, called Tassel Gentle. D.

⁵ A Hawk is said to cancelier, when she turns, and flies round in order to rest herself, as she is stooping to her Prey. M. M.

⁶ The Assemblage of rural Images, contained in this and the foregoing Speeches, constitute a most beautiful Picture of the Country, and must be very pleasing to every Reader, who is fond of seeing Nature in her original Dress.

Dur. I'll make thee laugh outright — My Horses,
Knaves!

'Tis but six short Hours riding: yet ere Night
Thou shalt be an alter'd Man.

Cal. I wish I may, Sir. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter Jolante, Caliste, Calypso, Mirtilla.

Jol. I had Spies upon you Minion; the Relation
Of your Behaviour was at Home before you:
My Daughter to hold Parley, from the Church too,
With noted Libertines? Her Fame and Favours
The Quarrel of their Swords?

Calist. 'Twas not in me to help it, Madam.

Jol. No? How have I liv'd?

My *Calypso* knows my Manners have been such,
That I presume I may affirm, and boldly,
In no particular Action of my Life
I can be justly censur'd.

Calyp. Censur'd, Madam?

What Lord or Lady lives worthy to fit
A competent Judge on you?

Calist. Yet black Detraction

Will find Faults where they are not.

Calyp. Her foul Mouth

Is stopp'd, you being the Object: Give me Leave
To speak my Thoughts, yet still under Correction;
And if my young Lady and her Woman hear,
With Reverence, they may be edifi'd.

You are my gracious Patroness and Supportress,
And I your poor Observer, nay your Creature,
Fed by your Bounties; and but that I know
Your Honour detests Flattery, I might say
(And with an Emphasis) you are *the* Lady
Admir'd and envied at, far, far above
All Imitation of the best of Women
That are or ever shall be. This is Truth:
I dare not be obsequious; and 'twould ill
Become my Gravity and Wisdom glean'd
From your oraculous Ladyship, to act
The Part of a She-parasite.

Jol. If you do, I never shall acknowledge you.

Calist. Admirable ! This is no Flattery !

Mirt. Do not interrupt her :

'Tis such a pleasing Itch to your Lady-mother,
That she may peradventure forget us
To feed on her own Praises.

Jol. I am not so far in Debt to Age, but if I would
Listen to Men's bewitching Sorceries,
I could be courted.

Calyp. Rest secure of that ;
All the Braveries of the City run mad for you,
And yet your Virtue's such, not one attempts you.

Jol. I keep no Mankind Servant in my House,
In fear my Chastity may be suspected :
How is that voic'd in *Naples* ?

Calyp. With loud Applause,
I assure your Honour.

Jol. It confirms I can command
My sensual Appetites.

Calyp. As Vassals to your more
Than masculine Reason that commands 'em :
Your Palace stil'd a Nunnery of Pureness,
In which not one lascivious Thought dares enter,
Your clear Soul standing Centinel.

Mirt. Well said, Echo.

Jol. Yet I have tasted those Delights which Women
So greedily long for, know their Titulations ;
And when with Danger of his Head thy Father
Comes to give Comfort to my widowed Sheets,
As soon as his Desires are satisfied,
I can with Ease forget 'em.

Calyp. Observe that,
It being indeed remarkable : 'Tis nothing
For a simple Maid that never had her Hand
In the Honey-pot of Pleasure, to forbear it ;
But such as have lick'd there, and lick'd there often,
And felt the Sweetness of't——

Mirt. How her Mouth runs
Over with rank Imagination!

Calyp.

Calyp. If such can,
As I urg'd before, the Kickshaw being offer'd,
Refuse to take it, like my matchless Madam,
They may be fainted.

Jol. I'll lose no more Breath
In fruitless Reprehension; look to't,
I'll have thee wear this Habit of my Mind
As of my Body.

Calyp. Seek no other Precedent:
In all the Books of *Amadis de Gaul*,
The *Palmerins*, and that true *Spanish* Story
The Mirror of Knighthood, which I have read often,
Read feelingly, nay more, I do believe in't,
My Lady has no Parallel.

Jol. Do not provoke me.
If from this Minute, thou e'er stir abroad,
Write Letter, or receive one, or presume
To look upon a Man, though from a Window,
I'll chain thee like a Slave in some dark Corner;
Prescribe thy daily Labour, which omitted,
Expect the Usage of a Fury from me,
Not an indulgent Mother. Come, *Calypso*.

Calyp. Your Ladyship's Injunctions are so easy,
That I dare pawn my Credit my young Lady
And her Woman shall obey 'em. [*Exeunt Jol. Calyp.*]

Mirtil. You shall fry first
For a rotten Piece of dry Touchwood, and give fire
To the great Fiend's Nostrils, when he smokes Tobacco.
Note the Injustice, Madam; they would have us,
Being young and hungry, keep a perpetual Lent,
And the whole Year to them a Carnival.
Easy Injunctions! with a Mischief to you!
Suffer this, and suffer all.

Calist. Not stir abroad!
The Use and Pleasure of our Eyes deny'd us?

Mirt. Insufferable.

Calist. Nor write, nor yet receive an amorous Letter!

Mirt. Not to be endured.

Calist. Nor look upon a Man out of a Window!

C 2

Mirt.

Mirt. Flat Tyranny, insupportable Tyranny
To a Lady of your Blood.

Calist. She is my Mother, and how should I decline it?

Mirt. Run away from't, take any Course.

Calist. But without Means, *Mirtilla*, how shall we live?

Mirt. What a Question's that! as if

A buxom Lady could want Maintenance

In any Place in the World, where there are Men,
Wine, Meat, or Money stirring.

Calist. Be you more modest,

Or seek some other Mistress: Rather than

In a Thought or Dream, I will consent to aught

That may take from my Honour, I'll endure

More than my Mother can impose upon me.

Mirt. I grant your Honour is a specious Dressing,

But without Conversation of Men,

A kind of nothing. I will not persuade you

To Disobedience: Yet my Confessor told me

(And he you know is held a learned Clerk)

When Parents do enjoin unnatural Things,

Wise Children may evade 'em. She may as well

Command when you are hungry, not to eat,

Or drink; or sleep; and yet all these are easy,

Compar'd with the not seeing of a Man.

As I persuade no farther; but to you

There is no such Necessity; you have Means

To shun your Mother's Rigour.

Calist. Lawful Means?

Mirt. Lawful and pleasing too. I will not urge

Caldoro's loyal Love; you being averse to't,

Make Trial of *Adorio*.

Calist. And give up my Honour to his Lust?

Mirt. There's no such Thing

Intended, Madam. In few Words, write to him

What slavish Hours you spend under your Mother;

That you desire not present Marriage from him,

But as a noble Gentleman to redeem you

From the Tyranny you suffer. With your Letter

Present him some rich Jewel; you have one;

In

In which the Rape of *Proserpine*, in little
Is to the Life express'd. I'll be the Messenger
With any Hazard, and at my Return
Yield you a good Account of't.

Calist. 'Tis a Business to be consider'd of.

Mirt. Consideration,

When the Converse of your Lover is in Question,
Is of no Moment : If she would allow you
A Dancer in the Morning to well breathe you,
A Songster in the Afternoon, a Servant
To air you in the Evening ; give you Leave
To see the Theatre twice a Week, to mark
How the old Actors decay, the young sprout up,
A fitting Observation, you might bear it ;
But not to see, or talk, or touch a Man,
Abominable !

Calist. Do not my Blushes speak
How willingly I would assent ?

Mirt. Sweet Lady,
Do something to deserve 'em, and blush after.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Jolante, Calypso.

Jol. **A**ND are these *Frenchmen*, as you say, such
Gallants ?

Calyp. Gallant and active ; their free Breeding
knows not

The *Spanish* and *Italian* Preciseness
Practis'd among us. What we call immodest,
With them is stil'd bold Courtship : they dare fight
Under a Velvet Ensign at fourteen.

Jol. A Petticoat you mean.

C 3

Calyp.

Calyp. You are i'the right;
Let a Mistress wear it under an Armour of Proof,
They are not to be beaten off.

Jol. You are a merry Neighbour.

Calyp. I fool to make you so; pray you observe 'em.
They are the forwardest Monsieurs; born Physicians
For the Malady of young Wenches, and ne'er miss;
I owe my Life to one of 'em; when I was
A raw young Thing, not worth the Ground I trod on,
And long'd to dip my Bread in Tar, my Lips
As blue as Salt-water, he came up roundly to me,
And cur'd me in an Instant; *Venus* be prais'd for't.

*Enter Alphonso, General, Monteclaro, Attendants
and Captain.*

Jol. They come, leave prating.

Calyp. I am dumb, an't like your Honour.

Alph. We will not break the League confirm'd between us

And your great Master: The Passage of his Army
Through all our Territories, lies open to him;
Only we grieve that your design for *Rome*
Commands such Haste, as it denies us Means
To entertain you, as your Worth deserves,
And we would gladly tender.

Gen. Royal Alphonso,
The King my Master, your Confederate,
Will pay the Debt he owes, in Fact, which I
Want Words t'express. I must remove to-night,
And yet, that your intended Favours may not
Be lost, I leave this Gentleman behind me,
To whom you may vouchsafe 'em, I dare say
Without Repentance. I forbear to give
Your Majesty his Character; in *France*
He was a Precedent for Arts and Arms
Without a Rival, and may prove in *Naples*
Worthy the Imitation. [*Alphonso receives Monteclaro.*]

Calyp. Is he not, Madam,

A Monsieur

A Monsieur in print? What a Garb was there? O.
rare!

Then, how he wears his Cloaths! and the Fashion of
'em!

A main Assurance that he is within
All excellent: By this, wise Ladies ever
Make their Conjectures.

Jol. Peace, I have observ'd him
From Head to Foot.

Calyp. Eye him again, all over.

Monte. It cannot, Royal Sir, but argue me
Of much Presumption, if not Impudence,
To be a Suitor to your Majesty,
Before I have deserv'd a gracious Grant,
By some Employment prosperously atchiev'd.
But pardon, gracious Sir: When I left *France*
I made a Vow to a Bosom Friend of mine
(Which my Lord General, if he please, can witness)
With such Humility, as well becomes
A poor Petitioner, to desire a Boon
From your Magnificence. [*He delivers a Petition.*]

Calyp. With what punctual Form
He does deliver it.

Jol. I have Eyes; no more.

Alph. For *Severino's* Pardon?—You must excuse me,
I dare not pardon Murther.

Monte. His Fact, Sir,
Ever submitting to your abler Judgment,
Merits a fairer Name: He was provok'd,
As by unanswerable Proofs it is confirm'd
By *Monteclaro's* Rashness; who repining
That *Severino*, without his Consent,
Had married *Jolante* his sole Sister,
(It being conceal'd almost for thirteen Years)
Tho' the Gentleman, at all Parts, was his equal,
First challeng'd him, and that declin'd, he gave him
A Blow in public.

Gen. Not to be endur'd, but by a Slave.

Monte. This, great Sir, justly weigh'd,
You may a little, if you please, take from
The Rigour of your Justice, and express
An Act of Mercy.

Jol. I can hear no more,
This opens an old Wound and makes a new one.
Would it were cicatriz'd I wait me.

Calyp. As your Shadow. [*Exeunt Jol. Calyp.*]

Alph. We grant you these are glorious Pretences,
Revenge appearing in the Shape of Valour,
Which wise Kings must distinguish. The Defence
Of Reputation, now made a Bawd
To Murther; every Trifle falsely stil'd
An Injury, and not to be determin'd
But by a bloody Duel; though this Vice
Hath taken Root and Growth beyond the Mountains
(As *France*, and in strange Fashions her *Ape*
England, can dearly witness, with the Loss
Of more brave Spirits, than would have stood the Shock
Of the *Turk's* Army) while *Alphonso* lives
It shall not here be planted: Move me no further
In this. In what else suiting you to ask,
And me to give, expect a gracious Answer;
However, welcome to our Court: Lord General,
I'll bring you out of the Ports, and then betake you
To your good Fortune.

Gen. Your Grace overwhelms me. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Calypso and Jolante (with a Purse and a Jewel).

Calyp. You are bound to favour him: Mark you
how he pleaded
For my Lord's Pardon.

Jol. That's indeed a Tye;
But I have a stronger on me.

Calyp. Say you love
His Person; be not asham'd oft, he's a Man;

For

For whose Embraces though *Endymion*
Lay sleeping by, *Cynthia* would leave her Orb,
And exchange Kisses with him.

Joh. Do not fan

A Fire that burns already too hot in me;
I am in my Honour sick, sick to the Death,
Never to be recovered.

Calyp. What a Coil's here

For loving a Man? It is no Africk Wonder.
If like *Pasiphae* you doated on a Bull,
Indeed 'twere monstrous; but in this you have
A thousand thousand Precedents to excuse you.
A Seaman's Wife may ask Relief of her Neighbour
When her Husband's bound to the Indies, and not
blam'd for't;

And many more besides of higher Calling,
Though I forbear to name 'em. You have a Husband,
But as the Case stands with my Lord, he is
A kind of no Husband; and your Ladyship
As free as a Widow can be. I confess
If Ladies should seek Change, that have their Husbands
At Board and Bed, to pay their Marriage Duties,
The surest Bond of Concord, 'twere a Fault,
Indeed it were: But for your Honour that
Do lie alone so often, Body of me,
I am zealous in your Cause—let me take Breath.

Joh. I apprehend what thou wouldst say, I want all
As Means to quench the spurious Fire that burns here.

Calyp. Want Means, while I, your Creature live?
I dare not

Be so unthankful.

Joh. Wilt thou undertake it,
And as an Earnest of much more to come,
Receive this Jewel, and Purse cramm'd full of Crowns.
How dearly I am forc'd to buy Dishonour!

Calyp. I would do it gratis, but 'twould ill become
My Breeding to refuse your Honour's Bounty;
Nay, say no more, all Rhetoric in this
Is comprehended; let me alone to work him,

He

He shall be yours ; that's poor, he is already
 At your Devotion. I will not boast
 My Faculties this Way, but suppose he were
 Coy as *Adonis* or *Hippolitus*,
 And your Desires more hot than *Cytherea's*,
 Or wanton *Phædra's*, I will bring him chain'd
 To your Embraces, glorying in his Fetters.
 I have said it.

Jol. Go and prosper,
 And imagine a Salary beyond thy Hopes.

Calyp. Sleep you
 Secure on either Ear, the Burthen's yours
 To entertain him, mine to bring him hither. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Adorio, Camillo, Lentulo and Donato:

Don. Your Wrong's beyond a Challenge, and you
 deal

Too fairly with him, if you take that Way
 To right yourself.

Lent. The least that you can do
 I'th' Terms of Honour is, when next you meet him
 To give him the Bastinado.

Cam. And that done,
 Draw out his Sword to cut your own Throat. No,
 Be rul'd by me, shew yourself an *Italian*,
 And having received one Injury, do not put off
 Your Hat for a second ; there are Fellows that
 For a few Crowns will make him sure, and so
 With your Revenge, you prevent future Mischief.

Ador. I thank you, Gentlemen, for your studied Care
 In what concerns my Honour ; but in that
 I'll steer my own Course. Yet that you may know
 You are still my Cabinet Counsellors, my Bosom
 Lies open to you ; I begin to feel
 A Weariness, nay, Satiety of Looseness,
 And something tells me here, I should repent
 My Harshness to *Caliste*.

Enter

Enter Cario in Haste.

Cam. When you please,
You may remove that Scruple.

Ador. I shall think on't.

Car. Sir, Sir, are you ready?

Ador. To do what?

I am sure 'tis not yet Dinner-time.

Car. True; but I usher
Such an unexpected dainty Bit for Breakfast,
As yet I never cook'd: 'Tis not Potargo 7,
Fry'd Frogs, Potatoes marrow'd, Cavear,
Carps' Tongues, the Pith of an English Chine of Beef,
Nor our Italian Delicate, oil'd Mushrooms,
And yet a Drawer on too; and if you shew not
An Appetite, and a strong one; I'll not say
To eat it, but devour it, without Grace too,
(For it will not stay a Preface.) I am 'sham'd,
And all my past Provocatives will be jeer'd at.

Ador. Art thou in thy Wits? What new found Rarity
Hast thou discover'd?

Car. No such Matter, Sir;
It grows in our own Country.

Don. Serve it up,
I feel a kind of Stomach.

Cam, I could feed too.

Car. Not a Bit upon a March; there's other Lettice
For your coarse Lips; this is peculiar only
For my Master's Palate, I would give my whole Year's
Wages

With all my Vails, and Fees due to the Kitchen,
But to be his Carver.

Ador. Leave your fooling, Sirrah,
And bring in your Dainty.

7 ——— 'Tis not Potargo.

Mr. Doddsley reads,

'Tis not Botargo.

Mr. Doddsley is right. Botargo is a savoury Meat, made of the Roes
of Mulletts. M. M.

Car.

Car. 'Twill bring in itself,
It has Life and Spirit in it, and for Proof,
Behold : Now fall to boldly, my Life on't
It comes to be tasted.

Enter Mirtilla with Letter and Jewel

Cam. Ha ! *Caliste's* Woman.

Lent. A handsome one, by *Venus*.

Ador. Pray you forbear,
You are welcome, Fair-one.

Don. How that Blush becomes her !

Ador. Aim your designs at me ?

Mirt. I'm trusted, Sir,
With a Business of near Consequence, which I would
To your private Ear deliver.

Car. I told you so.
Give her Audience on your Couch, it is a fit State
To a She Ambassador.

Ador. Pray you, Gentlemen,
For a while dispose of yourselves, I'll strait attend
you. *[Exeunt the Gent.]*

Car. Dispatch her first for your Honour, the quick-
ly doing,
You know what follows.

Ador. Will you please to vanish—— *[Exit Cario.]*
Now, pretty one, your Pleasure ; you shall find me
Ready to serve you, if you'll put me to
My Oath, I'll take it on this Book

Mirt. O Sir, the Favour is too great, and far above
My poor Ambition ; I must kiss your Hand
In Sign of humble Thankfulness.

Ador. So modest.

Mirt. It well becomes a Maid, Sir— Spare those
Blessings
For my noble Mistress, upon whom with Justice,
And with your good Allowance, I might add
With a due Gratitude, you may confer 'em ;
But this will better speak her chaste Desires,

[Delivers the Letter.]
Than

Than I can fancy what they are, much less
 With moving Language to their fair Deserts
 Aptly express 'em. Pray you read, but with
 Compassion, I beseech you: If you find
 The Paper blurr'd with Tears fallen from her Eye
 While she endeavour'd to set down that Truth
 Her Soul did dictate to her, it must challenge
 A gracious Answer.

Ador. O the powerful Charms!

By that fair Hand writ down here; not like those
 Which dreadfully pronounc'd by *Circe*, chang'd
Ulysses' Followers into Beasts; these have
 An opposite Working, I already feel
 But reading 'em, their saving Operations,
 And all those sensual, loose, and base Desires,
 Which have too long usurp'd, and tyranniz'd
 Over my Reason, of themselves fall off.
 Most happy Metamorphosis! in which
 The Film of Error that did blind my Judgment
 And seduc'd Understanding, is remov'd.
 What Sacrifice of Thanks can I return
 Her pious Charity, that not alone
 Redeems me from the worst of Slavery,
 The Tyranny of beastly Appetites,
 To which I long obsequiously have bow'd,
 But adds a matchless Favour, to receive
 A Benefit from me, nay, puts her Goodness
 In my Protection.

Mirt. Transform'd? It is
 A blessed Metamorphosis, and works
 I know not how on me.

[*Afide.*

Ador. My Joys are boundless,
 Curb'd with no Limits; for her Sake, *Mirtilla*,
 Instruct me how I presently may seal
 To those strong Bonds of loyal Love and Service
 Which never shall be cancell'd.

Mirt. She'll become
 Your Debtor, Sir, if you vouchsafe to answer
 Her pure Affection.

Ador.

Ador. Answer it, *Mirtilla*?

With more than Adoration I kneel to it.
Tell her, I'll rather die a thousand Deaths
Than fail with Punctuality to perform
All her Commands.

Mirt. I am lost on this Assurance, [*Aside.*]
Which if 'twere made to me, I should have Faith in,
As in an Oracle. Ah me! She presents you
This Jewel, her dead Grandfire's Gift, in which
As by a true *Egyptian* Hieroglyphick,
(For so I think she call'd it) you may be
Instructed what, her Suit is, you should do,
And she with Joy will suffer.

Ador. Heaven be pleas'd
To qualify this Excess of Happiness
With some Disaster, or I shall expire
With a Surfeit of Felicity. With what Art
The cunning Lapidary hath here express'd
The Rape of *Proserpine*; I apprehend
Her Purpose, and obey it; yet not as
A helping Friend, but a Husband, I will meet
Her chaste Desires with lawful Heat, and warm
Our *Hymenæal* Sheets with such Delights
As leave no Sting behind 'em.

Mirt. I despair then.

Ador. At the Time appointed, say Wench, [*Aside.*]
I'll attend her,
And guard her from the Fury of her Mother,
And all that dare disturb her.

Mirt. You speak well,
And I believe you.

Ador. Would you aught else?

Mirt. I would carry
Some Love-sign to her; and now I think on't,
The kind Salute you offer'd at my Entrance;
Hold it not Impudence that I desire it,
I'll faithfully deliver it.

Ador. O a Kiss?
You must excuse me, I was then mine own,

Now wholly hers. The touch of other Lips
I do abjure for ever ; but there's Gold
To bind thee still my Advocate.

[Exit.

Mirt. Not a Kifs ?

I was coy when it was offer'd, and now justly
When I beg one am deny'd. What scorching Fires
My loose Hopes kindle in me ? Shall I be
False to my Lady's Trust, and from a Servant
Rise up her Rival ? His Words have bewitch'd me,
And something I must do, but what ? 'Tis yet
An Embrion, and how to give it Form,
Alas I know not. Pardon me, *Caliste*,
I am nearest to myself, and Time will teach me
To perfect that which yet is undetermined.

SCENE IV. *The Woods.*

Enter Claudio and Severino.

Claud. You are Master of yourself ; yet if I may,
As a try'd Friend in my Love and Affection,
And a Servant in my Duty, speak my Thoughts
Without Offence, i'th' Way of Counsel to you ;
I could alledge, and truly, that your Purpose
For *Naples*, cover'd with a thin Disguise,
Is full of Danger.

Sever. Danger, *Claudio* ?

'Tis here, and every where our forc'd Companion ;
The rising and the setting Sun beholds us
Inviron'd with it ; our whole Life a Journey
Ending in certain Ruin.

Claud. Yet we should not,
Howe'er besieg'd, deliver up our Fort
Of Life, till it be forc'd,

Sever. 'Tis so indeed

By wisest Men concluded, which we should
Obey as Christians ; but when I consider
How different the Progress of our Actions
Are from Religion, nay, Morality,

I cannot

I cannot find in Reason, why we should
 Be scrupulous that Way only, or like Meteors
 Blaze forth prodigious Terrors, till our Stuff
 Be utterly consum'd, which once put out
 Would bring Security unto ourselves,
 And Safety unto those we prey upon.
O Claudio! since by this fatal Hand
 The Brother of my Wife, bold *Montecarlo*,
 Was left dead in the Field, and I proscrib'd
 After my Flight, by the Justice of the King,
 My Being hath been but a living Death,
 With a continued Torture.

Claud. Yet in that
 You do delude their bloody Violence
 That do pursue your Life.

Sever. While I by rapines
 Live terrible to others as myself,
 What one Hour can we challenge as our own
 (Unhappy as we are) yielding a Beam
 Of Comfort to us? Quiet Night that brings
 Rest to the Labourer, is the Outlaw's Day,
 In which he rises early to do Wrong,
 And when his Work is ended, dares not sleep:
 Our Time is spent in Watches to intrap
 Such as would shun us, and to hide ourselves
 From the Ministers of Justice, that would bring us
 To the Correction of the Law. *O Claudio!*
 Is this a Life to be preserv'd, and at
 So dear a rate? But why hold I Discourse
 On this sad Subject, since it is a Burthen
 We are mark'd to bear, and not to be shook off
 But with our human Frailty? In the Change
 Of Dangers there's some Delight, and therefore
 I am resolv'd for *Naples*.

Claud. May you meet there
 All Comforts that so fair and chaste a Wife
 (As Fame proclaims her without Parallel)
 Can yield to ease your Sorrows.

Sever. I much thank you ;

Yet

Yet you may spare those Wishes, which with Joy
I have prov'd Certainties, and from their Want
Her Excellencies take Lustre.

Claud. Ere you go yet,
Some Charge unto your 'Squires not to fly out
Beyond their Bounds, were not impertinent :
For though that with a Look you can command 'em,
In your Absence they'll be headstrong.

Sever. 'Tis well thought on,
I'll touch my Horn, they know my Call. [Blows his

Claud. And will, as soon as heard, Horn.
Make in to't from all Quarters,
As the Flock to the Shepherd's Whistle.

Enter Six Banditti.

1 *Bandit.* What's your Will?

2 *Bandit.* Hail Sovereign of these Woods.

3 *Bandit.* We lay our Lives at your Highness' Feet.

4 *Bandit.* And will confess no King
Nor Laws, but what come from your Mouth ; and
those

We gladly will subscribe to.

Sever. Make this good
In my Absence to my Substitute, to whom
Pay all Obedience as to myself :
The Breach of this in one Particular
I will severely punish ; on your Lives
Remember upon whom with our Allowance
You may securely prey, with such as are
Exempted from your Fury.

Claud. 'Twere not amiss,
If you please, to help their Memory : besides,
Here are some newly initiated.

Sever. To these
Read you the Articles : I must be gone.

Claudio, farewell.

[Exit Severino.]

Claud. May your Return be speedy.

1 *Bandit.* Silence ; out with your Table-Books.

2 *Bandit.* And observe.

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D

Claud.

Claud. The Cormorant that lives in Expectation
Of a long wish'd-for Dearth, and smiling grinds
The Faces of the Poor, you may make spoil of ;
Even Theft to such is Justice.

3 *Bandit.* He's in my Tables.

Claud. The grand Incloser of the Commons, for
His private Profit or Delight, with all
His Herds that graze upon't, are lawful Prize.

4 *Bandit.* And we will bring 'em in, altho' the Devil
Stood roaring by to guard 'em.

Claud. If a Usurer,
Greedy, at his own Price, to make a Purchase,
Taking Advantage upon Bond, or Mortgage,
From a Prodigal, pass through our Territories,
I'the Way of Custom, or of Tribute to us,
You may ease him of his Burthen.

2 *Bandit.* Wholsome Doctrine.

Claud. Builders of Iron Mills that grub up Forests,
With Timber Trees for Shipping.

1 *Bandit.* May we not have a Touch at Lawyers?

Claud. By no Means ; they may
Too soon have a Gripe at us ; they are angry Hornets,
Not to be jested with.

3 *Bandit.* This is not so well.

Claud. The Owners of dark Shops that vent their
Wares
With Perjuries ; cheating Vintners not contented
With half in half in their Reckonings, yet cry out
When they find their Guests want Coin, " 'tis late and
Bed-Time ;"

These ranfack at your Pleasures.

3 *Bandit.* How shall we know 'em ;

Claud. If they walk on Foot, by their Rat-colour'd
Stockings
And shining Shoes. If Horsemen by short Boots,
And riding Furniture of several Counties.

2 *Bandit.* Not one of the List escapes us.

Claud. But for Scholars,
Whose Wealth lies in their Heads, and not their Pockets,
Soldiers

Soldiers that have bled in their Country's Service,
 The Rent-rack'd Farmer, needy Market Folks,
 The sweaty Labourer, Carriers that transport
 The Goods of other Men, are privileg'd :
 But above all, let none presume to offer
 Violence to Women ; for our King hath sworn,
 Who that Way's a Delinquent, without Mercy,
 Hangs for't by martial Law.

Omnes. Long live *Severino*,
 And perish all such Cullions as repine
 At his new Monarchy !

Claud. About your Business,
 That he may find at his Return good Cause
 To praise your Care and Discipline.

Omnes. We'll not fail, Sir,

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Montecarlo and Calypso.

Mont. Thou art sure mistaken ; 'tis not possible
 That I can be the Man thou art employ'd to.

Calyp. Not you the Man ? You are the Man of Men,
 And such another, in my Lady's Eye,
 Never to be discover'd.

Mont. A meer Stranger newly arriv'd ?

Calyp. Still the more probable.

Since Ladies, as you know, affect strange Dainties,
 And brought far to 'em. This is not an Age
 In which Saints live ; but Women, knowing Women,
 That understand : their *summum bonum* is
 Variety of Pleasures in the Touch
 Deriv'd from several Nations ; and if Men
 Would be wise by their Example——

Mont. As most are. 'Tis a coupling Age !

Calyp. Why, Sir, do Gallants travel ?

Answer that Question, but at their Return
 With Wonder to the Hearers, to discourse of
 The Garb and Difference in foreign Females ;
 As the lusty Girl of *France*, the sober *German*,
 The plump *Dutch* Fro, the stately Dame of *Spain*,
 The *Roman* Libertine, and spritely *Tuscan*.

The merry *Greek*, *Venetian* Courtesan,
 The *English* fair Companion, that learns something
 From every Nation, and will fly at all.
 I say again the Difference betwixt these
 And their own Country Gamesters.

Mont. Aptly urg'd.

Some make that their main End ; but may I ask
 Without Offence to your Gravity, by what Title
 Your Lady, that invites me to her Favours,
 Is known in the City?

Calyp. If you were a true-born Monsieur,
 You would do the Business first, and ask that after.
 If you only truck with her Title, I shall hardly
 Deserve Thanks for my Travel ; she is, Sir,
 No single Ducat Trader, nor a Beldam
 So frozen up that a Fever cannot thaw her ;
 No Lionsess by her Breath——

Mont. Leave these Impertinencies,
 And come to the Matter!

Calyp. Would you would be as forward
 When you draw for the Upshot ! She is, Sir, a Lady,
 A rich, fair, well-complexion'd, and what is
 Not frequent among *Venus'* Votaries,
 Upon my Credit, (which good Men have trusted)
 A sound and wholesome Lady, and her Name is
Madona Jolante.

Mont. Jolante.

I have heard of her ; for Chastity, and Beauty,
 The Wonder of the Age.

Calyp. Pray you, not too much
 Of Chastity ; Fair and free I do subscribe to,
 And so you'll find her.

Mont. Come, y'are a base Creature,
 And covering your foul Ends with her fair Name,
 Gives me just Reason to suspect you have
 A Plot upon my Life.

Calyp. A Plot ! Very fine !
 Nay, 'tis a dangerous one ; pray you beware of't,
 'Tis cunningly contriv'd ; I plot to bring you

Afoot,

Afoot, with the Travel of some forty Paces,
To those Delights, which a Man not made of Snow
Would ride a thousand Miles for. You shall be
Receiv'd at a Postern Door, if you be not cautious,
By one whose Touch would make old *Nestor* young
And cure his *Hernia*. A terrible Plot!

A Kiss then ravish'd from you by such Lips
As flow with *Nectar*, a juicy Palm more precious
Than the fam'd *Sybilla's* Bough, to guide you safe
Through Mists of Perfumes to a glorious Room,
Where *Jove* might feast his *Juno*; a dire Plot!

A Banquet I'll not mention, that is common:
But I must not forget, to make the Plot
More horrid to you; The retiring Bower,
So furnish'd as might force the *Persians* Envy,
The Silver Bathing Tub, the Cambrick Rubbers,
Th'embroider'd Quilt, a Bed of Gossamire
And Damask Roses; a meer Powder Plot
To blow you up; and last, a Bed-fellow,
To whose rare Entertainment all these are
But Foils and Settings off.

Mont. No more, her Breath
Would warm an Eunuch.

Calyp. I knew I should heat you,
Now he begins to glow.

Mont. I am Flesh and Blood,
And I were not Man, if I should not run the Hazard
Had I no other Ends in't. I have consider'd
Your Motion, Matron.

Calyp. My Plot, Sir, on your Life,
For which I am deservedly suspected
For a base and dangerous Woman. Fare you well, Sir,
I'll be bold to take my Leave.

Mont. I will along too;
Come, pardon my Suspicion, I confess
My Error; and eying you better, I perceive
There's Nothing that is ill that can flow from you.
I am serious, and for Proof of it I'll purchase
Your good Opinion.

Calyp. I am gentle-natur'd,
And can forget a greater Wrong upon
Such Terms of Satisfaction.

Mont. What's the Hour?

Calyp. Twelve.

Mont. I'll not miss a Minute.

Calyp. I shall find you at your Lodging?

Mont. Certainly; return my Service,
And for me kiss your Lady's Hands.

Calyp. At Twelve I'll be your Convoy.

Mont. I desire no better.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Durazzo, Caldoro, Servant.

Dur. **W**ALK the Horses down the Hill; I have
a little
To speak in private.

Cald. Good Sir, no more Anger.

Duraz. Love do you call it? Madness, wilful Mad-
ness;

And since I cannot cure it, I would have you
Exactly mad. You are a Lover already,
Be a Drunkard too, and after turn small Poet,
And then you are mad *Katerqueen*, the Madman.

Cald. Such as are safe on Shore may smile at Tem-
pests,

But I that am embark'd, and every Minute
Expect a Shipwreck, relish not your Mirth;
To me it is unseasonable.

Duraz. Pleasing Viands
Are made sharp by sick Palates. I affect
A handsome Mistress in my grey Beard, as well
As any Boy of you all; and on good Terms.

[*Will*]

Will venture as far i'th' Fire, so she be willing
 To entertain me? but ere I would doat,
 As you do, where there is no flattering Hope
 Ever t'enjoy her, I would forswear Wine,
 And kill this letcherous Itch with drinking Water,
 Or live like a Carthusian on Poor-John,
 Then bathe myself, Night by Night, in Marble Dew,
 And use no Soap but Camphire-balls.

Cald. You may,
 (And I must suffer it) like a rough Surgeon,
 Apply these burning Causticks to my Wounds,
 Already gangreen'd, when soft Unguents would
 Better express an Uncle with some Feeling
 Of his Nephew's Torments.

Duraz. I shall melt, and cannot
 Hold out if he whimper. O that this young Fellow,
 Who on my Knowledge is able to beat a Man,
 Should be baffled by this blind imagin'd Boy,
 Or fear his Bird-bolts!

Cald. You have put yourself already
 To too much Trouble in bringing me thus far:
 Now, if you please, with your good Wishes, leave me
 To my hard Fortunes.

Duraz. I'll forsake myself first.
 Leave thee? I cannot, will not; thou shalt have
 No Cause to be weary of my Company,
 For I'll be useful, and ere I see thee perish,
 Dispersing with my Dignity and Candour,
 I will do something for thee, though it favour
 Of the old Pandarus. As we ride, we will
 Consult of the Means: Bear up.

Cald. I cannot sink,
 Having your noble Aids to buoy me up;
 There was never such a Guardian.

Dur. How's this?
 Stale Compliments to me? When my Work's done
 Commend th' Artificer, and then be thankful. [*Exeunt.*]

D 4

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Caliste (richly habited) and Mirtilla (in her first Gown.')

Calist. How dost thou like my Gown?

Mirt. 'Tis rich and courtlike.

Calist. The Dressings too are suitable?

Mirt. I must say so,

Or you might blame my want of Care.

Calist. My Mother

Little dreams of my intended Flight, or that

These are my nuptial Ornaments.

Mirt. I hope so.

Calist. How dully thou repliest! thou dost not envy *Adario's* noble Change, or the good Fortune That it brings to me?

Mirt. My Endeavours

That Way can answer for me.

Calist. True, you have discharged

A faithful Servant's Duty, and it is

By me rewarded like a liberal Mistress:

I speak it not to upbraid you with my Bounties,

Tho' they deserve more Thanks and Ceremony

Than you have yet express'd.

Mirt. The Miseries which

From your Happiness I am sure to suffer,

Restrain my forward Tongue; and, gentle Madam,

Excuse my Weakness, though I do appear

A little daunted with the heavy Burthen

I am to undergo: When you are safe,

My Dangers like to roaring Torrents will

Gush in upon me; yet I would endure

Your Mother's Cruelty; but how to bear

Your Absence, in the very Thought confounds me:

Since we were Children I have lov'd and serv'd you,

I willingly learn'd to obey, as you

Grew up to Knowledge, that you might command me;

† That is, the Gown Caliste first appeared in. M. M.

And

And now to be divorc'd from all my Comforts,
Can this be borne with Patience?

Calist. The Necessity
Of my strange Fate commands it; but I vow
By my *Adorio's* Love, I pity thee.

Mirt. Pity me, Madam! a cold Charity:
You must do more, and help me.

Calist. Ha! what said you?
I must? Is this fit Language for a Servant?

Mirt. For one that would continue your poor Servant,
And cannot live that Day in which she is
Deny'd to be so: Can *Mirtilla* sit
Mourning alone, imagining those Pleasures
Which you this blessed Hymeneal Night
Enjoy in the Embraces of your Lord,
And my Lord too in being your's? (already
As such I love and honour him) shall a Stranger
Sew you in a Sheet to guard that Maidenhead
You must pretend to keep? (and 'twill become you.)
Shall another do those bridal Offices
Which will not permit me to remember,
And I pine here with Envy? Pardon me,
I must and will be pardon'd, for my Passions
Are in Extremes, and use some speedy Means
That I may go along with you, and share
In those Delights, but with becoming Distance;
Or by his Life, which as a Saint you swear by,
I will discover all.

Calist. Thou canst not be
So treacherous and cruel, in destroying
The Building thou hast rais'd.

Mirt. Pray you do not tempt me,
For 'tis resolv'd.

Calist. I know not what to think of't.
In the Discovery of my Secrets to her,
I have made my Slave my Mistress, I must sooth her,
There's no Evasion else. [*aside.*] Prythee, *Mirtilla*,
Be not so violent, I am strangely taken

With

With thy Affection for me, 'twas my Purpose
To have thee sent for.

Mirt. When?

Calist. This very Night,
And I vow deeply I shall be no sooner
In the desir'd Possession of my Lord,
But by some of his Servants I will have thee
Convey'd unto us.

Mirt. Should you break?

Calist. I dare not :
Come, clear thy Looks, for instantly we'll prepare
For our Departure.

Mirt. Pray you forgive my Boldness,
Growing from my Excess of Zeal to serve you.

Calist. I thank thee for't.

Mirt. You'll keep your Word?

Calist. Still doubtful?

Mirt. 'Twas this I aim'd at, and leave the rest to
Fortune. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Adorio, Camillo, Lentulo, Donato, Cario
and Servants.

Ador. Haste you unto my Villa, and take all
Provision along with you ; and for Use
And Ornament⁹, the Shortness of the Time
Can furnish you ; let my best Plate be set out,
And costliest Hangings, and if't be possible
With a merry Dance to entertain the Bride,
Provide an Epithalamium.

Car. Trust me for Belly-timber, and for a Song I
have

A Paper-blurrer ; who on all Occasions,
For all Times, and all Seasons, hath such Trinkets
Ready i'the Desk. It is but altering
The Names, and they will serve for any Bride
Or Bridegroom in the Kingdom.

Ador.

⁹ *And for Use and Ornament.*

The Repetition of the Conjunction *and* in this Passage is a Latinism
not inelegant but uncommon in our Language. M. M.

Ador. But for the Dance?

Car. I will make one myself, and foot it finely,
And summoning your Tenants at my Dresser,
Which is indeed my Drum, make a rare Choice
Of th'able Youth, such as sweat sufficiently,
And smell too, but not of Amber, which you know is
The Grace of the Country Hall.

Ador. About it, *Cario*, and look you be careful.

Car. For mine own Credit, Sir. [Exit.

Ador. Now,

Noble Friends, confirm your Loves, and think not
Of the Penalty of the Law, that does forbid
The stealing away an Heir. I will secure you,
And pay the Breach of't.

Cam. Tell us what we shall do,
We'll talk of that hereafter.

Ador. Pray you be careful
To keep the West Gate of the City open,
That our Passage may be free, and bribe the Watch
With any Sum; this is all.

Don. A dangerous Business!

Cam. I'll make the Constable, Watch and Porter
drunk,
Under a Crown.

Lent. And then you may pass while they snore,
Though you had done a Murder.

Cam. Get but your Mistress,
And leave the rest to us.

Ador. You much engage me,
But I forget myself,

Cam. Pray you in what, Sir?

Ador. Yielding too much to my Affection,
Though lawful now, my wounded Reputation
And Honour suffer: The Disgrace in taking
A Blow in public from *Caldoro*, branded
With the infamous Mark of Coward; in delaying
To right myself, upon my Cheek grows fresher:
That's first to be consider'd.

Cam.

Cam. If you dare
 Trust my Opinion, (yet I have had
 Some Practice and Experience in Duels)
 You are too tender that Way : Can you answer
 The Debt you owe your Honour till you meet
 Your Enemy from whom you may exact it?
 Hath he not left the City, and in Fear
 Conceal'd himself, for aught I can imagine?
 What would you more?

Ador. I should do.

Cam. Never think on't
 Till fitter Time, and Place invite you to it.
 I have read *Caranza*, and find not in his Grammar¹⁰
 Of Quarrels, that the injur'd Man is bound
 To seek for Reparation at an Hour;
 But may and without Loss, till he hath settled
 More serious Occasions that import him,
 For a Day or two defer it.

Ador. You'll subscribe
 Your Hand to this?

Cam. And justify't with my Life,
 Presume upon't.

Ador. On then, you shall over-rule me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Enter Jolante and Calypso.

Jol. I'll give thee a golden Tongue, and have it
 hung up
 O'er thy Tomb for a Monument.

Calyp.

¹⁰ I have read *Caranza*, and find not in his *Grammar*.

This makes good the Character of the Age, in which they fought
 Duels by the Book.

¹¹ *Caranza* was an Author who wrote a Treatise on the *Duello*:
 He is often mentioned by *Flaucher* with Ridicule, and by *Ben Jonson*
 in his *New-Inv.*

Calyp. I am not prepar'd yet
To leave the World ; there are many good Pranks
I must dispatch in this Kind before I die :
And I had rather, if your Honour please,
Have the Crowns in my Purse.

Jol. Take that.

Calyp. Magnificent Lady !
May you live long, and every Moon love Change,
That I may have fresh Employment. You know what
Remains to be done.

Jol. Yes, yes, I will command
My Daughter and *Mirtilla* to their Chamber.

Calyp. And lock 'em up : Such lickerish Kitlings
are not
To be trusted with our Cream. Ere I go, I'll help you
To set forth the Banquet, and place the candied Eringos
Where he may be sure to taste 'em. Then undress you,
For these Things are cumbersome when you should be
active :

A thin Night Mantle to hide part of your Smock,
With your Pearl-embroider'd Pantophles on your Feet,
And then you are arm'd for Service ; nay, no trifling,
We are alone, and you know 'tis a Point of Folly
To be coy to eat when Meat is set before you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter Adorio and Servant.

Ador. 'Tis Eleven by my Watch, the Hour appointed.
Listen at the Door ;—hear'st thou any thing stirring ?

Serv. No Sir, all's silent here.

Ador. Some curst Business keeps
Her Mother up. I'll walk a little Circle
And shew where you shall wait us with the Horses,
And then return. This short Delay afflicts me,
And I presume to her it is not pleasing. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter Durazzo and Caldoro:

Dur. What's now to be done? Prythee let's to Bed,
I am sleepy.

And here's my Hand on't without more ado,
By fair or foul Play, we'll have her To-morrow
In thy Possession.

Cald. Good Sir, give me leave
To taste a little Comfort in beholding
The Place by her sweet Presence sanctify'd.
She may perhaps, to take Air, ope the Casement;
And looking out, a new Star to be gaz'd on
By me with Adoration, bless these Eyes,
Ne'er happy but when she is made the Object:

Dur. Is not here fine fooling?

Cald. Thou great Queen of Love,
Or real or imagin'd, be propitious
To me thy faithful Votary; and I vow
T'ereft a Statue to thee equal to
Thy Picture by *Apelles'* skilful Hand,
Left as the great Example of his Art;
And on thy Thigh I'll hang a golden Cupid,
His Torches flaming, and his Quiver full,
For farther Honour.

Dur. End this waking Dream, and let's away:

Enter Caliste and Mirtilla.

Calist. Mirtilla!

Cald. 'Tis her Voice.

Calist. You heard the Horses Footing:

Mirt. Certainly.

Calist. Speak low, my Lord *Adorio*:

Cald. I am dumb.

Dur. The Darknefs friends us too,
Most honour'd Madam.

Adorio your Servant.

Calist. As you are so,
I do command your Silence till we are

Farther remov'd; and let this Kiss assure you,
(I thank the fable Night that hides my Blushes)
I am wholly yours.

Dur. Forward your Micher.

Mirt. Madam, think on *Mirtilla*.

[*Goes in.*]

Dur. I'll not now enquire

The Mystery of this, but blest kind Fortune
Favouring us beyond our Hopes: yet now I think on't,
I had ever a lucky Hand in such Smock Night-work.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter Adorio and Servant.

Ador. This Slowness does amaze me; she's not
alter'd

In her late Resolution.

[*Within Jolant.*] Get you to Bed,

And stir not on your Life, till I command you.

Ador. Her Mother's Voice! Listen.

Serv. Here comes the Daughter.

Enter Mirtilla.

Mirt. Whither shall I flee for Succour?

Ador. To these Arms, your Castle of Defence, im-
pregnable,

And not to be blown up. How your Heart beats!

Take Comfort, dear *Caliste*, you are now
In his Protection that will ne'er forsake you,

Adorio: Your chang'd *Adorio* swears

By your best Self, an Oath he dares not break,

He loves you, loves you in a noble Way,

His Constancy firm as the Poles of Heaven.

I will urge no Reply, Silence becomes you,

And I'll defer the Music of your Voice

Till we are in a Place of Safety.

Mirt. O blest Error!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter Severino.

'Tis Midnight: How my Fears of certain Death
Being surpriz'd, combat with my strong Hopes
Rais'd on my chaste Wife's Goodness! I am grown
A Stranger in this City, and no Wonder
I have too long been so unto myself:
Grant me a little Truce, my troubled Soul,
I hear some Footing, ha!

Enter Montecclaro and Calypso.

Calyp. That is the House,
And there's the Key: You'll find my Lady ready
To entertain you: 'Tis not fit I should
Stand gaping by while you bill: I have brought you on,
Charge home, and come off with Honour. [*Exit.*]

Sever. It makes this Way.

Mont. I am much troubled, and know not what to
think

Of this Design.

Sever. It still comes on.

Mont. The Watch! I am betray'd,

Sever. Should Inow appear fearful
It would discover me; there is no retiring,
My Confidence must protect me, I'll appear
As if I walk'd the Round. Stand.

Mont. I am lost.

Sever. The Word?

Mont. Pray you forbear; I am a Stranger,
And missing, this dark stormy Night, my Way
To my Lodging, you shall do a courteous Office
To guide me to't.

Sever. Do you think I stand here for a Page or a
Porter?

Mont. Good Sir, grow not so high,
I can justify my being abroad; I am

No

No pilfering Vagabond, and what you are
Stands yet in Supposition; and I charge you
If you are an Officer, bring me before your Captain;
For if you do assault me, tho' not in fear
Of what you can do alone, I will cry Murder
And raise the Streets.

Sever. Before my Captain, ha?
And bring my Head to the Block. Would we were
parted,

I have greater Cause to fear the Watch than he. [*aside.*

Mont. Will you do your Duty?

Sever. I must close with him¹¹:

Truth, Sir, whate'er you are, (yet by your Language
I guess you a Gentleman) I'll not use the Rigour
Of my Place upon you; only quit this Street,
For your Stay here will be dangerous: and Good-night.

Mont. The like to you, Sir; I'll grope out my Way
As well as I can. O damn'd Bawd! Fare you well, Sir.

[*Exit Montecarlo.*

Sever. I am glad he's gone; there is a secret Passage
Unknown to my Wife, through which this Key will
guide me

To her desir'd Embraces, which must be,
My Presence being beyond her Hopes, most welcome.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E VIII.

*Enter Jolante (with a rich Banquet and Tapers) in a
Ghair, behind a Curtain.*

Jol. I am full of perplexed Thoughts: Imperious
Blood,

Thou only art a Tyrant: Judgment, Reason,
To whatsoever thy Edicts proclaim,
With vassal Fear subscribe against themselves.
I am yet safe in the Port, and see before me,
If I put off, a rough tempestuous Sea,
The raging Winds of Infamy from all Quarters
Assuring my Destruction; yet my Lust

¹¹ *I must close with him:*

I must pacify him, I must not quarrel with him. D.

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E

Swelling
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Swelling the wanton Sails, (my Understanding
 Stow'd under Hatches) like a desperate Pilot
 Commands me to urge on : My Pride, my Pride,
 Self-love, and Over-value of myself,
 Are justly punish'd : I that did deny
 My Daughter's Youth allow'd and lawful Pleasures,
 And would not suffer in her those Desires
 She suck'd in with my Milk, now in my Waning
 Am scorcht and burnt up with libidinous Fire
 That must consume my Fame ; yet still I throw
 More Fuel on it.

Enter Severino.

Sever. 'Tis her Voice, poor Turtle :
 She's now at her Devotions, praying for
 Her banish'd Mate : Alas, that for my Guilt
 Her Innocence should suffer ! But I do
 Commit a second Sin in my deferring
 The Extasy of Joy that will transport her
 Beyond herself when she flies to my Lips,
 And seals my Welcome. *Jolante !*

Jol. Ha !

Good Angels guard me.

Sever. What do I behold ?
 Some sudden Flash of Lightning strike me blind,
 Or cleave the Center of the Earth, that I
 May living find a Sepulchre to swallow
 Me and my Shame together !

Jol. Guilt and Horror
 Confound me in one instant ; thus surpriz'd,
 The Subtilty of all Wantons, though abstracted,
 Can shew no seeming Colour of Excuse
 To plead in my Defence.

Sever. Is this her Mourning ?
 O killing Object ! The imprison'd Vapours
 Of Rage and Sorrow make an Earthquake in me
 This little World, like to a tottering Tower,
 Not to be underpropp'd ; yet in my Fall
 I'll crush thee with my Ruins. [*Draws a Poniard ;*

Jol.

Jol. Good Sir, hold : *[She kneels.]*
 For my Defence unheard, you wrong your Justice.
 If you proceed to Execution;
 And will too late repent it.

Sever. Thy Defence?
 To move it, adds (could it receive Addition)
 Ugliness to the loathsome Leprosy,
 That in thy being a Strumpet hath already
 Infected every Vein, and spreads itself
 Over this Carrion, which would poison
 Vultures and Dogs should they devour it: Yet to stamp
 The Seal of Reprobation on thy Soul,
 I'll hear thy impudent Lyes borrow'd from Hell,
 And prompted by the Devil thy Tutor, Whore!
 Then send thee to him. Speak.

Jol. Your Gorgon Looks
 Turn me to Stone, and a dead Palsy seizes
 My silenc'd Tongue.

Sever. O Fate! that the Disease
 Were general in Women; what a Calm
 Should wretched Men enjoy! Speak and be brief,
 Or thou shalt suddenly feel me.

Jol. Be pleas'd, Sir,
 Until I have deliver'd Reasons for
 This solemn Preparation.

Sever. On, I hear thee.

Jol. With Patience ask your Memory; 'twill in-
 struct you,
 This very Day of the Month, seventeen Years since,
 You married me.

Sever. Grant it, what canst thou urge from this?

Jol. That Day, since your Proscription, Sir,
 In the Remembrance of it annually,
 The Garments of my Sorrow laid aside,
 I have with Pomp observ'd.

Sever. Alone!

Jol. The Thoughts
 Of my Felicity then, my Misery now,
 Were the invited Guests; Imagination

Teaching me to believe that you were present,
And a Partner in it.

Sever. Rare! this real Banquet
To feast your Fancy: Fiend! could Fancy drink off
These Flaggons to my Health, or th' Idol Thought
Like *Baal* devour these Delicates? The Room
Perfum'd to take his Nostrils? This loose Habit,
Which *Messalina* would not wear, put on
To fire his lustful Eyes? Wretch, am I grown
So weak in thy Opinion, that it can
Flatter Credulity that these gross Tricks
May be foisted on me? Where's my Daughter? Where
The Bawd your Woman? Answer me; *Caliste*,
Mirtilla? They are dispos'd of, if not murder'd
To make all sure; and yet methinks your Neighbour,
Your Whistle, Agent, Parasite, *Calypso*,
Should be within Call, when you hem to usher in
The close Adulterer.

Jol. What will you do?

Sever. Not kill thee, do not hope it, I am not
So near to Reconcilement. Ha! this Scarf,
Th' intended Favour to your Stallion, now [*Binds her.*
Is useful: Do not strive; thus bound expect
All studied Tortures, my Assurance, not
My Jealousy thou art false, can pour upon thee.
In Darkness howl thy Mischiefs; and if Rankness
Of thy Imagination can conjure
The Ribauld, glut thyself with him;
I will cry aim; and in another Room
Determine of my Vengeance. Oh my Heart-strings!
[*Exit, with Tapers.*

Jol. Most miserable Woman! and yet sitting
A Judge in mine own Cause upon myself,
I could not mitigate the heavy Doom
My incens'd Husband must pronounce upon me
In my Intents I am guilty, and for them
Must suffer the same Punishment as if
I had in Fact offended.

[*Calypso*

[*Calypso speaks at the Door.*]

Calyp. Bore my Eyes out

If you prove me faulty : I'll but tell my Lady
What caus'd your Stay, and instantly present you.
How's this ? No Lights ? What new Device ? Will
the play

At Blindman's Buff ? Madam !

Jol. Upon thy Life,
Speak in a lower Key.

Calyp. The Mystery
Of this, sweet Lady ; where are you ?

Jol. Here, fast bound.

Calyp. By whom ?

Jol. I'll whisper that into thine Ear,
And then farewell for ever.

Calyp. How ? My Lord,
I am in a Fever : Horns upon Horns grow on him.
Could he pick no Hour but this to break a Bargain
Almost made up ?

Jol. What shall we do ?

Calyp. Betray him ; I'll instantly raise the Watch.

Jol. And so make me for ever infamous.

Calyp. The Gentleman, the rarest Gentleman is at
the Door,

Shall he lose his Labour ? Since that you must perish,
'Twill shew a Woman's Spleen in you to fall
Deservedly ; give him his Answer, Madam.
I have on a sudden in my Head a strange Whimsy,
But I will first unbind you.

Jol. Now what follows ?

Calyp. I will supply your Place, and bound ; give me
Your Mantle, take my Night-gown ; send away
The Gentleman satisfied. I know my Lord
Wants Power to hurt you : I perhaps may get
A Kiss by the Bargain, and all this may prove
But some neat Love-trick : If he should grow furious
And question me, I am resolv'd to put on

An obstinate Silence. Pray you dispatch the Gentleman,
His Courage may cool.

Jol. I'll speak with him ; but if
To any base or lustful End, may Mercy
In my last Gasps forsake me.

[*Exit,*

Calyp. I was too rash,
And have done what I wish undone ; Say he should
kill me,

I have run my Head in a fine Noose ; and I smell
The Pickle I am in ; 'las, how I shudder
Still more and more ? Would I were a *She-Priapus*,
Stuck up in a Garden to fright away the Crows,
So I were out of the House ; she's at her Pleasure,
Whate'er she said, and I must endure the Torture.
He comes ; I cannot pray, my Fears will kill me.

*Enter Severino, throwing open the Doors violently,
having a Knife.*

Sever. It is a Deed of Darknes ; and I need
No Light to guide me ; there is something tells me
I am too slow-pac'd in my Wreak, and trifle
In my Revenge. All hush'd ? No Sigh nor Groan
To witness her Compunction ? Can Guilt sleep ?
And Innocence be open-ey'd ? Even now
Perhaps she dreams of the Adulterer,
And in her Fancy hugs him : Wake, thou Strumpet,
And instantly give up unto my Vengeance
The Villain that defiles my Bed ; discover
Both what and where he is, and suddenly,
That I may bind you Face to Face, then sew you
Into one Sack, and from some steep Rock hurl you
Into the Sea together : Do not play with
The Lightning of my Rage ; break stubborn Silence,
And answer my Demands ; will it not be ?
I'll talk no longer : Thus I mark thee for
A common Strumpet.

Calyp. Oh !

Sever. Thus stab these Arms
That have stretch'd out themselves to grasp a Stranger.
Calyp.

Calyp. Oh!

Sever. This is but an Induction; I'll draw
The Curtains of the Tragedy hereafter:
Howl on, 'tis Music to me.

[*Exit Severino.*]

Calyp. He is gone.

A Kiss and Love-Tricks? He hath villainous Teeth,
May sublim'd *Mercury* draw 'em. If all Dealers
In my Profession were paid thus, there would be
A Dearth of Cuckolds. Oh my Nose! I had one;
My Arms, my Arms! I dare not cry for Fear:
Curst Desire of Gold, how art thou punish'd?

Enter Jolante.

Jol. Till now I never truly knew myself,
Nor by all Principles and Lectures read
In Chastity's cold School, was so instructed
As by her contrary. How base and deform'd
Loose Appetite is! as in a few short Minutes
This Stranger hath, and feelingly, deliver'd.
Oh! that I could recall my bad Intentions,
And be as I was Yesterday untainted
In my Desires, as I am still in Fact,
(I thank his Temperance) I could look undaunted
Upon my Husband's Rage, and smile at it;
So strong the Guards and sure Defences are
Of armed Innocence; but I will endure
The Penance of my Sin, the only Means
Is left to purge it. The Day breaks; *Calypso!*

Calyp. Here, Madam, here.

Jol. Hath my Lord visited thee?

Calyp. Hell take such Visits; these stabb'd Arms and
Lo's

Of my Nose, you left fast on, may give you a Relish
What a Night I have had of't, and what you had suf-
fered,

Had I not supplied your Place.

Jol. I truly grieve for't;

Did not my Husband speak to thee?

Calyp. Yes, I heard him

E 4

And

And felt him, *ecce signum*, with a Mischief,
 But he knew not me; like a true-bred Spartan Boy ¹²
 With Silence I endur'd it, he could not get
 One Syllable from me.

Jol. Something may be fashion'd
 From this; Invention help me! I must be sudden,
 Thou art free, exchange, quick, quick, now bind me sure
 And leave me to my Fortune.

Calyp. Pray you consider,
 The Loss of my Nose; had I been but carted for you,
 Though wash'd with Mire and Chamber-lye, I had
 Examples to excuse me; but my Nose, my Nose, dear
 Lady. [Exit.

Jol. Get off, I'll send to thee:
 If so, it may take; if it fail, I must
 Suffer whatever follows.

Enter Severino with a Taper.

Sever. I have searched
 In every Corner of the House, yet find not
 My Daughter, nor her Maid, nor any Print
 Of a Man's Footing, which this wet Night would
 Be easily discern'd, the Ground being soft,
 At his coming in or going out.

Jol. 'Tis he,
 And I'm within hearing; Heav'n forgive this Feigning,
 I being forc'd to't to preserve my Life,
 To be better spent hereafter.

Sever. I begin to stagger, and my Love, if it knew
 how,
 Her Piety heretofore, and Fame remembered,
 Would plead in her Excuse.

¹² A true bred Spartan Fox.

There is a ridiculous mistake in this Passage, which evidently alludes to the Story related by Plutarch in the Life of Lycurgus, of a Spartan Boy, who having stolen a fox, and hid it under his cloak, suffered it, without uttering a Groan, to eat into his bowels, rather than expose himself by discovering the Theft. But here Calypso compares her Constancy to that of the Fox, not that of the Boy. M. M.

Jol.

Jol. You blessed Guardians
Of matrimonial Faith, and just Revengers
Of such as do in Fact offend against
Your sacred Rites and Ceremonies; by all Titles
And holy Attributes you do vouchsafe
To be invoc'd, look down with saving Pity
Upon my matchless Sufferings.

Sever. At her Devotions,
Affliction makes her repent.

Jol. Look down
Upon a wretched Woman; and as I
Have kept the Knot of Wedlock, in the Temple
By the Priest fasten'd firm, (though in loose Wishes
I yield I have offended) to strike blind
The Eyes of Jealousy that see a Crime
I never yet committed, and to free me
From the unjust Suspicion of my Lord,
Restore my martyr'd Face and wounded Arms
To their late Strength and Beauty.

Sever. Does she hope to be cur'd by Miracle?

Jol. This Minute I
Perceive with Joy my Orisons heard and granted:
You Ministers of Mercy, who unseen,
And by a supernatural Means have done
This Work of heavenly Charity, be ever canoniz'd for't!

Sever. I did not dream, I heard her,
And I have Eyes too, they cannot deceive me.
If I have no Belief in their Assistance,
I must turn Sceptick. Ha! this is the Hand;
And this the fatal Instrument: These Drops
Of Blood, that gush'd forth from her Face and Arms,
Still fresh upon the Floor: This is something more
Than Wonder or Amazement, I profess
I am astonish'd.

Jol. Be incredulous still,
And go on in your barbarous Rage, led to it
By your false Guide, Suspicion, have no Faith
In my so long try'd Loyalty, nor believe
That which you see; and for your Satisfaction,

(My doubted Innocence clear'd by Miracle,) Proceed, these Veins have now new Blood, if you Resolve to let it out.

Sever. I would not be fool'd
With Easiness of Belief, and faintly give *[Aside,*
Credit to this strange Wonder: 'tis now thought on:
In a fitter Place and Time, I'll found this farther.

[Unties her.

How can I expiate my Sin? Or hope,
Though now I write myself thy Slave, the Service
Of my whole Life can win thee to pronounce
Despair'd-of Pardon? Shall I kneel? That's poor,
Thy Mercy must urge more in my Defence,
Than I can fancy. Wilt thou have Revenge?
My Heart lies open to thee.

Jol. This is needless to me, who in the Duty of a
Wife,

Know I must suffer.

Sever. Thou art made up of Goodness,
And from my Confidence that I am alone
The Object of thy Pleasures, until Death
Divorce us, we will know no Separation.
Without inquiring why (as sure thou wilt not,
Such is thy meek Obedience) thy Jewels
And choicest Ornaments pack'd up, thou shalt
Along with me; and as a Queen be honour'd
By such as style me Sovereign. Already
My Banishment is repeal'd, thou being present:
The Neapolitan Court a Place of Exile
When thou art absent; my Stay here is mortal.
Of which thou art too sensible, I perceive it;
Come, dearest *Jolante*, with this Breath
All Jealousy is blown away.

Jol. Be constant.

[Exeunt.

The END of the THIRD ACT.

A C T



ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Noise within, as the Fall of a Horse,—then enter Durazzo, Caldoro, Caliste, Servant,

Duraz. **H**ELL take the stumbling Jade,
Cald. Heaven help the Lady.

Serv. The Horse hath broke his Neck.

Duraz. Would thine were crack'd too,
 So the Lady had no Harm, Give her fresh Air,
 'Tis but a Swoon.

Cald. 'Tis more, she's dead.

Duraz. Examine
 Her Limbs if they be whole : Not too high, not too
 high

You Ferrit, this is no Coney-borough for you.
 How do you find her?

Cald. No Breath of Comfort Sir, too cruel Fate !
 Had I still pin'd away, and ling'ring under
 The Modesty of just and honest Hopes
 After a long Consumption, Sleep and Death,
 To me had been the same ; but now as 'twere
 Possess'd of all my Wishes, in a Moment
 To have 'em ravish'd from me ! suffer Shipwreck
 In view of the Port ! and, like a half-starv'd Beggar,
 No sooner in Compassion cloath'd, but coffin'd !
 Malevolent Destinies, too cunning in
 Wretched *Caldoro's* Tortures ! O *Caliste*,
 If thy immortal Part hath not already
 Left this fair Palace, let a Beam of Light
 Dawn from thine Eye in this Cimmerian Darkness,
 To guide my shaking Hand to touch the Anchor
 Of Hope in thy Recovery.

Calist. Oh !

Duraz.

Duraz. She lives,
Disturb her not, she is no right-bred Woman
If she die with one Fall; some of my Acquaintance
Have took a Thousand merrily, and are still
Excellent Wrestlers at the close Hug.

Cald. Good Sir.

Duraz. Pr'ythee be not angry, I should speak thus if
My Mother were in her Place.

Cald. But had you heard
The Music of the Language which she us'd
To me, believ'd *Adorio*, as she rode
Behind me; little thinking that she did
Embrace *Caldoro*.

Calist. Ah, *Adorio*!

Duraz. Leave talking, I conceive it.

Calist. Are you safe?

Cald. And rais'd like you from Death to Life to hear
you.

Calist. Hear my Defence then, ere I take my Veil off,
A simple Maid's Defence, which looking on you,
I faintly could deliver; willingly
I am become your Prize, and therefore use
Your Victory nobly; Heaven's bright Eye, the Sun,
Draws up the grossest Vapours, and I hope
I ne'er shall prove an envious Cloud to darken
The Splendor of your Merits. I could urge
With what Disdain, nay Scorn, I have declin'd
The Shadows of insinuating Pleasures
Tender'd by all Men else, you only being
The Object of my Hopes: That cruel Prince
To whom the Olive-branch of Peace is offer'd,
Is not a Conqueror, but a bloody Tyrant,
If he refuse it; nor should you with a Triumph,
Because *Caliste's* humble; I have said
And now expect your Sentence.

Duraz. What a Throng
Of Clients would be in the Court of Love,
Were there many such She-advocates! Art thou dumb?
Canst thou say nothing for thyself?

Cald.

Cald. Dear Lady,
Open your Eyes, and look upon the Man,
The Man you have elected for your Judge,
Kneeling to you for Mercy.

Calist. I should know
This Voice, and something more than fear I am
Deceiv'd, but now I look upon his Face,
I am assur'd I am wretched.

Duraz. Why, good Lady?
Hold her up; she'll fall again, before her time else;
The Youth's a well-timbered Youth, look on his making;
His Hair curl'd naturally, he's whole-chested too,
And will do his Work as well, and go through stitch
with't,

As any *Adorio* in the World; my 'State on't,
A Chicken of the right kind; and if he prove not
A Cock of the Game, cuckold him first, and after
Make a Capon of him.

Calist. I'll cry out a Rape,
If thou unhand me not. Would I had died
In my late Trance, and never liv'd to know
I am betray'd.

Duraz. To a young and active Husband;
Call you that Treachery? There are a Shoal of
Young Wenches i' th' City would vow a Pilgrimage
Beyond *Jerusalem*, to be so cheated.
To her again, you Milk-sop, violent Storms
Are soon blown over.

Calist. How could'st thou, *Caldoro*,
With such a frontless Impudence, arm thy Hopes
So far, as to believe I might consent
To this lewd Practice? Have I not often told thee,
How'er I pitied thy misplaced Affection,
I could not answer it; and that there was
A strong Antipathy between our Passions,
Not to be reconcil'd?

Cald. Vouchsafe to hear me
With an impartial Ear, and it will take from
The Rigour of your Censure. Man was mark'd

A

A Friend in his Creation to himself,
 And may with fit Ambition conceive
 The greatest Blessings and the highest Honours
 Appointed for him, if he can atchieve 'em
 The right and noble Way : I grant you were
 The End of my Design, but still pursu'd
 With a becoming Modesty, Heaven at length
 Being pleas'd, and not my Arts to further it:

Duraz. Now he comes to her : On, Boy.

Cald. I have serv'd you

With a religious Zeal, and borne the Burthen
 Of your Neglect (if I may call it so)
 Beyond the Patience of a Man. To prove this,
 I have seen those Eyes with pleasant Glances play ¹³
 Upon *Adorio's*, like *Phæbe's* Shine,
 Gilding a Chrystal River, and your Lip
 Rise up in civil Courtship to meet his,
 While I bit mine with Envy ; Yet these Favours
 (How'er my Passions rag'd) could not provoke me
 To one Act of Rebellion against
 My Loyalty to you ; the Sovereign
 To whom I owe Obedience.

Calist. My Blushes confess this for a Truth:

Duraz. A Flag of Truce is

Hung out in this Acknowledgment.

Cald. I could add

(But that you may interpret what I speak,
 The Malice of a Rival, rather than
 My due Respect to your Deserts) how faintly

✂ ¹³ *I have seen those Eyes with pleasant Glances play
 Upon Adorio's, &c.*

This is a most beautiful Simile ; in *Shakespeare* we have one very
 much like it, which I shall here set down.

— *He says, he loves my Daughter ;
 I think so too : For never gaz'd the Moon
 Upon the Water, as he'll stand and read,
 As 'twere my Daughter's Eyes.*

Winter's Tale, Act IV. Scene V.

Adorio

Adorio hath return'd Thanks to the Bounty
 Of your Affection, ascribing it
 As a Tribute to his Worth, and not in you
 An Act of Mercy : Could he else, invited
 (As by your Words I understood) to take you
 To his Protection, grossly neglect
 So gracious an Offer ? Or give Power
 To Fate itself to cross him ? O, dear Madam !
 Were all the Balls of Time, tofs'd to and fro,
 From the Plough unto the Throne, and back again ;
 Under the Swing of Destiny Mankind suffers ;
 And it appears, by an unchang'd Decree,
 You were appointed mine ; wise Nature always
 Aiming at due Proportion : And, if so,
 I may believe with Confidence, Heaven in Pity
 Of my sincere Affection and long Patience,
 Directed you by a most blessed Error
 To your vow'd Servant's Bosom.

Duraz. By my Holy Dame
 Tickling Philosophy.

Calist. I am, Sir, too weak
 To argue with you ; but my Stars have better
 (I hope) provided for me.

Cald. If there be
 Disparity between us, 'tis in your
 Compassion to level it.

Duraz. Give Fire
 To the Mine, and blow her up.

Calist. I am sensible
 Of what you have endur'd, but on the sudden,
 With my unusual Travel, and late Bruise,
 I am exceeding weary ; in yon Grove,
 While I repose myself, be you my Guard.
 My Spirits with some little Rest reviv'd,
 We will consider further : For my Part
 You shall receive modest and gentle Answers
 To your Demands, though short perhaps to make
 Full Satisfaction.

Cald.

Cald. I am exalted
In the Employment, sleep secure, I'll be
Your vigilant Centinel.

Calist. But I command you,
And as you hope for future Grace obey me,
Presume not with one stol'n Kiss to disturb
The Quiet of my Slumbers; let your Temperance,
And not your Lust, watch over me.

Cald. My Desires
Are frozen, till your Pity shall dissolve 'em.

Duraz. Frozen! think not of Frost, Fool, in the
Dog-days,
Remember the old Adage, and make use of't,
Occasion's bald behind.

Calist. Is this your Uncle?

Cald. And Guardian, Madam; at your better Leisure,
When I have deserv'd it, you may give him Thanks
For his many Favours to me.

Calist. He appears a pleasant Gentleman.

[*Exeunt Caldoro and Caliste.*]

Dur. You should find me so,
But that I do hate Incest. I grow heavy:
Sirrah, provide fresh Horses; I'll seek out
Some hollow Tree, and dream till you return,
Which I charge you to hasten.

Serv. With all Care, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cario and Countrymen (for the Dance and Song.)

Car. Let your Eyes be rivetted to my Heels, and
miss not

A Hair's Breadth of my Footing; our Dance has
A most melodious Note, and I command you
To have Ears like Hares this Night for my Lord's Ho-
nour,

And something for my Worship: Your Reward is
To be drunk-blind like Moles in the Wine-cellar,
And though you ne'er see after, 'tis the better,
You were born for this Night's Service: And do you
hear,

Wire-string and Cats-guts Men, and strong-breath'd
Hobobs, For

For the Credit of your Calling, have not your Instru-
ments

To tune, when you should strike up; but twang it
perfectly,

As you would read your Neck-verse¹⁴; and you Warbler,
Keep your Wind-pipe moist, that you may not spit and
hem,

When you should make Division. How I sweat!

Authority is troublesome——They are come,

I know it by the Cornet that I plac'd

On the Hill to give me Notice: Marshal yourselves

I the Rear, the Van is yours. Now chant it spritely.

Enter Adorio, Mirtilla, Camillo, Lentulo, and Donato,

Ador. A well-penn'd Ditty.

[*Song.*

Cam. Not ill-sung.

Ador. What follows?

Car. Use your Eyes; if ever, now your Master-
piece.

[*Dance.*

Ador. 'Tis well perform'd, take that, but not from
me,

'Tis your new Lady's Bounty, thank her for't;

All that I have is her's.

Car. I must have three Shares

For my Pains and Properties, the rest shall be

Divided equally.

[*Exeunt Cario and Rustici,*

Mirt. My real Fears

Begin, and soon my painted Comforts vanish

In my Discovery.

Ador. Welcome to your own:

You have (a Wonder in a Woman) kept

Three long Hours Silence; and the greater, holding

Your own Choice in your Arms, a Blessing for which

I will be thankful to you, nay unmask

And let mine Eye and Ears together feast,

Too long by you kept empty: Oh you want

¹⁴ Neck-verse——for an Explanation of this Phrase, see the Great
Duke of Florence, Act II, Scene I.

Your Woman's Help ; I'll do her Office for you.

[Pulls off her Maske]

Mirtilla !

Cam. It is she, and wears the Habit
In which *Caliste* three Days since appeared
As she came from the Temple.

Lent. All this Trouble for a poor Waiting-maid ?

Don. We are grossly gull'd.

Ador. Thou Child of Impudence, answer me, and truly,
Or though the Tongues of Angels pleaded Mercy,
Tortures shall force it from thee.

Mirt. Innocence
Is free and open-breasted ; of what Crime
Stand I accus'd, my Lord ?

Ador. What Crime ? No Language
Can speak it to the Height ; I shall become
Discourse for Fools and Drunkards. How was this
Contriv'd ? Who help'd thee in the Plot ? Discover—
Were not *Caliste's* Aids in't ?

Mirt. No, on my Life ; nor am I faulty.

Ador. No ! What Maygame's this ?
Didst thou treat with me for thy Mistress's Favours
To make Sale of thine own ?

Mirt. With her and you
I have dealt faithful : You had her Letter
With the Jewel I presented ; she receiv'd
Your courteous Answer and prepar'd herself
To be remov'd by you : And howsoever
You take Delight to hear what you have done
From my Simplicity, and make my Weakness
The Subject of your Mirth, as it suits well
With my Condition, I know you have her
In your Possession.

Ador. How ! Has she left her Mother's House ?

Mirt. You drive this Nail too far ;
Indeed she deeply vow'd at her Departure
To send some of your Lordship's Servants for me,
(Though you were pleas'd to take the Paine yourself)
... That

That I might still be near her, as a Shadow
To follow her the Substance.

Ador. She is gone then?

Mirt. This is too much; but, good my Lord, forgive me,

I come a Virgin hither to attend
My noble Mistress, though I must confess
I look with sore Eyes upon her good Fortune,
And wish it were mine own.

Ador. Then as it seems
You do yourself affect me?

Mirt. Should she hear me,
And in her sudden Fury kill me for't,
I durst not, Sir, deny it; since you are
A Man so form'd, that not poor I alone,
But all our Sex like me I think stand bound
To be enamour'd of you.

Ador. O my Fate!
How justly am I punish'd! In thee punish'd
For my defended Wantonness? I that scorn'd
The Mistress when she sought me, now I would
Upon my Knees receive her, am become
A Prey unto her Bondwoman,
My Honour too neglected for this Purchase.
Art thou one of those
Ambitious Serving-women, who contemning
Th' Embraces of their Equals, aim to be
The wrong Way ladyfy'd by a Lord? Was there
No forward Page or Footman in the City
To do the Feat, that in thy Lust I am chosen
To be the Executioner? Dar'st thou hope
I can descend so low?

Mirt. Great Lords sometimes
For Change leave Calvert-salmon and eat Sprats;
In Modesty I dare speak no more.

Cam. If 'twere
A Fish-day, though you like it not, I could say
I have a Stomach, and would content myself
With this pretty Whiting-mop;

Ador. Discover yet
How cam'st to my Hands.

Mirt. My Lady gone,
Fear of her Mother's Rage, she being found absent
Mov'd me to fly; and quitting of the House,
You were pleas'd unask'd to comfort me; I us'd
No Sorceries to bewitch you; then vouchsaf'd.
(Thanks ever to the Darknes of the Night)
To hug me in your Arms; and I had wrong'd
My Breeding near the Court, had I refus'd it.

Ador. This is still more bitter; canst thou guess
to whom

Thy Lady did commit herself?

Mirt. They were Horsemen, as you are.

Ador. In the Name of Wonder,
How could they pass the Port, where you expected
My coming?

Cam. Now I think upon't, there came
Three mounted by, and behind one a Woman
Embracing fast the Man that rode before her.

Lent. I knew the Men; but she was veil'd.

Ador. What were they?

Lent. The first the Lord *Durazza*; and the second
Your Rival, young *Caldoro*; it was he
That carried the Wench behind him.

Don. The last a Servant that spurr'd fast after 'em.

Ador. Worse and worse! 'twas she!
Too much Assurance of her Love undid me.
Why did you not stay 'em?

Don. We had no such Commission.

Cam. Or say we had; who durst lay Fingers on
The angry old Russian?

Lent. For my Part, I had rather
Take a baited Bull by the Horns.

Ador. You are sure Friends
For a Man to build on.

Cam. They are not far off,
Their Horses appeared spent too; let's take fresh ones.
And coast the Country, ten to one we find 'em.

Ador.

Ador. I will not eat nor sleep until I have 'em.
Moppet, you shall go along too.

Mirt. So you please,
 I may keep my Place behind you; I'll sit fast,
 And ride with you all the World over.

Cam. A good Girl.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Montecclaro and Calypso.

Mont. Her Husband? *Severino?*

Calyp. You may see
 His Handy-work by my flat Face; no Bridge
 Left to support my Organ if I had one:
 The Comfort is, I am now secure from the Grincomes,
 I can lose nothing that Way.

Mont. Dost thou not know
 What became of the Lady?

Calyp. A Nose was enough to part with,
 I think in the Service; I durst stay no longer,
 But I am full assur'd the House is empty,
 Neither, poor Lady, Daughter, Servant left there;
 I only guess he hath forc'd 'em to go with him
 To the dangerous Forest where he lives like a King
 Among the Banditti, and how there he hath us'd them
 Is more than to be fear'd.

Mont. I have play'd the Fool,
 And kept myself too long conceal'd, sans Question,
 With the Danger of her Life. Leave me——
 The King!

Enter Alphonso and Captain.

Calyp. The Surgeon must be paid.

Mont. Take that.

Cal. I thank you,
 I have got enough by my Trade, and I will build
 An Hospital only for noseless Bawds,
 'Twill speak my Charity, and be myself
 The Governess of the Sisterhood.

[*Exit.*

Alph. I may forget this in your Vigilance hereafter;
 But as I am a King, if you provoke me

The second time with Negligence of this Kind,
You shall deeply smart for't.

Mont. The King's mov'd.

Alph. To suffer a Murderer by us proscrib'd, at
his Pleasure

To pass and repass through our Guards !

Capt. Your Pardon

For this, my gracious Lord, binds me to be
More circumspect hereafter.

Alph. Look you be so :

Mont. Monsieur *Laval*, you were a Suitor to me
For *Severino's* Pardon.

Mont. I was so, my good Lord.

Alph. You might have met him here to have
thank'd

You for't, as now I understand.

Mont. So it is rumour'd ;

And hearing in the City of his Boldness,
(I would not say Contempt of your Decrees)
As then I pleaded Mercy, (under Pardon)
I now as much admire the Slowness of
Your Justice, though it force you to some Trouble,
In fetching him in,

Alph. I have consider'd it.

Mont. He hath of late, as 'tis suspected, done
An Outrage on his Wife, forgetting Nature
To his own Daughter, in whom, Sir, I have
Some nearer Interest than I stand bound to
In my Humanity, which I gladly would
Make known unto your Highness.

Alph. Go along,

You shall have Opportunity as we walk :
See you what I committed to your Charge
In Readiness, and without Noise.

Capt. I shall, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

The END of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T



A C T V.

S C E N E I.

*Enter Claudio, and all the Banditti, making a Guard :
Severino and Jolante, with Oaken-leav'd Garlands
and Singers.*

Sever. **H**ERE, as a Queen, share in my Sovereignty :
The Iron Toils pitch'd by the Law to take
The Forfeiture of my Life, I have broke through,
And secure in the Guards of these few Subjects,
Smile at *Alphonso's* Fury, though I grieve for
The fatal Cause in your good Brother's Loss,
That does compel me to this Course.

Jol. Revive not
A Sorrow long since dead, and so diminish
The full Fruition of those Joys, which now
I stand possess'd of : Womanish Fear of Danger
That may pursue us, I shake off, and with
A masculine Spirit——

Sever. 'Tis well said.

Jol. In you, Sir,
I live ; and when, or by the Course of Nature,

F 4

Or

Or Violence you must fall, the End of my
Devotions is, that one and the same Hour
May make us fit for Heaven.

Sever. I join with you
In my Votes that Way : But how, *Jolante*,
You that have spent your past Days, slumbring in
The Down of Quiet, can endure the Hardness
And rough Condition of our present being,
Does much disturb me.

Jol. These Woods, *Severino*,
Shall more than seem to me a populous City ;
You being present, here are no Allurements
To tempt my Frailty, nor the Conversation
Of such, whose choice Behaviour or Discourse
May nourish jealous Thoughts.

Sever. True, *Jolante*,
Nor shall suspected Chastity stand in need here
To be clear'd by Miracle.

Jol. Still on that String !
It yields harsh Discord.

Sever. I had forgot myself,
And wish I might no more remember it.
The Day wears, Sirs, without one Prize brought in
As Tribute to your Queen. *Claudio*, divide
Our Squadron in small Parties, let 'em watch
All Passages, that none escape without
The Payment of our Customs.

Claud. Shall we bring in
The Persons with the Pillage ?

Sever. By all Means :
Without Reply about it, we'll retire

[*Exeunt Claudio and the rest.*]
Into my Cave, and there at large discourse
Our Fortunes past, and study some apt Means
To find our Daughter ; since she well disposed of,
Our Happiness were perfect.

Jol.

Yol. We must wait
With Patience Heaven's Pleasure,
Sever. 'Tis my Purpose.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Lentulo and Camillo.

Lent. Let the Horses graze, they are spent,

Cam. I am sure I am sleepy, and nodded as I rode:
Here was a Jaunt I'th' Dark through thick and thin,
And all to no Purpose: What a Dulness grows upon me!

Lent. I can hardly hold ope mine Eyes to say so.
How did we lose *Adorio*? [They sit down.]

Cam. He, *Donato*, and the Wench
That cleaves to him like Bird-Lime, took the Right
Hand,

But this Place is our Rendezvous.

Lent. No Matter,
We'll talk of that anon——Heigh ho! [Sleeps.]

Cam. He's fast already,
Lentulo; I'll take a Nap too. [Sleeps.]

Enter Adorio, Mirtilla, and Donato.

Ador. Was ever Man so crost?

Mirt. So blest: This is the finest Wild-geese Chace.

Ador. What's that you mutter?

Mirt. A short Prayer, that you may find
Your wish'd for Love though I am lost for ever.

Don. Pretty Fool, who have we here?

Ador. This is *Camillo*.

Mirt. This Signior *Lentulo*.

Ador. Wake 'em.

Don. They'll not stir,
Their Eye-lids are glued, and mine too; by your Favour,
I'll follow their Example. [Lies down.]

Ador. Are you not weary?

Mirt. I know not what the Word means while I travel
To do you Service.

Ador.

Ador. You expect to reap
The Harvest of your Flattery; but your Hope
Will be blasted I assure you,

Mirt. So you give Leave
To sow it, as in me a Sign of Duty,
Though you deny your Beams of gracious Favour
To ripen it, with Patience I shall suffer.

Ador. No more; my Resolution to find
Caliste, by what Accident lost I know not,
Binds me not, to deny myself what Nature
Exacteth from me. To walk alone afoot
(For my Horse is tir'd) were Madness: I must sleep;
You could lie down too.

Mirt. Willingly; so you please to use me,

Ador. Use thee?

Mirt. As your Pillow, Sir,
I dare presume no farther, noble Sir.
Do not too much contemn me; generous Feet
Spurn not a fawning Spaniel.

Ador. Well! sit down,

Mirt. I am ready, Sir.

Ador. So nimble!

Mirt. Love is active;
Nor would I be a slow thing: Rest secure, Sir.
On my Maidenhead, I'll not ravish you.

Ador. For once, so far I'll trust you.

[*Lies down in her Lap.*]

Mirt. All the Joys of Rest
Dwell on your Eye-lids; let no Dream disturb
Your soft and gentle Slumbers. I cannot sing,
But I'll talk you asleep: And I beseech you
Be not offended, though I glory in
My being thus employ'd; a Happiness
That stands for more than ample Satisfaction
For all I have or can endure. He snores,
And does not hear me; would his Sense of Feeling
Were bound up too! I should—I am all Fire.
Such Heaps of Treasure offer'd as a Prey
Would tempt a modest Thief; I can no longer
Forbear,

Forbear. I'll gently touch his Lips, and leave

[*Kisses him.*]

No Print of mine. Ah! I have heard of Nectar;
But till now never tasted it: These Rubies
Are not clouded by my Breath. If once again
I steal from such a full Exchequer, Trifles

[*Kisses again.*]

Will not be miss'd: I am entranc'd: Ours Fancy,
Some say in Sleep works stronger; I will prove
How far my——

[*Sleeps.*]

Enter Durazzo.

Duraz. My Bones ach,
I am exceeding cold too, I must seek out
A more convenient Truckle-bed. Ha? Do I dream!
No, no, I wake, *Camillo*, *Lentulo*,
Donato this; and, as I live, *Adorio*
In a handsome Wench's Lap; a Whoreson! you are
The best accommodated: I will call
My Nephew and his Mistress to this Pageant.
The Object may perhaps do more upon her
Than all *Caldoro's* Rhetoric. With what
Security they sleep! Sure *Mercury*
Hath travell'd this Way with his charming Red.
Nephew! *Caliste*! Madam!

Enter Caldoro and Caliste.

Cald. Here, Sir,
Is your Man return'd with the Horses?

Duraz. No, Boy, no;
But here are some you thought not of.

Calist. *Adorio*!

Duraz. The Idol that you worshiped.

Calist. This *Mirtilla*? I am made a Stale.

Duraz. I knew it would take.

[*Aside.*]

Calist. False Man!

But much more treacherous Woman! 'tis apparent,
They jointly did conspire against my Weakness

And

And credulous Simplicity, and have
Prevail'd against it.

Cald. I'll not kill 'em sleeping ;
But if you please I'll wake 'em first, and after
Offer them as a fatal Sacrifice to your just Anger.

Duraz. You are a Fool, reserve your Blood for better
Uses.

Calist. My fond Love is chang'd to an Extremity
of Hate,

His very Sight is odious.

Duraz. I have thought of
A pretty Punishment for him and his Comrades,
Then leave him to his Harlotry : If she prove not
Torture enough, hold me an Ass. Their Horses
Are not far off, I'll cut the Girths and Bridles,
Then turn 'em into the Wood ; if they can run
Let 'em follow us as Footmen. Wilt thou fight
For what's thine own already ?

Calist. In his Hat
He wears a Jewel which this faithless Strumpet,
As a Salary of her Lust, deceiv'd me of ;
He shall not keep it to my Disgrace, nor will I
Stir till I have it.

Duraz. I am not good at nimming ;
And yet that shall not hinder us : by your Leave, Sir,
'Tis Restitution. Pray you all bear Witness
I do not steal it ; here 'tis.

Calist. Take it ; not
As a Mistress's Favour, but a strong Assurance
I am your Wife.

Cald. O Heaven !

Duraz. Pray i'th' Church.
Let us away. Nephew, a Word : Have you not
Been billing in the Brakes ? Ha, and so deserv'd
This unexpected Favour ?

Cald. You are pleasant.

[*Exeunt Durazzo, Caldoro, and Caliste.*

Adar. As thou art a Gentleman, kill me not basely,

[*Starts up ; the rest awake.*

Give me Leave to draw my Sword.

Camil.

Camil. Ha ! What's the Matter ?

Lent. He talks of his Sword.

Donat. I see no Enemy near us,
That threatens Danger.

Mirt. Sure 'twas but a Dream.

Ador. A fearful one. Methought *Caldoro's* Sword
Was at my Throat, *Caliste* frowning by,
Commanding him as he desir'd her Favour,
To strike my Head off.

Camil. Meer Imagination
Of a disturbed Faney.

Mirt. Here's your Hat, Sir,

Ador. But where's my Jewel ?

Camil. By all Likelihood lost
This troublesome Night :

Donat. I saw it when we came unto this Place.

Mirt. I look'd upon't myself when you repos'd,

Ador. What is become of it ?

Restore it, for thou hast it ; do not put me
To the Trouble to search you.

Mirt. Search me ?

Ador. You have been,
Before your Lady gave you Entertainment,
A Night-walker in the Streets.

Mirt. How ! my good Lord ?

Ador. Traded in picking Pockets, when tame Gulls,
Charm'd with your prostituted Flatteries,
Deign'd to embrace you.

Mirt. Love, give Place to Anger.
Charge me with Theft and prostituted Baseness !
Were you a Judge, nay more, the King ; thus urg'd,
To your Teeth I would say, 'tis false.

Ador. This will not do.

Camil. Deliver it in private.

Mirt. You shall be
In public hang'd first, and the whole Gang of you.
I steal what I presented ?

Lent. Do not strive.

Ador.

Ador. Though thou hast swallow'd it, I'll rip thy Entrails,

But I'll recover it.

Mirt. Help, help!

Ador. A new Plot.

Enter Claudio and two Banditti presenting their Pistols.

Claud. Forbear, libidinous Monsters; if you offer The least Resistance you are dead; if one But lay his hand upon his Sword shoot all.

Ador. Let us fight for what we have, and if you can Win it enjoy it.

Claud. We come not to try Your Valour, but for your Money; throw down your Sword,

Or I'll begin with you: So: if you will Walk quietly without Bonds you may; if not We'll force you; thou shalt have no Wrong, But Justice against these.

1 Bandit. We'll teach you Sir, To meddle with Wenches in our Walks.

2 Bandit. It being against our Canons.

Camil. Whither will you lead us?

Claud. You shall know that hereafter: Guard 'em sure.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Alphonso, Montecarlo, Captain.

Alpho. Are all the Passages stopp'd?

Cap. And strongly mann'd; They must use Wings and fly if they escape us.

Monte. But why, great Sir, you should expose your Person

To such apparent Danger, when you may Have 'em brought bound before you is beyond My Apprehension?

Alpho. I am better arm'd Than you suppose; besides, it is confirm'd

By

By all that have been robb'd, since *Severino*
 Commanded these *Banditti* (though it be
 Unusual in *Italy*,) imitating
 The courteous *English* Thieves, for so they call 'em,
 They have not done one Murther : I must add too
 That, from a strange Relation I have heard
 Of *Severino's* Justice, in disposing
 The Preys brought in, I would be an Eye-witness
 Of what I take up now but on Report :
 And therefore 'tis my Pleasure that we should
 As soon as they encounter us, without
 A Shew of Opposition, yield.

Mont. Your Will
 Is not to be disputed.

Alph. You have plac'd
 Your Ambush so, that, if there be Occasion,
 They suddenly may break in.

Capt. My Life upon't.

Alph. We cannot travel far, but we shall meet
 With some of these good Fellows ; and be sure
 You do as I command you.

Mont. Without Fear Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Severino and Jolante.

Sewer. 'Tis true. I did command *Caliste* should not
 Without my Knowledge and Consent, assisted
 By your Advice, be married ; but your
 Restraint, as you deliver it, denying
 A grown-up Maid the modest Conversation
 Of Men, and warrantable Pleasures, relish'd
 Of too much Rigour, which no Doubt hath driven her
 To take some desperate Course.

Jol. What then I did
 Was in my Care thought best.

Sewer. So I conceive it ;
 But where was your Discretion to forbid
 Access and fit Approaches, when you knew

Her

Her Suitors noble, either of which I would
 Have wish'd my Son-in-Law? *Adorio*,
 However wild, a young Man of good Parts,
 But better Fortunes: His Competitor
Caldoro, for his Sweetness of Behaviour,
 Staidness, and Temperance, holding the first Place
 Among the Gallants most observ'd in *Naples*;
 His own Revenues of a large Extent,
 But in the Expectation of his Uncle's
 And Guardian's Estates, by the Course
 Of Nature to descend on him, a Match
 For the best Subject's Blood, I except none,
 Of Eminence in *Italy*.

Jol. Your Wishes,
 Howe'er a while delay'd, are not, I hope,
 Impossibilities.

Sever. Though it prove so,
 Yet 'tis not good to give a Check to Fortune
 When she comes smiling to us.—

Hark, this Cornet [*Cornet within.*]
 Assures us of a Prize; there sit in State,
 'Tis thy first Tribute.

Jol. Would we might enjoy
 Our own as Subjects.

Sever. What's got by the Sword
 Is better than Inheritance: All those Kingdoms
 Subdu'd by *Alexander* were by Force extorted,
 Though gilded o'er with glorious Stiles of Conquest;
 His Victories but royal Robberies;
 And his true Definition a Thief,
 When circled with huge Navies to the Terror
 Of such as plough'd the Ocean, as the Pirate
 Who from a narrow Creek puts off for Prey
 In a small Pinnace. From a second Place
 New Spoil brought in.—From a third Party; brave
 This shall be register'd a Day of Triumph
 Design'd by Fate to honour thee.—

—Welcome, *Claudio*,
 Good Booty, ha!

Enter

Enter Claudio, Banditti, Adorio, Lentulo, Donato, Camillo, Mirtilla, *at one Door*; Banditti, Durazzo, Caldoro, Caliste, *at another*; Alphonso, Montecarlo, Captain, and Banditti.

Claud. Their Outsides promise so,
But yet they have not made Discovery
Of what they stand possess'd of.

Sever. Welcome all;
Good Boys, you have done bravely if no Blood
Be shed in the Service.

1 Bandit. On our Lives no Drop, Sir.

Sever. 'Tis to my Wish.

Jol. My Lord!

Sever. No more; I know 'em.

Jol. My Daughter and her Woman too!

Sever. Conceal your Joys.

Dur. Fallen in the Devil's Mouth.

Calist. My Father,
And Mother! To what Fate am I reserv'd?

Cald. Continue mask'd; or grant that you be known,
From whom can you expect a gentle Sentence,
If you despair a Father's?

Ador. Now I perceive
Which Way I lost my Jewel.

Mirt. I rejoice
I am clear'd from Theft; you have done me Wrong,
But I unask'd forgive you.

Dur. 'Tis some Comfort yet;
The Rivals, Men and Women, Friends and Foes, are
Together in one Toil.

Sever. You all look pale,
And by your private Whisperings and soft Murmurs,
Express a general Fear: Pray you shake it off;
For understand you are not fallen into
The Hands of a *Busiris* or a *Cacus*,
Delighted more in Blood than Spoil; but given up
To the Power of an unfortunate Gentleman,
Not born to these low Courses, howsoever

My Fate, and just Displeasure of the King,
 Design'd me to it: You need not to doubt
 A sad Captivity here, and much less fear
 For Profit to be sold for Slaves, then shipp'd
 Into another Country. In a word,
 You know the proscrib'd *Severino*, he
 Not unacquainted, but familiar with
 The most of you. Want in myself I know not,
 But for the Pay of these my Squires, who eat
 Their Bread with Danger purchas'd, and must be
 With others' Fleeces cloth'd, or live expos'd
 To the Summer's scorching Heat and Winter's Cold;
 To these before you be compell'd (a Word
 I speak with much Unwillingness) deliver
 Such Coin as you are furnish'd with.

Dur. A fine Method!

This is neither Begging, Borrowing, nor Robbery,
 Yet it hath a Twang of all of them. But one Word, Sir.

Sever. Your Pleasure.

Dur. When we have thrown down our Muck,
 What follows?

Sever. Liberty, with a safe Convoy
 To any Place you chuse.

Dur. By this Hand you are
 A fair Fraternity; for once I'll be
 The first Example to relieve your Convent.
 There's a thousand Crowns, my Vintage, Harvest,
 Profits

Arising from my Herds, bound in one Bag,
 Share it among you.

Sever. You are still the jovial,
 And good *Durazzo*.

Dur. To the Offering; nay,
 No hanging an arse, this is their Wedding-day.
 What you must do Spite of your Hearts, do freely
 For your own Sakes.

Camil. There's mine.

Lent. Mine.

Donat. All that I have.

Cald.

Cald. This to preserve my Jewel.

[They all throw down their Purfes,

Ador. Which I challenge:

Let me have Justice, for my Coin I care not.

Mont. I will not weep for mine.

Capt. Would it were more.

Sever. Nay, you are privileg'd; but why, old Father,
Art thou so slow? Thou hast one Foot in the Grave,
And if Desire of Gold do not increase
With thy expiring Lease of Life, thou shouldst
Be forwardest.

Alph. In what concerns myself,
I do acknowledge it, and I should lye,
A Vice I have detested from my Youth,
If I deny'd my present Store, since what
I have about me now weighs down in Value
Almost a hundred-fold, whatever these
Have laid before you: See I do groan under
The Burthen of my Treasure: Nay, 'tis Gold,
[Throws down three Bags.

And if your Hunger of it be not sated
With what already I have shewn unto you,
Here's that shall glut it. In this Casket are
Inestimable Jewels, Diamonds
Of such a piercing Lustre as struck blind
Th' amazed Lapidary, while he labour'd *[Opens the*
To honour his own Art in setting 'em. *Casket.*
Some orient Pearls too which the Queen of Spain
Might wear as Ear-rings, in Remembrance of
The Day that she was crown'd.

Sever. The Spoils, I think,
Of both the *Indies*.

Duraz. The great Sultan's poor,
If parallel'd with this *Craſus*.

Sever. Why dost thou weep?

Alph. From a most fit Consideration of
My Poverty; this, tho' restor'd, will not
Serve my Occasions.

Sever. Impossible!

Duraz. May be
He would buy his Passport up to Heaven,
And then this is too little, though in the Journey.
It were a good *Viaticum*.

Alph. I would make it
A Means to help me thither : Not to wrong you
With tedious Expectation, I'll discover
What my Wants are and yield my Reasons for 'em :
I have two Sons, Twins, the true Images
Of what I was at their Years ; never Father
Had fairer or more promising Hopes in his
Posterity : But, alas, these Sons, ambitious
Of glittering Honour and an After-name,
Atchiev'd by glorious yet pious Actions,
(For such were their Intentions) put to Sea :
They had a well-rigg'd Bottom, fully mann'd,
An old experienc'd Master, lusty Sailors,
Stout Landmen, and what's something more than rare,
They did agree, had one Design, and that was
In Charity to redeem the Christian Slaves
Chain'd in the Turkish Servitude;

Sever. A brave Aim.

Dur. A most heroic Enterprize ; I languish
To hear how they succeeded.

Alph. Prosperously,
At first, and to their Wishes : divers Gallies
They boarded, and some strong Forts near the Shore
They suddenly surpriz'd ; a thousand Captives
Redeem'd from th' Oar, paid their glad Vows and
Prayers

For their Deliverance ; their Ends acquir'd,
And making homeward in triumphant Manner ;
(For sure the Cause deserv'd it.)

Dur. Pray you end here ;
The best, I fear is told ; and that which follows
Must conclude ill.

Alph. Your Fears are true, and yet
I must with Grief relate it. Prodigal Fame
In every Place with her loud Trump proclaiming

The Greatness of the Action ; the Pirates
 Of *Tunis* and *Algiers* laid wait for 'em
 At their Return : to tell you what Resistance
 They made, and how my poor Sons fought, would but
 Increase my Sorrow, and perhaps grieve you
 To hear it passionately describ'd unto you.
 In brief, they were taken, and for the great Loss
 The Enemy did sustain, their Victory
 Being with much Blood bought, they do endure
 The heaviest Captivity wretched Men
 Did ever suffer. O my Sons ! my Sons !
 To me for ever lost ! lost, lost for ever !

Sever. Will not these Heaps of Gold, added to thine,
 Suffice for Ransom ?

Alph. For my Sons it would ;
 But they refuse their Liberty, if all
 That were engaged with them, have not their Irons
 With theirs struck off and set at Liberty with them,
 Which these Heaps cannot purchase.

Sever. Ha ! The Toughness
 Of my Heart melts ! Be comforted, old Father ;
 I have some hidden Treasure, and if all
 I and my 'Squires these three Years have laid up
 Can make the Sum up, freely take it.

Duraz. I'll sell
 Myself to my Shirt, Lands, Moveables, and thou
 Shalt part with thine too, Nephew, rather than
 Such brave Men shall live Slaves.

2 *Bandit.* We will not yield to't,

3 *Bandit.* Nor lose our Parts.

Sever. How's this ?

2 *Bandit.* You are fitter far
 To be a Churchman, than to have Command
 Over good Fellows.

Sever. Thus I ever use [*Strikes 'em down.*]
 Such saucy Rascals ; second me, *Claudio*.
 Rebellious, do you grumble ? I'll not leave
 One Rogue of 'em alive,

Alph. Hold, give the Sign. [*He discovers himself.*]

All. The King.

Sever. Then I am lost.

Claud. The Woods are full
Of armed Men.

Alph. No Hope of your Escape
Can flatter you.

Sever. Mercy, dread Sir.

Alph. Thy Carriage
In this unlawful Course appears so noble,
Especially in this last Trial, which
I put upon you; that I wish the Mercy
You kneel in vain for, might fall gently on you.
But when the holy Oil was pour'd upon
My Head, and I anointd King, I swore
Never to pardon Murder. I could wink at
Your Robberies, though our Laws call 'em Death;
But to dispense with *Monteclarò's* Blood
Would ill become a King; in him I lost
A worthy Subject, and must take from you
A strict Account of't. 'Tis in vain to move,
My Doom's irrevocable.

Mont. Not, dread Sir,
If *Monteclarò* live.

Alph. If? good *Laval*?

Mont. He lives in him, Sir, that you thought *Laval*.
Three Years have not so alter'd me but you may
Remember *Monteclarò*.

Duraz. How!

Jol. My Brother!

Calist. Uncle!

Mont. Give me Leave: I was
Left dead in the Field, but by the Duke *Montpensier*
(Now General at *Milan*) taken up,
And with much Care recover'd.

Alph. Why liv'd you
So long conceal'd?

Mont. Confounded with the Wrong
I did my Brother, in provoking him
To fight, I spent the Time in *France* that I

Was absent from the Court, making my Exile
The Punishment impos'd upon myself
For my Offence.

Jol. Now, Sir, I dare confess all,
This was the Guest invited to the Banquet
That drew on your Suspicion.

Sever. Your Intent,
Though it was ill in you, I do forgive :
The rest I'll hear at Leisure. Sir, your Sentence.

Alph. It is a general Pardon unto all,
Upon my Hopes in your fair Lives hereafter,
You will deserve it.

Sever. Claud. &c. Long live great *Alphonso*.

Duraz. Your Mercy shewn in this, now, if you
please,
Decide these Lovers' Difference.

Alph. That is easy.
I'll put it to the Women's Choice, the Men
Consenting to it.

Calist. Here I fix then never to be remov'd.

Cald. 'Tis my *Nil ultra*, Sir.

Mirt. O that I had the Happiness to say
So much to you. I dare maintain my Love
Is equal to my Lady's.

Ador. But my Mind
A Pitch above yours. Marry with a Servant
Of no Descent or Fortune?

Sever. You are deceiv'd.
Howe'er she has been train'd up as a Servant,
She is the Daughter of a noble Captain,
Who, in his Voyage to the *Persian* Gulph
Perish'd by Shipwreck; one I dearly lov'd.
He to my Care intrusted her, having taken
My Word, if he return'd not like himself,
I never should discover what she was ;
But it being for her Good I will dispense with it.
So much, Sir, for her Blood. Now for her Portion.
So dear I hold the Memory of my Friend,
It shall rank with my Daughter's.

Ador. This made good,
I will not be perverse.

Duraz. With a Kiss confirm it.

Ador. I sign all Concord here; but must to you, Sir,
For Reparation of my wounded Honour,
The Justice of the King consenting to it,
Denounce a lawful War.

Alph. This in our Presence?

Ador. The Cause, dread Sir, commands it: Though
your Edicts

Call private Combats, Murders, rather than
Sit down with a Disgrace, arising from
A Blow; the Bonds of my Obedience shook off,
I'll right myself.

Cald. I do confess the Wrong,
Forgetting the Occasion, and desire
Remission from you, and upon such Terms
As by his sacred Majesty shall be judg'd
Equal on both Parts.

Ador. I desire no more.

Alph. All then are pleas'd. It is the Glory of
A King, to make and keep his Subjects happy;
For us, we do approve the *Roman* Maxim,
To save one Citizen is a greater Prize
Than to have kill'd in War ten Enemies. [Exeunt.

S O N G



SONG I.

Between JUNO and HYMEN.

JUNO to the BRIDE,

*ENTER a Maid; but made a Bride,
Be bold, and freely taste
The Marriage Banquet, ne'er deny'd
To such as sit down chaste.
Though he unloose the Virgin Zone,
Presum'd against thy Will;
Those Joys reserv'd to him alone,
Thou art a Virgin still.*

HYMEN to the BRIDEGROOM.

*Hail, Bridegroom, hail! Thy Choice thus made.
As thou wouldst have her true,
Thou must give o'er thy wanton Trade,
And bid loose Fires adieu:
That Husband who would have his Wife
To him continue chaste,
In her Embraces spends his Life,
And makes abroad no Waste.*

HYMEN and JUNO.

*Sport then like Turtles, and bring forth
Such Pledges as may be
Assurance of the Father's Worth,
And Mother's Purity.
JUNO doth bless the nuptial Bed,
Thus HYMEN's Torches burn.
Live long; and may, when both are dead,
Your Ashes fill one Urn!*

II. SONG

XX

II. S O N G

Entertainment of the Forest's Queen.

WE L C O M E, thrice welcome to this shady Green,
Our long-wish'd CYNTHIA, the Forest's Queen,
The Trees begin to bud, the glad Birds sing,
In Winter chang'd by her into the Spring.

We know no Night,

Perpetual Light

Dawns from your Eye,

You being near,

We cannot fear,

Though Death stood by.

From you our Swords take Edge, our Hearts grew bold,

From you in Fee their Lives your Liegemen bold.

These Groves your Kingdom, and our Law your Will;

Smile, and we spare; but if you frown, we kill,

Bless then the Hour

That gives the Power

In which you may,

At Bed and Board,

Embrace your Lord

Both Night and Day.

Welcome, thrice welcome to this shady Green,

Our long-wish'd CYNTHIA, the Forest's Queen.

EPILOGUE.

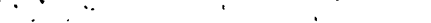


E P I L O G U E

I *A M left to enquire, then to relate
To the still doubtful Author, at what Rate
His Merchandise are valu'd. If they prove
Staple Commodities in your Grace and Love;
To this last Birth of his MINERVA, he
Vows, and we do believe him seriously,
Sloth cast off, and all Pleasures else declin'd,
He'll search with his best Care, until he find
New Ways, and make good in some labour'd Song,
Though he grow old, APOLLO still is young.
Cherish his good Intentions, and declare
By any Sign of Favour, that you are
Well pleas'd, and with a general Consent;
And he desires no more Encouragement.*

1. The first step is to identify the problem. This involves understanding the current situation and what needs to be changed.

100-443887-100





A

Very Woman :

OR THE

PRINCE of TARENT,

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.

As it hath been often acted at the Private House, in
Black-Friars, by his late M A J E S T Y 's Servants,
with great Applause.

WRITTEN BY

PHILIP MASSINGER, Gent.



P R O L O G U E.

TO such, and some there are, no Question here,
*Who, happy in their Memories, do bear
This Subject, long since acted, and can say,
Truly we have seen something like this Play.
Our Author, with becoming Modesty,
(For in this Kind he ne'er was bold) by me,
In his Defence thus answers, By Command
He undertook this Task, nor could it stand
With his low Fortune, to refuse to do
What by his Patron he was call'd unto:
For whose Delight and yours, we hope, with Care
He hath review'd it; and with him we dare
Maintain to any Man, that did allow
'Twas good before, it is much better'd now;
Nor is it, sure, against the Proclamation *
To raise new Piles upon an old Foundation.
So much to them deliver'd; to the rest,
To whom each Scene is fresh, he doth protest,
Should his Muse fail now a fair Flight to make,
He cannot fancy what will please or take.*

* This seems to allude to King James's Proclamation, to forbid the Increase of Building in London. D.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

VICEROY of SICILY.

PEDRO, his Son.

Duke of MESSINA.

DON MARTINO CARDENES, his Son.

DON JOHN ANTONIO, Prince of TARENT.

Doctor PAULO, a PHYSICIAN.

CUCULO, a SICILIAN.

Apothecary.

Citizen.

Master.

Man.

Captain.

Page.

Servants.

Slaves.

Moors.

Pirates.

Guard.

ALMIRA, the Viceroy's Daughter.

LEONORA, Duke of MESSINA's Niece,

BORACHIA, Wife to CUCULO.

Two Women.

The Scene, SICILY.

A Very



A

VERY WOMAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Pedro and Leonora.

Ped. *** Y worthiest Mistress! this Day cannot
* M * end
* * * But prosperous to *Pedro*, that begins
* * * With this so wish'd Encounter.

Leo. Only Servant;
To give you Thanks in your own courtly Language,
Would argue me more ceremonious
Than heartily affected; and you are
Too well assur'd, or I am miserable,
Our equal Loves have kept one Rank too long
To stand at Distance now,

Ped. You make me happy
In this so wise Reproof, which I receive
As a chaste Favour from you, and will ever
Hold such a strong Command over my Desires,
That, though my Blood turn Rebel to my Reason,

VOL. IV.

H

I never

I never shall presume to seek aught from you,
But what (your Honour safe) you well may grant me,
And Virtue sign the Warrant.

Leo. Your Love to me
So limited, will still preserve your Mistress
Worthy her Servant, and in your Restraint
Of loose Affections, bind me faster to you :
But there will be a Time when we may welcome
Those wish'd-for Pleasures, as Heav'n's greatest Blessings;
When that the Viceroy, your most noble Father,
And the Duke my Uncle, and to that, my Guardian,
Shall by their free Consent confirm them lawful.

Ped. You ever shall direct, and I obey you :
Is my Sister stirring yet ?

Leo. Long since.

Ped. Some Business
With her, join'd to my Service to yourself,
Hath brought me hither ; pray you vouchsafe the Favour
T' acquaint her with so much.

Leo. I am prevented.

Enter Almira and two Women.

Alm. Do the rest here ; my Cabinet is too hot :
This Room is cooler—Brother !

Ped. 'Morrow Sister :
Do I not come unseasonably ?

Alm. Why good Brother ?

Ped. Because you are not yet fully made up,
Nor fit for Visitation. There are Ladies
And great ones, that will hardly grant Access,
On any Terms, to their own Fathers, as
They are themselves ; nor willingly be seen
Before they have ask'd Counsel of their Doctor
How the Ceruse will appear, newly laid on,
When they ask Blessing.

Alm. Such, indeed, there are
That would be still young, in Despite of Time,
That in the wrinkled Winter of their Age

Would

Would force a seeming *April* of fresh Beauty,
As if it were within the Power of Art
To frame a second Nature: But for me,
And for your Mistress, I dare say as much;
The Faces, and the Teeth, you see, we slept with.

Ped. Which is not frequent, Sister, with some Ladies.

Alm. You spy no Sign of any Night-mask here;
(Tie on my Carkanet¹) nor does your Nostril
Take in the Scent of strong Perfumes, to stifle
The Sourness of our Breaths as we are fasting:
You're in a Lady's Chamber, gentle Brother,
And not in your Apothecary's Shop.
We use the Women, you perceive, that serve us,
Like Servants, not like such as do create us.
'Faith, search our Pockets, and if you find there
Comfits of Ambergrease to help our Kisses,
Conclude us faulty.

Ped. You are pleasant, Sister:
And I am glad to find you so disposed,
You will the better hear me.

Alm. What you please, Sir.

Ped. I am entreated by the Prince of *Tarent*
Don *John Antonio*——

Alm. Would you would choose
Some other Subject.

Ped. Pray you give me Leave;
For his Desires are fit for you to hear,
As for me to prefer. This Prince of *Tarent*
(Let it not wrong him, that I call him Friend)
Finding your Choice of Don *Cardenes* lik'd of
By both your Fathers, and his Hopes cut off,
Resolves to leave *Palermo*.

Alm. He does well:
That I hear gladly.

Ped. How this Prince came hither;
How bravely furnished; how attended on,
How he hath borne himself here; with what Charge
He hath continued his Magnificence

¹ *Carkanet*, a Bracelet or Necklace.

In costly Banquets, curious Masques, rare Presents,
And of all Sorts, you cannot but remember.

Alm. Give me my Gloves.

Ped. Now, for Reward of all
His Cost, his Travel, and his duteous Service,
He does intreat that you will please he may
Take his Leave of you, and receive the Favour
Of kissing of your Hands.

Alm. You are his Friend,
And shall discharge the Part of one to tell him
That he may spare the Trouble—I desire not
To see or hear more of him.

Ped. Yet, grant this,
Which a meer Stranger in the way of Courtship
Might challenge from you.

Alm. And obtain it sooner.

Ped. One Reason for this would do well.

Alm. My Will
Shall now stand for a thousand. Shall I lose
The Privilege of my Sex, which is my Will,
To yield a Reason like a Man? or you,
Deny your Sister that which all true Women
Claim as their first Prerogative, which Nature
Gave to them for a Law? and should I break it,
I were no more a Woman.

Ped. Sure a good one
You cannot be, if you put off that Virtue
Which best adorns a good one, Courtesy
And affable Behaviour. Do not flatter
Yourself with the Opinion that your Birth,
Your Beauty, or whatever false Ground else
You raise your Pride upon, will stand against
The Censure of just Men.

Alm. Why let it fall then;
I still shall be unmov'd.

Leo. And, pray you, be² you so.

² *And, pray you, be, &c.*

Address'd to *Pedra*.

Alm.

Alm. What Jewel's that?

Wom. That which the Prince of *Tarent*——

Alm. Left here,

And you receiv'd without my Knowledge;
I've Use of't now. Does the Page wait without,
My Lord *Cardenes* sent t' enquire my Health?

Wom. Yes, Madam.

Alm. Give it him, and with it pray him
To return my Service to his Lord, and mine,

Ped. Will you so undervalue one that has
So truly lov'd you, to bestow the Pledge
Of his Affection (being a Prince) upon
The Servant of his Rival?

Leo. 'Tis not well.

'Faith, wear it Lady? send Gold to the Boy;
'Twill please him better.

Alm. Do as I command you,
I will keep nothing that may put me in mind
Don John Antonio ever lov'd, or was;
Being wholly now *Cardenes*.

Ped. In another

This were meer Barbarism, Sister, and in you
(For I'll not sooth you) at the best, 'tis Rudeness.

Alm. Rudeness?

Ped. Yes, Rudeness, and, what's worse, the Want
Of civil Manners, nay, Ingratitude
Unto the many and so fair Deservings
Of *Don Antonio*. Does this express
Your Breeding in the Court, or that you call
The Viceroy Father? a poor Peasant's Daughter
That ne'er had Conversation but with Beasts
(Or Men bred like them) would not so far shame
Her Education.

Alm. Pray you, leave my Chamber——
I know you for a Brother, not a Tutor.

Leo. You are too violent, Madam.

Alm. Were my Father
Here to command me, (as you take upon you
Almost to play his Part) I would refuse it.

Where I love, I profess it ; where I hate,
 In every Circumstance I dare proclaim it :
 Of all that wear the Shapes of Men, I loath
 That Prince you plead for ; no Antipathy :
 Between Things most averse in Nature, hold
 A stronger Enmity than his with mine :
 With which rest satisfied :——if not, your Anger
 May wrong yourself, not me.

Leo. My Lord Cardenes !

Ped. Go : in soft Terms—if you persist thus, you
 Will be one ——

Alm. What one ? pray you, out with it.

Ped. Why, one that I shall wish a Stranger to me,
 That I might curse you : but——

Enter Martino.

Mar. Whence grows this Heat ?

Ped. Be yet advis'd, and entertain him fairly,
 (For I will send him to you) or no more
 Know me a Brother.

Alm. As you please.

Ped. Good Morrow.

[*Exit.*

Mar. Good Morrow ! and part thus ? you seem
 mov'd too :

What desperate Fool durst raise a Tempest here
 To sink himself ?

Alm. Good Sir, have Patience ;
 The Cause (though I confess I am not pleas'd)
 No Way deserves your Anger.

Mar. Not mine, Madam ?
 As if the least Offence could point at you,
 And I not feel it : As you have vouchsaf'd me

— — — — — *No Antipathy*

Between Things most averse, &c.

So *Shakespeare* in *King Lear*,

*No Contraries hold more Antipathy,
 Than I, and such a Knave.*

The

The Promise of your Heart, conceal it not,
Whomsoever it concerns.

Alm. It is not worth
So serious an Enquiry : My kind Brother
Had a Desire to learn me some new Courtship
Which I distasted, that was all.

Mar. Your Brother ?
In being yours, with more Security
He might provoke you ; yet if he hath past
A Brother's Bounds——

Leo. What then, my Lord ?

Mar. Believe it,
I'll call him to Account for't.

Leo. Tell him so.

Alm. No more.

Leo. Yes, thus much ; though my Modesty
Be call'd in Question for it, in his Absence
I will defend him ; he hath said nor done
But what *Don Pedro* well might say or do.
Mark me, *Don Pedro* ! in which understand
As worthy, and as well as can be hop'd for
Of those that love him best,—from *Don Cardenes*.

Mar. This to me, Cousin ?

Alm. You forget yourself.

Leo. No, nor the Cause (in which you did so Lady)
Which is so just, that it needs no concealing
On *Pedro's* Part.

Alm. What mean you ?

Leo. I dare speak it,
If you dare hear it, Sir : He did persuade
Almira, your *Almira*, to vouchsafe
Some little Conference with the Prince of *Tarent*
Before he left the Court ; and, that the World
Might take some Notice, though he prosper'd not
In his so lov'd Design, he was not scorn'd,
He did desire the kissing of her Hand,
And then to leave her—this was much.

Mar. 'Twas more
Than should have been urg'd by him ; well deny'd

On your Part, Madam, and I thank your for't.
Antonio had his Answer, I your Grant:
 And why your Brother should prepare for him
 An After-interview, or private Favour,
 I can find little Reason.

Leo, None at all,
 Why you should be displeased with't.

Mar. His Respect
 To me, as things now are, should have weigh'd down
 His former Friendship—'twas done indiscreetly,
 I would be loth to say maliciously,
 To build up the demolish'd Hopes of him
 That was my Rival. What had he to do
 (If he view not my Happiness in your Favour,
 With wounded Eyes) to take upon himself
 An Office so distasteful?

Leo. You may ask
 As well what any Gentleman has to do
 With civil Courtesy.

Alm. Or you with that,
 Which at no Part concens you. Good my Lord
 Rest satisfied, that I saw him not, nor will:
 And that nor Father, Brother, nor the World,
 Can work me unto any thing, but what
 You give Allowance to—in which Assurance,
 With this I leave you.

Leo. Nay take me along,
 You are not angry too?

Alm. Presume on that.

[*Exeunt*.

Mar. Am I assur'd of her, and shall again
 Be tortur'd with Suspicion to lose her,
 Before I have enjoy'd her? the next Sun
 Shall see her mine; why should I doubt then? yet
 To doubt is safer, than to be secure
 But one short Day?
 Great Empires in less Time
 Have suffer'd Change—she's constant—but a Woman;
 And what a Lover's Vows, Persuasions, Tears,

May

May in a Minute, work upon such Frailty,
There are too many, and too sad Examples.
The Prince of *Tarent* gone, all were in Safety ;
Or not admitted to solicit her,
My Fears would quit me—'tis my Fault, if I
Give way to that ; and let him ne'er desire
To own what's hard ⁴, that dares not guard it.
Who waits there?

Enter Servants and Page.

Serv. Would your Lordship might ?
Mar. 'Tis well
You are so near.

Enter Don John, and Servant.

John. Take Care all Things be ready
For my Remove.
Serv. They are.
Mar. We meet like Friends,
No more like Rivals now ; my Emulation
Puts on the Shape of Love and Service to you.
John. It is return'd.
Mar. 'Twas rumour'd in the Court

⁴ To own what's hard, that, &c.

Both the Sense and Metre of this Passage are defective: it should probably run thus:

To own what's hard to keep, that dares not guard it.

⁵ *Serv.* Would your Lordship might ?
This I think ought to be read

Would your Lordship aught ? i. e.
Does your Lordship want any thing ?

You

You were to leave the City, and that won me
To find you out. Your Excellence may wonder
That I, who never saw you till this Hour
But that I wish'd you dead, so willingly
Should come to wait upon you to the Ports,
And there, with Hope you never will look back,
Take my last Farewell of you.

John. Never look back?

Mar. I said so; neither is it fit you should;
And may I prevail with you as a Friend,
You never shall, nor, while you live, hereafter
Think of the Viceroy's Court, or of *Palermo*,
But as a Grave, in which the Prince of *Tarent*
Buried his Honour.

John. You speak in a Language
I do not understand.

Mar. No? I'll be plainer.
What Mad-man, that came hither with that Pomp
Don John Antonio did, that exact Courtier
Don John Antonio, with whose brave Fame only
Great Princesses have fall'n in Love, and dy'd;
That came with such Assurance as young *Paris*
Did to fetch *Helen*; being sent back, contemn'd,
Disgrac'd and scorn'd, his large Expeuce laugh'd at,
His Bravery scoff'd, the Lady that he courted
Left quietly in Possession of another,
(Not to be nam'd that Day a Courtier
Where he was mentiop'd,) the scarce known *Cardens*,
And he to bear her from him, that would ever
Be seen again, having got fairly off,
By such as will live ready Witnesses
Of his Repulse and Scandal?

John. The Grief of it,
Believe me, will not kill me. All Man's Honour
Depends not on the most uncertain Favour
Of a fair Mistress.

Mar. Troth you bear it well.
You should have seen some that were sensible

Of

Of a Disgrace, that would have rag'd, and sought
 To cure their Honour, with some strange Revenge;
 But you are better temper'd; and they wrong
 The *Neapolitans* in their Report,
 That say they are fiery Spirits, incapable
 Of the least Injury; dang'rous to be talk'd with
 After a Loss, for whereas nothing can move you;
 But, like a Stoick, with a Constancy,
 Words nor Affronts, can shake, you still go on
 And smile when Men abuse you.

John. If they wrong
 Themselves, I can; yet, I would have you know,
 I dare be angry.

Mar. 'Tis not possible,
 A Taste of't would do well: and I'd make Tryal
 What may be done. Come hither, Boy—You've seen
 This Jewel, as I take it.

John. Yes; 'tis that
 I gave *Almira*.

Mar. And in what Esteem
 She held it, coming from your worthy Self,
 You may perceive, that freely hath bestow'd it
 Upon my Page.

John. When I presented it,
 I did not indent with her, to what Use
 She should employ it.

Mar. See the Kindness of
 A loving Soul! who, after this Neglect,
 Nay, gross Contempt, will look again upon her,
 And not be frighted from it.

John. No, indeed, Sir,
 Nor give way longer—Give way, do you mark,
 To your loose Wit, to run the Wild-goose Chace,
 Six Syllables farther. I will see the Lady,
 That Lady that dotes on you, from whose Hate
 My Love increases, though you stand elected
 Her Porter, to deny me.

Mar. Sure you will not.

John.

John. Yes, instantly : your prosperous Success
Hath made you insolent ; and for her Sake
I have thus long forborne you ; and can yet
Forget it, and forgive it, ever provided,
That you end here ; and for what is past recalling,
That she make Intercession for your Pardon,
Which, at her Suit, I'll grant.

Mar. I am much unwilling
To move her for a Trifle—Bear that too, [*Strikes him.*
And then she shall speak to you.

John. Men and Angels,
Take Witness for me, that I have endured [*They fight.*
More than a Man : O do not fall so soon, [*Mar. falls.*
Stand up—take my Hand—so : When I have printed
For every contumelious Word, a Wound here,
Then sink for ever.

Mar. Oh, I suffer justly !

Serv. Murther ! Murther ! Murther ! [*Ex. Serv.*

2 *Serv.* Apprehend him.

3 *Serv.* We'll all join with you.

John. I do wish you more,
My Fury will be lost else, if it meet not
Matter to work on ; one Life is too little
For so much Injury.

Enter Almira, Leonora, Servants.

Alm. O my *Cardenes* !

Though dead, still my *Cardenes* !—Villains, Cowards,
What do ye check at ? can one Arm, and that
A Murtherer's, so long guard the curs'd Master,
Against so many Swords, made sharp with Justice ?

1 *Serv.* Sure he will kill us all ; he is a Devil.

2 *Serv.* He is invulnerable.

Alm. Your base Fears

Beget such Fancies in you—Give me a Sword,
This my weak Arm, made strong in my Revenge,
Shall force a Way to't.

John,

John. Would it were deeper, Madam !
 The Thrust, which I would not put by, being yours
 Of greater Force, to have pierc'd through that Heart
 Which still retains your Figure !—Weep still, Lady ;
 For every Tear that flows from those griev'd Eyes,
 Some Part of that which maintains Life, goes from me.
 And so to die, were in a gentle Slumber
 To pass to Paradise—But you envy me,
 So quiet a Departure from my World,
 My World of Miseries ; therefore take my Sword,
 And, having kill'd me with it, cure the Wounds
 It gave *Cardenes*.

Enter Pedro.

Ped. 'Tis too true : Was ever
 Valour so ill employ'd ?

John. Why stay you, Lady ?
 Let not soft Pity work on your hard Nature :
 You cannot do a better Office to
 The dead *Cardenes*, and I willingly
 Shall fall a ready Sacrifice t'appease him,
 Your fair Hand off'ring it.

Alm. Thou couldst ask nothing
 But this which I would grant.

Leo. Flint-hearted Lady !

Ped. Are you a Woman, Sister !

Alm. Thou art not
 A Brother, I renounce that Title to thee :
 Thy Hand is in this bloody Act ; 'twas this
 For which that savage Homicide was sent hither.
 Thou equal Judge of all Things, if that Blood,
 And innocent Blood——

Ped. Oh, *Cardenes* !
 How is my Soul rent between Rage and Sorrow,
 That it can be, that such an upright Cedar
 Should violently be torn up by the Roots,
 Without an Earthquake in that very Moment
 To swallow them that did it !

John.

John. The Hurt's nothing,
But the deep Wound is in my Conscience, Friend,
Which Sorrow in Death only can recover.

Ped. Have better Hopes.

*Enter Viceroy, Messina, Captain, Guard,
and Servants.*

Mess. My Son, is this the Marriage
I came to celebrate ! False Hopes of Man !
I come to find a Grave here.

Alm. I have wasted
My Stock of Tears, and now just Anger help me
To pay in my Revenge the other Part
Of Duty which I owe thee. O great Sir,
Not as a Daughter now, but a poor Widow,
Made so before she was a Bride, I fly
To your impartial Justice. The Offence
Is Death, and Death in his most horrid Form :
Let not, then, Title, or a Prince's Name
(Since a great Crime is, in a great Man, greater)
Secure th'Offender.

Mess. Give me Life for Life,
As thou wilt answer it to the great King
Whose Deputy thou art here.

Alm. And speedy Justice.

Mess. Put the damn'd Wretch to Torture.

Alm. Force him to
Reveal his curs'd Confederates, which spare not,
Although you find a Son among them.

Vice. How ?

Mess. Why bring you not the Rack forth ?

Alm. Wherefore stands
The Murderer unbound ?

Vice. Shall I have Hearing ?

Mess. Excellent Lady, in this you express
Your true Love to the Dead.

Alm. All Love to Mankind
From me, ends with him.

Vice.

A V E R Y W O M A N.

111

Vice. Will you hear me, yet?

And first to you; you do confess the Fact
With which you stand charg'd?

John. I will not make worse,
What is already ill, with vain Denial.

Vice. Then understand, though you are Prince of
Tarent,

Ye, being a Subject to the King of *Spain*,
No Privilege of *Sicily* can free you
Being convict by a just Form of Law,
From the municipal Statutes of that Kingdom,
But as a common Man, being found guilty,
Must suffer for it.

John. I prize not my Life
So much, as to appeal from any thing
You shall determine of me.

Vice. Yet despair not
To have an equal Hearing; the Exclaims
Of this griev'd Father, nor my Daughter's Tears
Shall sway me from myself; and, where they urge
To have you tortured, or led bound to Prison,
I must not grant it.

Mess. No?

Vice. I cannot, Sir;
For Men of his Rank are to be distinguish'd
From other Men, before they are condemn'd,
From which (his Cause not heard) he yet stands free:
So take him to your Charge, and, as your Life,
See he be safe.

Capt. Let me die for him, else. { *Exeunt Ped. John.*

Mess. The Guard of him should { *Capt. & Guard.*
have been given to me.

Alm. Or unto me.

Mess. Bribes may corrupt the Captain.

Alm. And our just Wreak, by Force or cunning Practice,
With Scorn prevented.

Mar. Oh!

Alm. What Groan is that?

Vice. There are apparent Signs of Life yet in him.

Alm. Oh that there were ! that I could pour my Blood
Into his Veins !

Mar. Oh, oh !

Vice. Take him up gently.

Mess. Run for Physicians!

Alm. Surgeons.

Mess. All Helps else.

Vice. This Care of his Recovery, timely practis'd,
Would have express'd more of a Father in you,
Than your impetuous Clamors for Revenge.
But I shall find fit Time to urge that further
Hereafter to you ; 'tis not fit for me
To add Weight to oppress'd Calamity.

[*Exeunt!*]

The End of the FIRST ACT.

A C T I I . S C E N E I .

Enter Pedro, Don John, *Captain.*

John. **W** H Y should your Love to me, having al-
ready
So oft endur'd the Test, be put unto
A needful Trial? Have you not, long since,
In every Circumstance and Rite of Friendship,
Outgone all Precedents the Antients boast of,
And will you yet move further?

Ped.

Ped. Hitherto

I have done nothing (howsoe'er you value
My weak Endeavours) that may justly claim
A Title to your Friendship, and much less
Laid down the Debt, which, as a Tribute due
To your Deservings, not I, but all Mankind
Stands bound to tender.

John. Do not make an Idol

Of him that should, and without Superstition,
To you build up an Altar. O my *Pedra*!
When I am to expire, to call you mine,
Assures a future Happiness: Give me Leave
To argue with you, and, the Fondness of
Affection struck behind, with Justice hear me.
Why should you, being innocent, sling your Life
Into the Furnace of your Father's Anger
For my Offence? Or, take it granted (yet
'Tis more than Supposition) you prefer
My Safety 'fore your own, (so prodigally
You waste your Favours) wherefore should this Captain
His Blood and Sweat rewarded in the Favour
Of his great Master, falsify the Trust
Which from true Judgment he reposes in him,
For me, a Stranger?

Ped. Let him answer that,

He needs no Prompter,——Speak your Thoughts, and
freely.

Capt. I ever lov'd to do so, and it shames not
The Bluntness of my Breeding: from my Youth
I was train'd up a Soldier, one of those
That in their Natures love the Dangers more
Than the Rewards of Danger. I could add,
My Life, when forfeited, the Viceroy pardon'd,
But by his Intercession; and therefore,
It being lent by him, I were ungrateful
(Which I will never be) if I refus'd
To pay that Debt at any Time demanded.

Ped. I hope, Friend, this will satisfy you.

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I

John.

John. No, it raises
 More Doubts within me. Shall I, from the School
 Of Gratitude, in which this Captain reads
 The Text so plainly, learn to be unthankful?
 Or, viewing in your Actions the Idea
 Of perfect Friendship, when it does point to me.
 How brave a thing it is to be a Friend,
 Turn from the Object? Had I never lov'd
 The fair *Almira* for her outward Features,
 Nay, were the Beauties of her Mind suspected,
 And her Contempt and Scorn painted before me,
 The being your Sister would anew inflame me
 With more Impotence to dote upon her :
 No, dear Friend, let me in my Death confirm
 (Though you in all Things else have the Precedence)
 I'll die ten Times, ere one of *Pedro's* Hairs
 Shall suffer in my Cause.

Ped. If you so love me,
 In Love to that Part of my Soul dwells in you,
 (For though two Bodies, Friends have but one Soul)
 Lose not both Life and me.

Enter a Servant.

1 *Serv.* The Prince is dead.

[*Exit.*

John. If so, shall I leave *Pedro* here to answer
 For my Escape?—As thus I clasp thee, let
 The Viceroy's Sentence find me.

Ped. Fly for Heaven's Sake !
 Consider the Necessity ! though now
 We part, *Antonio*, we may meet again ;
 But Death's Division is for ever, Friend.

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* The Rumor spread, Sir, of *Martino's* Death,
 Is check'd ; there's Hope of his Recovery.

John.

John. Why should I fly then, when I may enjoy
With mine own Life, my Friend?

Ped. That's still uncertain,
He may have a Relapse; for once be rul'd, Friend.
He's a good Debtor that pays when 'tis due;
A Prodigal that, before 'tis requir'd,
Makes Tender of it.

Enter three or four Sailors.

1 *Sail.* The Bark, Sir, is ready.

2 *Sail.* The Wind fits fair.

3 *Sail.* Heaven favours your Escape.

{ *Whistles*
within.

Capt. Hark how the Boatswain whistles you aboard.
Will nothing move you?

John. Can I leave my Friend?

Ped. I must delay no longer—force him hence.

Capt. I'll run the Hazard of my Fortunes with you.

John. What Violence is this?—hear but my Reasons.

Ped. Poor Friendship that is cool'd with Arguments!
Away, away!

Capt. For *Malta*.

Ped. You shall hear
All our Events.

John. I may fail round the World,
But never meet thy like, *Pedro*.

Ped. *Antonio*.

John. I breathe my Soul back to thee.

Ped. In Exchange
Bear mine along with thee.

Capt. Cheerly my Hearts.

[*Exeunt.*

Ped. He's gone. May pitying Heaven his Pilot be,
And then I weigh not what becomes of me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Viceroy, Messina, and Attendants.

Vice. I tell you right, Sir.

Mess. Yes, like a rough Surgeon,
Without a Feeling in yourself, you search

My Wounds unto the Quick, then predeclare
 The Tedioufness, and Danger of the Cure,
 Never rememb'ring what the Patient suffers.
 But you preach this Philosophy to a Man
 That does partake of Passion, and not
 To a dull Stoick.

Vice. I confess you have
 Just Cause to mourn your Son ; and yet, if Reason
 Cannot yield Comfort, let Example cure.
 I am a Father too, my only Daughter
 As dear in my Esteem, perhaps as worthy,
 As your *Martino*, in her Love to him
 As desperately ill ; either's Loss equal ;
 And yet I bear it with a better Temper.

Enter Pedro.

Which if you please to imitate 'twill not wrong
 Your Piety, nor your Judgment.

Mef. We were fashion'd
 In different Moulds,
 I weep with mine own Eyes, Sir,
 Pursue my Ends too, Pity to you's a Cordial ;
 Revenge to me—and that I must and will have
 If my *Martino* die.

Ped. Your must, and will,
 Shall in your full-sail'd Confidence deceive you. [*aside.*]
 Here's Doctor *Paulo*, Sir.

Enter Doctor Paulo, two Surgeons.

Mef. My Hand ? you rather
 Deserve my Knee, and it shall bend as to
 A second Father, if your saving Aids
 Restore my Son.

Vice. 'Rise, thou bright Star of Knowledge,
 The Honour of thy Art, thou Help of Nature,
 Thou Glory of our Academies !

Doct.

Doct. If I blush, Sir,
 To hear these Attributes ill-plac'd on me,
 It is excusable. I am no God, Sir,
 Nor holy Saint that can do Miracles,
 But a weak sinful Man : Yet, that I may
 In some Proportion deserve these Favours,
 Your Excellencies please to grace me with,
 I promise all the Skill I have acquired
 In Simples, or the careful Observation
 Of the superior Bodies, with my Judgment
 Deriv'd from long Experience, stand ready
 To do you Service.

Mef. Modestly replied.

Vice. How is it with your Princely Patient ?

Mef. Speak,
 But speak some Comfort, Sir.

Doct. I must speak Truth ;
 His Wounds though many, Heaven so guided yet
Antonio's Sword, it pierc'd no Part was mortal.
 These Gentlemen, who worthily deserve
 The Names of Surgeons, have done their Duties.
 The Means they practis'd, not ridiculous Charms
 To stop the Blood ; no Oils, nor Balsams bought
 Of cheating Quack-salvers, or Mountebanks,
 By them applied : The Rules by *Chiron* taught,
 And *Æsculapius*, which drew upon him
 The Thund'rer's Envy, they with Care pursu'd,
 Heav'n prosp'ring their Endeavours.

Mef. There is Hope, then,
 Of his Recovery ?

Doct. But no Assurance ;
 I must not flatter you. That little Air
 Of Comfort that breathes towards us (for I dare not
 Rob these t'inrich myself) you owe their Care ;
 For, yet, I have done nothing.

Mef. Still more modest ;
 I will begin with them, to either give
 Three Thousand Crowns.

Vice. I'll double your Reward;
See 'em paid presently.

1 Surg. This Magnificence,
With Equity, can't be conferr'd on us;
'Tis due unto the Doctor.

2 Surg. True; we were
But his subordinate Ministers, and did only
Follow your grave Directions.

Doct. 'Tis your own:
I challenge no Part in it.

Vice. Brave on both Sides.

Doct. Deserve this, with the Honour that will follow,
In your Attendance.

2 Surg. If both sleep at once,
'Tis Justice both should die. [*Exeunt Surgoens.*]

Mef. For you, grave Doctor,
We will not in such petty Sums consider
Your high Deserts: Our Treasury lies open.
Command it as your own.

Vice. Choose any Castle,
Nay City, in our Government, and be Lord of't.

Doct. Of neither, Sir; I am not so ambitious.
Nor would I have your Highnesses secure:
We have but faintly yet begun our Journey;
A thousand Difficulties and Dangers must be
Encounter'd, ere we end it. Though his Hurts,
I mean his outward ones, do promise fair,
There is a deeper one, and in his Mind,
Must be with Care provided for. Melancholy,
And at the Height, too near akin to Madness,
Possesses him; his Senses are distracted,
Not one, but all; and, if I can collect 'em
With all the various Ways Invention,
Or Industry e'er practis'd, I shall write it
My Master-piece.

Mef. You more and more engage me.

Vice. May we not visit him?

Doct. By no means, Sir,
As he is now; such Courtesies come untimely:

I'll yield you reason for't. Should he look on you,
 It will renew the Memory of that
 Which I would have forgotten. Your good Prayers
 (And those I do presume shall not be wanting
 To my Endeavours) are the utmost Aids
 I yet desire your Excellencies should grant me.
 So with my humblest Service——

Mef. Go, and prosper. [Exit Doctor.

Vice. Observe his Piety—I've heard, how true
 I know not, most Physicians as they grow
 Greater in Skill, grow less in their Religion;
 Attributing so much to Natural Causes,
 That they have little Faith in that they cannot
 Deliver Reason for: This Doctor steers
 Another Course—But let this pass; if you please,
 Your Company to my Daughter.

Mef. I wait on you. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter Leonora, and two Women.

Leon. Took she no Rest to-night?

1 Wom. Not any, Madam;

I am sure she slept not. If she slumber'd, strait,
 As if some dreadful Vision had appear'd,
 She started up, her Hair unbound, and, with
 Distracted Looks staring about the Chamber,
 She asks aloud, "Where is *Martino*? Where
 "Have you conceal'd him?" Sometimes names *Antonio*,
 Trembling in every Joint, her Brows contracted:
 Her fair Face as 'twere chang'd into a Curse,
 Her Hands held up thus, and, as if her Words
 Were too big to find a Passage through her Mouth,
 She groans, then throws herself upon her Bed,
 Beating her Breast.

Leon. 'Tis wondrous strange!

2 Wom. Nay, more;

She that of late vouchsaf'd not to be seen,

But so adorn'd as if she were to rival
Nero's Poppaa, or the *Egyptian Queen*,
 Now, careless of her Beauties, when we offer
 Our Service, she contemns it.

Leon. Does she not
 Sometimes forsake her Chamber?

2 Wom. Much about
 This Hour; then with a strange unsettled Gait
 She measures twice, or thrice, the Gallery,
 Silent, and frowning (we dare not speak to her)
 And then returns.—She's come, pray you, now ob-
 serve her.

Enter Almira in Black, carelessly habited.

Alm. Why are my Eyes fix'd on the Ground, and not
 Bent upwards?—Ha! that which was mortal of
 My dear *Martino*, as a Debt to Nature,
 I know this Mother Earth hath sepulchred:
 But his diviner Part his Soul, (o'er which
 The Tyrant Death, nor yet the fatal Sword
 Of curs'd *Antonio* his Instrument,
 Had the least Power), borne upon Angel's Wings,
 Appointed to that Office, mounted far
 Above the Firmament.

Leon. Strange Imagination!
 Dear Cousin, your *Martino* lives.

Alm. I know you,
 And that in this you flatter me. He's dead,
 As much as could die of him—But look yonder!
 Amongst a Million of glorious Lights
 That deck the heavenly Canopy, I have
 Discern'd his Soul transform'd into a Star.
 Do you not see it?

Leon. Lady?

Alm.

Alm. Look with my Eyes.

What Splendor circles it ! The heavenly Archer,
Not far off distant, appears dim with Envy,
Viewing himself out-shin'd. Bright Constellation,
Dart down thy Beams of Pity on *Almira* !
And, since thou find'st such Grace where now thou art,
As I did truly love thee on the Earth,
Like a kind Harbinger, prepare my Lodging,
And place me near thee.

Leon. I much more than fear,
She'll grow into a Phrensy.

Alm. How ! What's this ?—

A dismal Sound !—Come nearer, Cousin, lay
Your Ear close to the Ground,—closer, I pray you.
Do you howl ?—Are you there, *Antonio* ?

Leon. Where, sweet Lady ?

Alm. I'th' Vault, in Hell, on the infernal Rack,
Where Murderers are tormented :—Yerk him soundly ;
'Twas *Rhadamant's* Sentence : Do your Office, Furies.
How he roars !—What plead to me to mediate for you ?
I'm deaf, I cannot hear you.

Leon. 'Tis but Fancy :
Collect yourself.

Alm. Leave babbling ; 'tis rare Musick !
Rhamnusia plays on a Pair of Tongs
Red hot ; and *Proserpine* dances to the Concert ;
Pluto sits laughing by too. So—Enough.
I do begin to pity him.

Leon. I wish, Madam,
You would shew it to yourself.

2. *Wom.* Her Fit begins
To leave her.

Alm. Oh my Brains ! Are you there, Cousin ?

Leon. Now she speaks temperately. I am ever ready
To do you Service. How do you ?

Alm. Very much troubled.
I've had the strangest waking Dream—of Hell
And Heav'n—I know not what.

Leon.

Leon. My Lord your Father
Is come to visit you. As ye would not grieve him
That is so tender of you, entertain him
With a becoming Duty.

Enter Viceroy, Messina, Pedro, Attendants.

Vice. Still forlorn?

No Comfort my *Almira*?

Mef. In your Sorrow,
For my *Martino*, Madam, you have express'd
All possible Love and Tenderness. Too much of it
Will wrong yourself, and him. He may live, Lady,
(For we are not past Hope) with his future Service,
In some Part to deserve it.

Alm. If Heav'n please
To be so gracious to me, I'll serve him
With such Obedience, Love, and Humbleness,
That I will rise up an Example for
Good Wives to follow: But until I have
Assurance what Fate will determine of me,
Thus, like a desolate Widow, give me Leave
To weep for him, for, should he die, I have vow'd
Not to out-live him; and my humble Suit is,
One Monument may cover us: and *Antonio*,⁶
(In Justice you must grant me that) be offer'd
A Sacrifice to our Ashes.

Vice. Pr'ythee put off
These sad Thoughts: Both shall live, I doubt it not,
A happy Pair.

Enter Cuculo and Borachia.

Cuc. O Sir, the foulest Treason

And Antonio
(In Justice you must grant me that be offer'd)
A Sacrifice to our Ashes.

This is evidently false, it ought to be
And Antonio.
In Justice you must grant that he be offer'd
A Sacrifice to our Ashes.

This change is unnecessary, a parenthesis after *Antonio* makes the
Sense evident. M. M.

That

That ever was discovered !

Vice. Speak it, that

We may prevent it.

Cuc. Nay, 'tis past Prevention,
Though you allow me wise (in Modesty,
I will not say oraculous) I cannot help it.
I am a Statesman, and some say a wise one ;
But I could never conjure, nor divine
Of Things to come.

Vice. Leave fooling ! To the Point,
What Treason ?

Cuc. The false Prince *Don John Antonio*
Is fled.

Vice. It is not possible.

Ped. Peace, Screech-owl.

Cuc. I must speak and it shall out, Sir, the Captain
You trusted with the Fort is run away too.

Alm. O miserable Woman ! I defy
All Comfort ; cheated too of my Revenge ?
As you're my Father, Sir, and you my Brother,
I will not curse you : But I dare, and will say
You are unjust and treacherous.—If there be
A Way to Death, I'll find it.

[*Exeunt Almira,
Leon. & Women.*]

Vice. Follow her ;
She'll do some violent Act upon herself.
Till she be better temper'd, bind her Hands,
And fetch the Doctor to her. Had not you
A Hand in this ?

Ped. I, Sir ? I never knew
Such Disobedience.

Vice. My Honour's touch'd in't :
Let Gallies be mann'd forth in his Pursuit ;
Search every Port and Harbour—If I live,
He shall not 'scape thus.

Mess. Fine Hypocrisy !
Away Dissemblers ! 'Tis Confederacy
Betwixt thy Son and Self, and the false Captain,
He could not thus have vanish'd else. Ye've murder'd
My Son amongst you, and now murder Justice.
You know it most impossible he should live,

Howe'er

Howe'er the Doctor for your Ends dissembled,
And you have shifted hence *Antonio*.

Vice. Messina, thou'rt a craz'd and griev'd old Man,
And being in my Court, protected by
The Law of Hospitality, or I should
Give you a sharper Answer—May I perish
If I knew of his Flight.

Mess. Fire, then, the Castle;
Hang up the Captain's Wife and Children.

Vice. Fie, Sir!

Ped. My Lord, you are uncharitable; capital Treasons

Exact not so much.

Mess. Thanks, most noble Signior,
We ever had your good Word and your Love.

Cuc. Sir, I dare pass my Word, my Lords are clear
Of any Imputation in this Case
You seem to load 'em with.

Mess. Impertinent Fool!

No, no, the loving Faces you put on
Have been but grinning Vizors: You have juggled me
Out of my Son, and out of Justice too;
But *Spain* shall do me Right, believe me, Viceroy:
There I will force it from thee by the King;
He shall not eat nor sleep in Peace for me,
Till I am righted for this Treachery.

Vice. Thy worst *Messina*: since no Reason can
Qualify thy Intemperance; the Corruption
Of my subordinate Ministers cannot wrong
My true Integrity. Let privy Searches
Examine all the Land.

Ped. Fair fall *Antonio*!

Cuc. This is my Wife, my Lord.

[*Ex. Viceroy,*

Ped. Attend.

'Troth speak your Conscience,
Is't not a goodly Dame?

Mess. She is no less, Sir.

I will make use of *Cuculo* and *Borachia*, May I intreat you
To call my Niece.

Bor. With Speed, Sir.

[*Ex. Borachia.*

Cuc.

Cuc. You may, my Lord,
 Suspect me as an Agent in these State-conveyances.
 Let Signior *Cuculo*, then, be never more,
 For all his Place, Wit, and Authority,
 Held a most worthy honest Gentleman.

Enter Borachia with Leonora.

Mef. I do acquit you, Signior : Niece, you see
 To what Extremes I'm driven, the cunning Viceroy
 And his Son *Pedro*, having express'd too plainly
 Their cold Affections to my Son *Martino* ;
 And therefore I conjure thee *Leonora*,
 By all thy Hopes from me, which is my Dukedom,
 If my Son fail, however all thy Fortunes,
 Though heretofore some Love hath past betwixt
Don Pedro and thyself, abjure him now :
 And, as thou keep'st *Almira* Company
 In this her Desolation, so in Hate
 To this young *Pedro* for thy Cousin's Love
 Be her Associate ; or assure thyself,
 I cast thee like a Stranger from my Blood.
 If I do ever hear, thou seest, or send'st
 Token or receive Message—by yon Heaven,
 I never more will own thee.

Leo. Oh ! hear Uncle,
 You've put a tyrannous Yoke upon my Heart,
 And it will break it. [*Exit Leonora.*]

Mef. Gravest Lady, you
 May be a great Assister in my Ends.
 I buy your Diligence thus—Divide this Couple,
 Hinder their Interviews ; feign 'tis her Will
 To give him no Admittance, if he crave it,
 And thy Rewards shall be thine own Desires.
 Whereeto, good Sir, but add your friendly Aids,
 And use me to my uttermost.

Cuculo. My Lord,
 If my Wife please, I dare not contradict.
Borachia, what do you say ?

Bor.

Bor. I say? my Lord,
I know my Place, and be assur'd I will
Keep Fire and Tow asunder.

Mef. You in this
Shall much deserve of me. [Exit *Messina*.]

Cuc. We have took upon us
A heavy Charge. I hope you'll now forbear
Th' Excess of Wine.

Bor. I will do what I please.
This Day the Market's kept for Slaves; go you
And buy me a fine timber'd one, to assist me.
I must be better waited on.

Cuc. Ay any thing,
So you'll leave Wine.

Bor. Still prating?

Cuc. I am gone, Duck. [Exit *Cuculo*.]

Bor. *Pedro!* so hot upon the Scent? I'll fit him.

Enter Pedro.

Ped. *Donna Boracbia*, you most happily
Are met to pleasure me.

Bor. It may be so,
I use to pleasure many.—Here lies my Way;
I do beseech you, Sir, keep on your Voyage.

Ped. Be not so short, sweet Lady; I must with you.

Bor. With me, Sir? I beseech you Sir; why, what, Sir,
See you in me?

Ped. Do not mistake me, Lady,
Nothing but Honesty.

Bor. Hang Honesty;
Trump me not up with Honesty. Do you mark, Sir,
I have a Charge, Sir, and a special Charge, Sir;
And 'tis not Honesty can win on me, Sir.

Ped. Pr'ythee conceive me rightly.

Bor. I conceive you?

Ped. But understand——

Bor. I will not understand, Sir,
I cannot, nor I do not understand, Sir.

Ped.

Ped. Pr'ythee, *Borachia*, let me see my Mistress;
But look upon her, stand you by.

Bor. How's this?

Shall I stand by? What do you think of me?

Now, by the Virtue of the Place I hold,

You are a paltry Lord to tempt my Trust thus.

I am no *Helen*, nor no *Hecuba*,

To be deflowred of my Loyalty

With your fair Language.

Ped. Thou mistak'st me still.

Bor. It may be so (my Place will bear me out in't)
And will mistake you still, make you your best on't.

Ped. A Pox upon thee! Let me but behold her.

Bor. A Plague upon you! You shall never see her.

Ped. This is a Crone in Grain! Thou art so testy.
Pr'ythee take Breath, and know thy Friends.

Bor. I will not;

I have no Friends, nor I will have none this Way.

And now I think on't better, why will you see her?

Ped. Because she loves me dearly, I her equally.

Bor. She hates you damnably, most wickedly,
(Build that upon my Word) most wickedly;
And swears her Eyes are sick when they behold you.
How fearfully have I heard her rail upon you,
And cast, and rail again, and cast again;
Call for hot Waters, and then rail again.

Ped. How? 'tis not possible.

Bor. I have heard her swear
(How justly, you best know, and where the Cause lies)
That you are—I shame to tell it, but it must out.
Fie, fie! Why how have you deserv'd it?

Ped. I am what?

Bor. The beastliest Man; (why, what a Grief must
this be,)
Sir-reverence of the Company—a rank Whoremaster.
Ten Livery-whores, she assur'd me on her Credit,
With weeping Eyes she spake it, and seven Citizens,
Beside all Voluntaries that serve under you,
And of all Countries.

Ped.

Ped. This must needs be a Lye.

Bor. Besides, ye are so careless of your Body,
Which is a foul Fault in you—

Ped. Leave your fooling,
For this shall be a Fable. Happily
My Sister's Anger may grow strong against me,
Which thou mistak'st—

Bor. She hates you very well too;
But your Mistress hates you heartily—Look upon you?
Upon my Conscience, she would see the Devil first,
With Eyes as big as Saucers. When I but nam'd you,
She has leap'd back thirty Feet: If once she smell you,
For certainly you are rank, she says extreme rank,
And the Wind stand with you too, she's gone for ever.

Ped. For all this, I would see her.

Bor. That's all one.

Have you new Eyes when those are scratch'd out? or a
Nose

To clap on warm? Have you Proof against a Piss-pot;
Which, if they bid me, I must fling upon you?

Ped. I shall not see her then you say?

Bor. It seems so.

Ped. Pr'ythee, be thus far Friend, then good *Bora-*
chia,

To give her but this Letter, and this Ring,
And leave thy pleasant Lying, which I pardon;
But leave it in her Pocket, there's no harm in't,
I'll take thee up a Petticoat, will that please thee?

Bor. Take up my Petticoat? I scorn the Motion;
I scorn it with my Heels—Take up my Petticoat?

Ped. And why thus hot?

Bor. Sir, you shall find me hotter,
If you take up my Petticoat:

Ped. I'll give thee a new Petticoat:

Bor. I scorn the Gift—Take up my Petticoat?
Alas! My Lord, you are too young, my Lord;
Too young, my Lord, to circumsise me that Way.
Take up my Petticoat? I am a Woman;
A Woman of another Way, my Lord;

A Gentle-

A Gentlewoman. He that takes up my Petticoat;
Shall have enough to do, I warrant him.
I would fain see the proudest of you all so lusty.

Ped. Thou art dispos'd still to mistake me.

Bor. Petticoat?

You show now what you are; but do your worst, Sir.

Ped. A Wild-fire take thee.

Bor. I ask no Favour of you,
And so I leave you; and withal I charge you
In my own Name, (for, Sir, I would have ye know it,
In this Place I present your Father's Person)
Upon your Life, not dare to follow me:

For if you do— [Exit Borachia.

Ped. Go, and the Pox go with thee,
If thou hast so much Moisture to receive 'em,
For thou wilt have 'em, though a Horse bestow 'em.
I must devise a Way—for I must see her,
And very suddenly; and, Madam Petticoat,
If all the Wit I have, and this can do,
I'll make you break your Charge, and your Hope too.
[Exit.

The End of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

*Enter Master, Man, Don John, Captain, with divers
Slaves.*

Maſt. C Ome rank yourselves, and stand out hand-
somely.

Now ring the Bell, that they may know my Market.

Stand you two here; you are personable Men,
And apt to yield good Sums if Women cheapen.

Put me that pig-complexion'd Fellow behind,
He will spoil my Sale else: the Slave looks like Famine.

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K

Sure

Sure he was got in a Cheefe-prefs, the Whey runs out
of's Nose yet,

He will not yield above a Peck of Oysters,

If I can get a Quart of Wine in too, you are gone Sir.

Why sure, thou hadst no Father ?

Slave. Sure I know not.

Maft. No certainly ; a March-Frog leapt thy Mother :
Thou'rt but a Monster Paddock ¹.—Look who comes,

Sirrah :

[*Exit Man.*

And next prepare the Song, and do it lively.

Your Tricks too, Sirrah ; they are Ways to catch the
Buyer,

And if you do 'em well, they'll prove good Dowries.
How now ?

Enter Man.

Man. They come, Sir, with their Bags full loaden.

Maft. Reach me my Stool. O ! here they come.

Enter Doctor, Apothecary, Cuculo, and Citizens.

Cuc. That's he.

He never fails monthly to sell his Slaves here ;

He buys 'em presently upon their taking,

And so disperses 'em to every Market.

Maft. Begin the Song, and chaunt it merrily——
Well done.

Doct. Good Morrow.

Maft. 'Morrow to you, Signiors.

Doct. We come to look upon your Slaves, and buy too,
If we can like the Persons, and the Prices.

Cuc. They shew fine active Fellows.

Maft. They are no less, Sir,
And People of strong Labours.

Doct. That's i'th' Proof, Sir.

Apoth. Pray what's the Price of this red-bearded Fel-
low ?

If his Gall be good, I have certain Uses for him.

¹ A Paddock is a toad. M. M.

Maft.

Maſt. My ſorrel Slaves are of a lower Price,
Because the Colour's faint.—Fifty Chekeens, Sir.

Apoth. What be his Virtues?

Maſt. He will poiſon Rats ;
Make him but angry, and his Eyes kill Spiders ;
Let him but faſting ſpit upon a Toad,
And preſently it burſts, and dies ; his Dreams kill :
He'll run you in a Wheel, and draw up Water ;
But if his Noſe drop in't, 'twill kill an Army.
When you have worn him to the Bones with Uſes,
Thruſt him into an Oven, luted well,
Dry him and beat him, Fleſh and Bone, to Powder ;
And that kills Scabs, and Aches of all Climates.

Apoth. Pray at what Diſtance may I talk to him?

Maſt. Give him but Sage and Butter in a Morning,
And there's no Fear—But keep him from all Women,
For there his Poiſon ſwells moſt.

Apoth. I will have him.

Cannot he breed a Plague too?

Maſt. Yes, yes, yes,
Feed him with Fogs, *probatum*. Now to you, Sir.
Do you like this Slave?

Cuc. Yes, if I like his Price well.

Maſt. The Price is full an hundred, nothing bated.
Sirrah, ſell the Moors there—Feel, he's high and luſty,
And of a gameſome Nature ; bold, and ſecret,
Apt to win Favour of the Man that owns him,
By Diligence, and Duty : Look upon him.

Doſt. Do you hear, Sir?

Maſt. I'll be with you preſently.
Mark but his Limbs, that Slave will coſt you fourſcore :
An eaſy Price—Turn him about, and view him.
For theſe two, Sir? Why, they are the fineſt Children,
Twins on my Credit, Sir. Do you ſee this Boy, Sir?
He will run as far from you in an Hour—

Cit. Will he ſo, Sir?

Maſt. Conceive me rightly, if upon an Errand,
As any Horſe you have,

Cit. What will this Girl do?

Maſt. Sure no Harm at all, Sir,
For the ſleeps moſt an End.

Cit. An excellent Houſe-wife.
Of what Religion are they ?

Maſt. What you will, Sir,
So there be Meat and Drink in't. They'll do little
That ſhall offend you ; for their chief Deſire
Is to do nothing at all, Sir.

Cuc. A hundred is too much.

Maſt. Not a Doit 'bated,
He's a brave Slave ; his Eye ſhows Activenefs ;
Fire, and the Mettle of a Man, dwells in him.
Here's one you ſhall have—

Cuc. For what ?

Maſt. For nothing,
And thank you too.

Doſt. What can he do ?

Maſt. Why, any thing that's ill,
And never bluſh at it : He's ſo true a Thief,
That he'll ſteal from himſelf, and think he has got by
it.

He ſtole out of his Mother's Belly, being an Infant,
And from a louty Nurſe he ſtole his Nature ;
From a Dog his Look, and from an Ape his Nimble-
nefs ;

He will look in your Face, and pick your Pockets ;
Rob ye the moſt wiſe Rat of a Cheeſe-paring ;
There where a Cat will go in, he will follow,
His Body has no Back-bone.' Into my Company
He ſtole, for I never bought him, and will ſteal into
yours,

And you ſtay a little longer. Now if any of you
Be given to the excellent Art of Lying,
Behold, before you here, the Matter-piece :
He'll out-lie him that taught him, Monſieur Devil,
Offer to ſwear he has eaten nothing in a Twelve-
month,

When his Mouth's full of Meat.

Cuc. Pray keep him; he's a Jewel:
And here's your Money for this Fellow.

Maft. He's yours, Sir.

Cuc. Come, follow me. [*Exit with Don John.*]

Cit. Twenty Chekeens for these two.

Maft. For five and twenty take 'em.

Cit. There's your Money;
I'll have 'em, if it be to sing in Cages.

Maft. Give 'em hard Eggs, you never had such Black-birds.

Cit. Is she a Maid, do'st think?

Maft. I dare not swear, Sir:

She is nine Years old, at ten you shall find few here.

Cit. A merry Fellow, thou say'st true. Come Children. [*Exit with the Moors.*]

Doct. Here tell your Money; if his Life but answer
His outward Promises, I have bought him cheap, Sir.

Maft. Too cheap a Conscience, he's a pregnant
Knave,

Full of fine Thought I warrant him.

Doct. He's but weak-timber'd.

Maft. 'Tis the better;

He will turn Gentleman a great deal sooner.

Doct. Very weak Legs.

Maft. Strong as the Time allows, Sir.

Doct. What's that Fellow?

Maft. Who, this? The finest Thing in all the
World, Sir,

The punctualest, and the perfectest; an *English* Metal,
But coined in *France*; your Servant's Servant, Sir;

Do you understand that? or your Shadow's Servant.

Will you buy him to carry in a Box! Kiss your Hand,
Sirrah;

Let fall your Cloak on one Shoulder; face to your left
Hand;

Feather your Hat; slope your Hat; now charge your
Honour.

What think you of this Fellow?

Doct. Indeed, I know not ;
I never saw such an Ape before. But, hark you !
Are these things serious in his Nature ?

Mast. Yes, yes ;
Part of his Creed—come do some more Devices.
Quarrel a little, and take him for your Enemy ;
Do it in dumb Show. Now observe him nearly.

Doct. This Fellow's mad, stark-mad.

Mast. Believe they are all so.
I have sold a hundred of 'em.

Doct. A strange Nation !
What may the Women be ?

Mast. As mad as they ;
And as I have heard for Truth, a great deal madder :
Yet you may find some civil Things amongst 'em ;
But they are not respected. Nay, never wonder ;
They have a City, Sir, I have been in't,
And therefore dare affirm it ; where, if you saw
With what a Load of Vanity 'tis fraughted,
How like an everlasting Morris-dance it looks ;
Nothing but Hobby-horse, and Maid-marrian ;
You would start indeed.

Doct. They are handsome Men.

Mast. Yes ; if they would thank their Maker,
And seek no further ; but they have new Creators,
God Taylor and God Mercer, a kind of Jews, Sir,
But fall'n into Idolatry, for they worship
Nothing with so much Service, as the Cow-calves.

Doct. What do you mean by Cow-calves ?

Mast. Why their Women.
Will you see him do any more Tricks ?
Doct. 'Tis enough, I thank you ;
But yet I'll buy him, for the Rareness of him,
He may make my princely Patient Mirth, and that
done,
I'll chain him in my Study, that at void Hours
I may run o'er the Story of his Country.

Mast. His Price is forty.

Doct.

Doct. Hold—I'll once be foolish,
And buy a Lump of Levity to laugh at.

Apoth. Will your Worship walk?

Doct. How now, Apothecary,
Have you been buying too?

Apoth. A little, Sir:

A Dose or two of Mischief.

Doct. Fare ye well, Sir.

As they prove, we shall look the next Wind for you.

Mastr. I shall be with you, Sir.

Doct. Who bought this Fellow?

2 Cit. Not I.

Apoth. Nor I.

Doct. Why do's he follow us, then?

Mastr. Did not I tell you he would steal to you?

2 Cit. Sirrah,

You Mouldy-chops! know your Crib, I would wish you,
And get from whence you came.

Slave. I came from no Place.

Doct. Wilt thou be my Fool? for Fools, they say,
will tell Truth.

Sla. Yes, if you will give me Leave, Sir, to abuse you,
For I can do that naturally.

Doct. And I can beat you.

Slave. I should be sorry, else, Sir.

Mastr. He looks for that, as duly as his Victuals,
And will be extreme sick when he is not beaten.
He will be as wanton, when he has a Bone broken,
As a Cat in a Bowl on the Water,

Doct. You will part with him?

Mastr. To such a Friend as you, Sir.

Doct. And without Money?

Mastr. Not a Penny, Signior;
And would he were better for you!

Doct. Follow me, then,
The Knave may teach me something.

Slave. Something, that
You dearly may repent; howe'er you scorn me,
The Slave may prove your Master.

Doñ. Farewell once more.

Mañ. Farewell, and when the Wind serves next,
expect me, [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Enter Cuculo, and Don John.

Cuc. Come Sir, you are mine, Sir, now; you serve
a Man, Sir,

That, when you know more, you will find——

John. I hope so.

Cuc. What do'st thou hope?

John. To find you a kind Master.

Cuc. Find you yourself a diligent true Servant,
And take the Precept of the Wise before you,
And then you may hope, Sirrah. Understand:
You serve—What is me? a Man of Credit.

John. Yes, Sir.

Cuc. Of special Credit, special Office.
Hear first and understand again, of special Office.
A Man that nods upon the Thing he meets,
And that Thing bows.

John. 'Tis fit it should be so, Sir.

Cuc. It shall do so. A Man near all Importance,
Do'st thou digest this truly?

John. I hope I shall, Sir.

Cuc. Besides, thou art to serve a noble Mistress,
Of equal Place and Trust. Serve usefully;
Serve all with Diligence, but her Delights,
There make your Stop. She is-a Woman, Sirrah;
And though a cull'd-out Virtue, yet a Woman.
Thou art not troubled with the Strength of Blood,
And stirring Faculties; for she will show a Fair-one.

John. As I am a Man, I may; but as I am your Man,
Your trusty, useful Man, those Thoughts shall perish.

Cuc.

Cuc. 'Tis apt, and well distinguish'd. The next Precept,

And then, observe me, you have all your Duty :
Keep, as thou wouldst keep thine Eye-sight, all Wine
from her,

All Talk of Wine,

John. Wine is a Comfort, Sir.

Cuc. A Devil, Sir ; let her not dream of Wine :
Make her believe there neither is, nor was Wine—
Swear it.

John. Will you have me lye ?

Cuc. To my End, Sir ;

For if one Drop of Wine but creep into her,
She is the wisest Woman in the World straight,
And all the Women in the World together
Are but a Whisper to her ; a thousand Iron-mills
Can be heard no further than a Pair of Nut-crackers :
Keep her from Wine ; Wine makes her dangerous.
Fall back—my Lord *Don Pedro* !

Enter Pedro.

Ped. Now Mr. Office :

What is the Reason that your vigilant Greatness,
And your Wife's wonderful Wiseness, have lock'd up
from me

The Way to see my Mistress ? Whose Dog's dead now,
That you observe these Vigils ?

Cuc. Very well, my Lord !

Belike, we observe no Law then, nor no Order ;
Nor feel no Power, nor Will of him that made 'em,
When State-commands thus slightly are disputed.

Ped. What State-commands ? dost thou think any
State

Would give thee any thing but Eggs to keep,
Or trust thee with a Secret above lousing ?

Cuc. No, no, my Lord, I am not passionate ;
You cannot work me that Way to betray me.
A Point there is in't, that you must not see, Sir,
A Secret and a serious Point of State too ;

And

And do not urge it further, do not, Lord,
 It will not take; you deal with them that wink not.
 You try'd my Wife, alas! you thought she was foolish,
 Worn with an empty Word—you have not found it.

Ped. I've found a Pair of Coxcombs, that I am sure
 on.

Cuc. Your Lordship may say three—I am not
 passionate.

Ped. How's that?

Cuc. Your Lordship found a faithful Gentlewoman,
 Strong, and inscrutable as the Viceroy's Heart,
 A Woman of another making, Lord;
 And, lest she might partake with Woman's Weakness,
 I've purchas'd her a Rib to make her perfect;
 A Rib that will not shrink, nor break i'th' Bending:
 'This Trouble we are put to, to prevent Things,
 Which your good Lordship holds but necessary.

Ped. A Fellow of a handsome and free Promise,
 And much, methinks, I'm taken with his Countenance.
 Do you serve this Yeoman—Porter?

Cuc. Not a Word,
Basta, your Lordship may discourse your Freedom;
 He is a Slave of State; Sir; so of Silence.

Ped. You are very punctual, State-cut; fare ye well,
 I shall find Time to fit you too, I fear not. [*Exit Ped.*]

Cuc. And I shall fit you Lord. You would be
 billing;

You are too hot, sweet Lord, too hot. Go you home.
 And there observe these Lessons I first taught you,
 Look to your Charge abundantly; be wary,
 Truly and wary: much Weight hangs upon me,
 Watchful and wary too! This Lord is dangerous,
 Take Courage and resist—for other Uses,
 Your Mistress will inform you. Go, be faithful,
 And do you hear?—no Wine.

John. I shall observe, Sir. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

*Enter Doctor and Surgeons.**Doct.* He must take th' Air.*1 Surg.* Sir, under your Correction,
The Violence of Motion may make
His Wounds bleed 'fresh.*2 Surg.* And he hath lost already
Too much Blood, in my Judgment.*Doct.* I allow that ;
But to choak up his Spirits in a dark Room
Is far more dangerous.—He comes ; no Questions.*Enter Martino.**Mar.* Certain we have no Reason, nor that Soul
Created of that Purenese, Books persuade us :
We understand not sure, nor feel that Sweetness
That Men call Virtue's Chain to link our Actions.
Our Imperfections form, and flatter us ;
A Will to rash and rude Things is our Reason,
And that we glory in, that makes us guilty.
Why did I wrong this Man, unmanly wrong him?
Unmannerly ? He gave me no Occasion ;
In all my Heat how noble was his Temper !
And, when I had forgot both Man and Manhood,
With what a gentle Bravery did he chide me !
And, say he had kill'd me, whither had I travell'd ?
Kill'd me in all my Rage,—oh, how it shakes me !
Why didst thou do this, Fool ? a Woman taught me ;
The Devil and his Angel. Woman, bid me.
I am a Beast, the wildest of all Beasts,
And like a Beast I make my Blood my Master.
Farewell, farewell for ever, name of Mistress !
Out of my Heart I cross thee ; Love and Women
Out of my Thoughts.*Doct.*

Doct. I, now you shew your Manhood.

Mar. Doctor, believe me, I have bought my Knowledge,

And dearly, Doctor; they are dangerous Creatures,
They sting at both Ends, Doctor; worthless Creatures,
And all their Loves and Favours end in Ruins.

Doct. To Man, indeed.

Mar. Why now thou tak'st me rightly.

What can they shew, or be? what Act deserve us?
While we have Virtue, and pursue her Beauties?

Doct. And yet I've heard of many virtuous Women.

Mar. Not many, Doctor; there your Reading fails
you:

Would there were more, and in their Loves less
Dangers!

Doct. Love is a noble Thing without all Doubt, Sir.

Mar. Yes, and an excellent—to cure the Itch. [*Ex.*

1 *Surg.* Strange Melancholy!

Doct. By Degrees 'twill lessen:

Provide your Things:

2 *Surg.* Our Care shall not be wanting. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Leonora and Almira.

Leo. Good Madam, for your Health's Sake clear
those Clouds up,

That feed upon your Beauties like Diseases.

Time's Hand will turn again, and what he ruins

Gently restore, and wipe off all your Sorrows.

Believe you are to blame, much to blame, Lady:

You tempt his loving Care whose Eye has number'd

All our Afflictions, and the Time to cure 'em:

* *What can they shew, or by what Act deserve us. M. M.*

You

You rather with this Torrent choak his Mercies
 Than gently slide into his Providence.
 Sorrows are well allow'd, and sweeten Nature,
 Where they express no more than Drops on Lilies :
 But, when they fall in Storms, they bruise our Hopes,
 Make us unable (though our Comforts meet us)
 To hold our Heads up. Come, you shall take Com-
 fort ;

This is a fullen Grief becomes condemn'd Men,
 That feel a Weight of Sorrow through their Souls.
 Do but look up—Why so—Is not this better
 Than hanging down your Head still like a Violet,
 And dropping out those sweet Eyes for a Wager?
 Pray you speak a little.

Alm. Pray you desire no more.

And, if you love me, say no more.

Leo. How fain

If I would be as wilful, and partake in't,
 Would you destroy yourself? how often, Lady,
 Ev'n of the same Disease have you cur'd me,
 And shook me out on't; chid me, tumbled me,
 And forc'd my Hands, thus?

Alm. By these Tears, no more !

Leo. You are too prodigal of 'em. Well, I will not,
 For though my Love bids me transgress your Will,
 I have a Service to your Sorrows still.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Enter Pedro and Don John.

John. Indeed, my Lord, my Place is not so near :
 I wait below-stairs, and there sit, and wait
 Who comes to seek Accesses ; nor is't, Sir,
 My Rudeness should intrude so near their Lodgings.

Ped.

Ped. Thou may'st invent a Way, 'tis but a Trial;
But carrying up this Letter, and this Token,
And giving 'em discreetly to my Mistress,
The Lady *Leonora*—there's my Purse,
Or any Thing thou'lt ask me. If thou knew'st me,
And what I may be to thee for this Courtesy——

John. Your Lordship speaks so honestly, and freely,
That by my Troth I'll venture.

Ped. I dearly thank thee.

John. And it shall cost me hard—nay, keep your
Purse, Sir:

For, though my Body's bought, my Mind was never:
Though I am bound, my Courtesies are no Slaves.

Ped. Thou shouldst be truly gentle.

John. If I were so,
The State I am in, bids you not believe it.
But to the Purpose, Sir, give me your Letter,
And next your Counsel, for I serve a crafty Mistress.

Ped. And she must be remov'd, thou wilt else ne'er
do it.

John. I, there's the Plague.—Thiack, and I'll think
awhile too.

Ped. Her Husband's suddenly fall'n sick.

John. She cares not

If he were dead; indeed, it would do better:

Ped. Would he were hang'd.

John. Then she would run mad for Joy, Sir.

Ped. Some Lady crying out.

John. She has two already.

Ped. Her House is afire?

John. "Let the Fool, my Husband quench it."

This will be her Answer—This may take; will, sure.
Your Lordship must go presently, and send me
Two or three Bottles of your best *Greek Wine*,
The strongest, and sweetest.

Ped. Instantly:

But will that do?

[Exit Pedro.]

John. Let me alone to work it.

Wine I was charged to keep by all Means from her:

All

All secret Locks it opens, and all Counsels,
 That I am sure, and gives Men all Accesses.
 Pray Heaven she be not loving, when she's drunk now,
 (For drunk she shall be, though my Pate pay for it)
 She'll turn my Stomach then abominably :
 She has a most wicked Face, and that lewd Face
 Being a drunken Face, what a Face will there be !
 She cannot ravish me. Now if my Master
 Should take her so, and know I minister'd,
 What will his Wisdom do ?—I hope be drunk too ;
 And then all's right. Well, Lord, to do thee Service,
 Above these Puppet-plays, I keep a Life yet.
 Here come the Executioners. You are welcome :
 Give me your Load, and tell my Lord, I am at it.

Enter Servant with Bottles.

Serv. I will, Sir : speed you, Sir.

[*Exit.*

John. Good Speed on all Sides.

'Tis strong, strong Wine : Oh, the Yawns that she'll
 make,

Look to your Stern, dear Mistrefs, and steer right,
 Here's that will work, as high as the Bay of *Portugal*.
 Stay, let me see—I'll try her by the Nose first ;
 For, if she be a right Sow, sure she'll find it.

Enter Borachia.

She is yonder by herself, the Ladies from her.
 Now to begin my Sacrifice—she stirs and vents it.
 O, how she holds her Nose up like a Jenner
 I'th' Wind of a Grass-mare ! She has it full, now ;
 And now she comes. I'll stand aside awhile.

Bor. 'Tis Wine ! I ; sure 'tis Wine, excellent strong
 Wine !

In the must I take it : very Wine : this Way too.

John. How true she hunts ? I'll make the Train a
 little longer.

1

Bor.

Bor. Stronger and stronger still ! still blessed Wine.

John. Now she hunts hot.

Bor. All that I can make for this Wine !

This Way it went, sure.

John. Now she is at a cold Scent.

Make out your Doubles, Mistress. Oh, well hunted !
That's she ! that's she !

Bor. O, if I could but see it !

Oh what a precious Scent it has ! but handle it !

John. Now I'll untappice⁹.

Bor. What's that ? still 'tis stronger.

Why how now, Sirrah ! what's that ? answer quickly,
And to the Point.

John. 'Tis Wine, forsooth, good Wine,
Excellent Candi-wine.

Bor. 'Tis well, forsooth !

Is this a Drink for Slaves ? Why saucy Sirrah,
(Excellent Candi-wine) draw nearer to me.

Reach me a Bottle—Why, thou most debauch'd Slave.

John. Pray be not angry, Mistress ; for with all my
Service

And Pains, I purchas'd this for you ; I dare not drink
it ;

For you a Present ; only for your Pleasure ;

To shew in little what Thanks I owe

The hourly Courtesies your Goodness gives me.

Bor. And I will give thee more ; there kifs my Hand
on't.

John. I thank you dearly—for your dirty Favour :
How rank it smells !

[*Aside.*

Bor. By thy Leave, sweet Bottle,
And Sugar-candi-wine, I now come to thee ;
Hold your hand under.

John. How does your Worship like it ?

Bor. Under again—again—and now come kifs me ;
I'll be a Mother to thee—Come, drink to me.

John. I do beseech your Pardon.

Bor.

⁹ I'll untappice.

That is, I'll give her a view of it ; it is a Phrase in Fox-hunting. M. M.

Bor. Here's to thee, then ;
am easily entreated for thy good :
'Tis naught for thee, indeed, — 'Twill make thee break
out ;

Thou hast a pure Complection—Now, for me
'Tis excellent, 'tis excellent for me.

Son-slave, I have a cold Stomach, and the Wind—

John. Blows out a Cry at your both Ends. [*Aside.*

Bor. Kifs again—

Cherish thy Lips, for thou shalt kifs fair Ladies.

Son-slave, I have them for thee—I'll shew thee all.

John. Heav'n blefs mine Eyes ! [*Aside.*

Bor. Ev'n all the Secrets, Son-slave,
In my Dominion.

John. Oh ! here come the Ladies :
Now to my Business.

Enter Almira and Leonora.

Leon. This Air will much refresh you.

Alm. I must sit down.

Leon. Do, and take freer Thoughts ;
(The Place invites you,) and I walk by, like your Sentinel.

Bor. And thou shalt be my Heir, I'll leave thee all,
Heav'n knows what 'twill amount to ; but Abundance.
I'll leave thee two young Ladies ; what think you of
that, Boy ?

Where is the Bottle ?—Two delicate young Ladies :
But first you shall commit with me. Do you mark, Son,
And shew yourself a Gentleman ; that's the Truth, Son :

John. Excellent Lady, kissing your fair Hand,
And humbly craving Pardon for intruding,
This Letter, and this Ring—

Leon. From whom, I pray you, Sir ?

John. From the most noble, loving Lord, *Don Pedro*,
The Servant of your Virtues.

Bor. And pr'ythee, good Son-slave, be wise and cir-
cumpect,
And take heed of being overtaken with too much Drink ;

For it is a lamentable Sin, and spoils all :
 Why 'tis the damnablest Thing to be drunk, Son,
 Heav'n can't endure it. And hark you :—One Thing

I would have done :

Knock my Husband on the Head, as soon as may be,
 For he is an arrant Puppy, and cannot perform—
 Why where the Devil is this foolish Bottle ?

Leon. I much thank you—and this, Sir, for your Pains.

John. No, gentle Lady,
 That I can do him Service is my Merit ;
 My Faith, my full Reward.

Leon. Once more, I thank you.
 Since I have met so true a Friend to Goodness,
 I dare deliver to your Charge, my Answer :
 Pray you, tell him, Sir, this Night I do invite him
 To meet me in the Garden. Means he may find ;
 For Love, they say, wants no Abilities.

John. Nor shall he, Madam, if my Help may prosper.
 So everlasting Love, and Sweetness, bless you !
 She's at it still, I dare not now appear to her.

Alm. What Fellow's that ?

Leon. Indeed I know not, Madam,
 It seems of some strange Country by his Habit ;
 Nor can I shew you by what Mystery
 He wrought himself into this Place, prohibited.

Alm. A handsome Man.

Leon. But of a Mind more handsome.

Alm. Was his Business to you ?

Leon. Yes, from a Friend you wot of.

Alm. A very handsome Fellow,
 And well demean'd.

Leon. Exceeding well, and speaks well.

Alm. And speaks well too ?

Leon. I, passing well, and freely ;
 And, as he promises, of a most clear Nature,
 Brought up sure far above his Shew.

Alm. It seems so :

I would I'd heard him, Friend. Comes he again ?

Leon. Indeed, I know not if he do.

Alm. 'Tis no Matter.

Come let's walk in.

Leon. I am glad you have found your Tongue, yet.
[*Borachia sings.*]

Enter Cuculo.

Cuc. My Wife is very merry; sure 'twas her Voice—
Pray Heav'n there be no Drink in't, then I allow it.

John. 'Tis sure my Master. Now the Game begins;
Here will be spitting of Fire o'both Sides presently.
Send me but safe deliver'd!

Cuc. O my Heart achs!
My Head achs too—Mercy o'me, she's perish'd!
She has gotten Wine! She is gone for ever!

Bor. Come hither, Ladies! carry your Bodies swimming;
Do your three Duties there, then fall behind me.

Cuc. O thou pernicious Rascal! What hast thou done?

John. I done? Alas! Sir, I have done nothing.

Cuc. Sirrah,
How came she by this Wine?

John. Alas! I know not.

Bor. Who's that, that talks of Wine there?

John. Forsooth, my Master.

Bor. Bring him before me, Son-slave.

Cuc. I will know it.
This Bottle? How this Bottle?

Bor. Do not stir it;
For, if you do, by this good Wine, I'll knock you,
I'll beat you damnably; yea and nay, I'll beat you;
And when I have broke it about your Head (do you mark me?)

Then I will tie it to your Worship's Tail,
And all the Dogs i'th'Town shall follow you.
No Question, I would advise you, how I came by it.
I will have none of these Points handled now.

Cuc. She'll never be well again, while the World stands.

John. I hope so.

Cuc. How dost thou, Lamb?

Bor. Well, God-a-mercy Bell-weather how dost thou?

Stand out—Son-slave, sit you here, and before this
Worshipful Audience

Propound a doubtful Question—See who's drunk now.

Cuc. Now, now it works, the Devil now dwells in her.

Bor. Whether the Heaven, or the Earth, be nearer
the Moon?

Or what's the natural Reason, why a Woman longs
To make her Husband a Cuckold? Bring me your
Cousin

The Curate now, that great Philosopher;
He that found out a Pudding had two Ends;
That learned Clerk, that notable Gymnosophist,
And let him with his *Jacob's Staff* discover
What is the third Part of three Farthings, three
Half-pence being the half, and I am satisfied.

Cuc. You see she hath Learning enough, if she could
dispose it.

Bor. Too much for thee, thou Logger-head, thou
Bull-head.

Cuc. Nay, good *Borachia*.

Bor. Thou a sufficient Statesman?

A Gentleman of Learning? Hang thee, Dog-whelp;
Thou Shadow of a Man of Action;
Thou Scab o'th'Court—Go sleep, you drunken Rascal;
You debauch'd Puppy, get you Home, and sleep, Sirrah;
And so will I, Son-slave—Thou shalt sleep with me.

Cuc. Pr'ythee, look to her tenderly.

Bor. No Words, Sirrah,
Of any Wine, or any Thing like Wine,
Or any Thing concerning Wine, or by Wine,
Or from, or with Wine—Come, lead me like a Countess.

Cuc. Thus must we bear, poor Men! There is a Trick
in't;

But, when she's well again, I'll trick her for it. [*Exeunt.*]

The END of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

A C T I V . S C E N E I .

Enter Pedro.

Ped. **N**OW, if this honest Fellow do but prosper,
 I hope I shall make fair Return. I wonder
 I hear not from the Prince of *Tarent* yet :
 I hope he's landed well, and to his Safety ;
 The Winds have stood most gently to his Purpose.
 My honest Friend !

Enter Don John.

John. Your Lordship's poorest Servant.

Ped. How hast thou sped ?

John. My Lord, as well as Wishes : ¹⁰
 My Way hath reach'd your Mistress, and deliver'd
 Your Love-letter, and Token, who, with all Joy
 And virtuous Constancy desires to see you.
 Commands you this Night, by her loving Power,
 To meet her in the Garden.

Ped. Thou hast made me :
 Redeem'd me, Man, again from all my Sorrows ;
 Done above Wonder for me. Is it so ?

John. I should be now too old to learn to lie, Sir ;
 And, as I live, I ne'er was a good Flatterer.

Ped. I do see something in this Fellow's Face,
 That ties my Heart fast to him. [*Aside.* Let me love
 thee,

Nay, let me honour thee for this fair Service,
 And if I e'er forget it——

John. Good my Lord,

⚡ ¹⁰ *My Lord as well as Wishes.*

There is certainly some Mistake in this Answer, though the Sen-
 is very plain : I am apt to think it is the Fault of the Printer ; and
 that we ought to read,

As well as my Lord wishes, i. e. equal to your Expectations.
As well as Wishes — means as well as could be wish'd. M. M.

L 3

Th

The only Knowledge of me, is too much Bounty.
My Service, and my Life, Sir.

Ped. I shall think on't;

But how for me to get Access?

John. 'Tis easy,

I'll be your Guide, Sir, all my Care shall lead you;
My Credit's better than you think.

Ped. I thank you,

And soon I'll wait your Promise.

John. With all my Duty.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Viceroy, Messina, Doctor, and Cuculo.

Doct. All's as I tell you, Princes; you shall here
Be witness to his Fancies, Melancholy,
And strong Imagination of the Wrongs.
His Inhumanity ¹¹ to *Don Antonio*
Hath rent his Mind into so many Pieces
Of various Imaginations, that
Like the celestial Bow, this Colour now
The Object, then another, 'till all vanish.
He says a Man might watch to Death, or fast,
Or think his Spirit out; to all which Humours,
I do apply myself, checking the bad,
And cherishing the good. For these, I have
Prepar'd my Instruments, fitting his Chamber
With Trap-doors, and Descents; sometimes presenting
Good Spirits of the Air, bad of the Earth,
To pull down or advance his fair Intentions;
He's of a noble Nature, yet sometimes
Thinks that which by Confederacy I do,
Is by some Skill in Magick. Here [*A Bed drawn forth,*
he comes, *Martino upon it, a*
Unsent—I do beseech you, what do *Book in his Hand.*
you read, Sir?

Mar. A strange Position which doth much perplex
me:

¹¹ His Inhumanity *did* to Don Antonio. M. M.

That

That every Soul's alike, a musical Instrument ;
 The Faculties in all Men equal Strings,
 Well or ill handled ; and those sweet or harsh. [*Ex. Doct.*
 How like a Fiddler I have play'd on mine, then !
 Declin'd the high Pitch of my Birth and Breeding,
 Like the most barb'rous Peasant ; read my Pride
 Upon *Antonio's* meek Humility,
 Wherein he was far valianter than I.
 Meekness, thou wait'st upon couragious Spirits,
 Enabling Suffrance past Infiictions :
 In Patience *Tarent* overcame the more
 Than in my Wounds. Live, then, no more to Men ;
 Shut Day-light from thine Eyes, here cast thee down,
 And with a fullen Sigh breathe forth thy Soul..
 What art ? an Apparition, or a Man ?

Enter Doctor like a Friar.

Doct. A Man, and sent to counsel thee.

Mar. Despair

Has stopt mine Ears. Thou seem'st a holy Friar ?

Doct. I am, by Doctor *Paulo* sent to tell thee
 Thou art too cruel to thyself in seeking
 To lend Compassion and Aid to others.
 My Order bids me comfort thee ; I've heard all
 Thy various, troubled Passions : Hear but my Story,
 In way of Youth I did enjoy one Friend,
 As good and perfect as Heav'n e'er made Man :
 This Friend was plighted to a beauteous Woman,
 (Nature proud of her Workmanship) mutual Love
 Possess'd 'em both ; her Heart in his Breast lodg'd,
 And his in hers——

Mar. No more of Love, good Father ;
 It was my Surfeit, and I loath it now,
 As Men in Fevers Meat they fell sick on.

Doct. Howe'er 'tis worth your hearing. This be-
 troth'd Lady.

(The Ties and Duties of a Friend forgotten)
 Spurr'd on by Lust, I treach'rously pursu'd :

L 4

Contemn'd

Contemn'd by her, and by my Friend reprov'd,
 Despis'd by honest Men, my Conscience fear'd up,
 Love I converted into frantick Rage ;
 And, by that false Guide led, I summon'd him
 In this bad Cause, his Sword 'gainst mine, to prove
 If he, or I, might claim most Right in Love.
 But Fortune (that does feld' or never give
 Success to Right and Virtue) made him fall
 Under my Sword. Blood, Blood, a Friend's dear
 Blood,

A virtuous Friend's, shed by a Villain, me,
 In such a monstrous and unequal Cause,
 Lies on my Conscience.

Mar. And durst thou live,
 After this, to be so old? 'tis an Illusion
 Rais'd up by Charms. A Man would not have liv'd,
 Art quiet in thy Bosom?

Doct. As the Sleep
 Of Infants.

Mar. My Fault did not equal this ;
 Yet I have emptied my Heart of Joy,
 Only to store Sighs up. What were the Arts
 That made thee live so long in Rest?

Doct. Repentance
 Hearty ; that cleans'd me : Reason then confirm'd me,
 I was forgiv'n, and took me to my Beads. [*Ex. Doct.*]

Mar. I'm in the wrong Path ; tender Conscience
 Makes me forget mine Honour : I have done
 No Evil like this, yet I pine ; whilst he,
 A few Tears of his true Contrition tender'd,
 Securely sleeps.—Ha ! where keeps Peace of Conscience
 That I may buy her?—No where? not in Life.
 'Tis feign'd that *Jupiter* two Vessels plac'd,
 The one with Honey fill'd, the other Gall,
 At th'Entry of *Olympus* : Destiny
 There brewing these together, suffers not
 One Man to pass, before he drinks this Mixture,
 Hence is it we have not an Hour of Life
 In which our Pleasures relish not some Pain ;

Our

Our Sours some Sweetness. Love doth taste of both,
 Revenge, that thirsty Dropsy of our Souls,
 Which makes us covet that which hurts us most,
 Is not alone sweet, but partakes of Tartness.

Mess. Is't not a strange Effect?

Vice. Past Precedent.

Cuc. His Brain-pan's perish'd with his Wounds: Go
 to;

I knew 't would come to this.

Vice. Peace, Man of Wisdom!

Mar. Pleasure's the Hook of Evil; Ease of Care,
 And so the general Object of the Court:
 Yet some Delights are lawful. Honour is
 Virtue's allow'd Ascent; Honour that clasps
 All perfect Justice in her Arms; that craves
 No more Respect than what she gives; that does
 Nothing but what she'll suffer.—This distracts me;
 But I have found the Right. Had *Don Antonio*
 Done that to me, I did to him, I should have kill'd
 him;

The Injury so foul, and done in publick,
 My Footman would not bear it. Then in Honour
 Wronging him so, I'll right him on myself:
 There's Honour, Justice, and full Satisfaction,
 Equally tender'd—'tis resolv'd, I'll do't,

*Enter Doctor (like a Soldier) and the English Slave
 (like a Courtier).*

They take all Weapons from me.

Mess. Bless my Son!

Vice. The careful Doctor's come again.

Mess. Rare Man!

How shall I pay this Debt?

Cuc. He that is with him

Is one o'th' Slaves he lately bought, he said
 T'accommodate his Cure. He's *English* born,
 But *French* in his Behaviour; a delicate Slave.

Vice. The Slave is very fine.

Cuc.

Cuc. Your *English* Slaves
Are ever so; I've seen an *English* Slave
Far finer than his Master. There's a State-point
Worthy your Observation.

Doct. On thy Life,
Be perfect in thy Lesson. Fewer Legs, Slave!
Mar. My Thoughts are search'd and answer'd; for
I did

Desire a Soldier and a Courtier,
To yield me Satisfaction in some Doubts
Not yet concluded of.

Doct. Your Doctor did
Admit us, Sir.

Eng. Slave. And we are at your Service;
Whate'er it be, command it.

Mar. You appear
A Courtier in the Race of Love; how far
In Honour are you bound to run?

Eng. Slave. I'll tell you,
You must not spare Expence, but wear gay Cloaths,
And you may be too, prodigal of Oaths
To win a Mistress' Favour; not afraid
To pass unto her through her Chamber-maid.
You may present her Gifts, and of all Sorts,
Feast, dance, and revel; they are lawful Sports:
The Choice of Suitors you must not deny her,
Nor quarrel though you find a Rival by her:
Build on your own Deserts, and ever be
A Stranger to Love's Enemy, Jealousy,
For that draws on——

Mar. No more; this points at me: [Ex. Slave.
I ne'er observ'd these Rules. Now speak, old Soldier,
The Height of Honour?

Doct. No man to offend,
Ne'er to reveal the Secrets of a Friend;
Rather to suffer than to do a Wrong;
To make the Heart no Stranger to the Tongue;
Provok'd, not to betray an Enemy,
Nor eat his Meat I choak with Flattery;

Blushless

Blushless to tell wherefore I wear my Scars,
Or for my Conscience, or my Country's Wars;
To aim at just Things; if we've wildly run
Into Offences, wish 'em all undone.

'Tis poor, in Grief for a Wrong done, to die;
Honour, to dare to live, and satisfy,

Vice. Mark how he winds him.

Mess. Excellent Man!

Doct. Who fights

With Passions, and o'ercomes 'em, is endu'd

With the best Virtue, passive Fortitude. [*Ex. Doct.*

Mar. Thou hast touch'd me, Soldier; oh! this Honour bears

The right Stamp; would all Soldiers did profess

Thy good Religion! The Discords of my Soul

Are tun'd, and make a heav'nly Harmony:

What sweet Peace feel I now; I'm ravish'd with it!

Vice. How still he sits!

[*Musick.*

Cuc. Hark Musick.

Mess. How divinely

This Artist gathers scatter'd Sense; with Cunning

Composing the fair Jewel of his Mind,

Broken in Pieces, and nigh lost before.

Enter Doctor, like a Philosopher: A good and evil Genius presented. Their Song. While it is singing, the Doctor goes off, and returns in his own Shape.

Vice. See *Protean Paulo* in another Shape.

Doct. Away, I'll bring him shortly perfect, doubt not.

Mess. Master of thy great Art!

Vice. As such we'll hold thee.

Mess. And study Honours for him.

Cuc. I'll be sick,

On

On purpose to take Physick of this Doctor. [Exeunt.

Mar. Doctor, thou'st perfected a Body's Cure
T'amaze the World; and almost cur'd a Mind
Near Phrenzy. With Delight I now perceive
You for my Recreation have invented
The several Objects, which my Melancholy
Sometimes did think you conjur'd, otherwhiles
Imagin'd 'em Chimeras. You have been
My Friar, Soldier, my Philosopher,
My Poet, Architect, my Physician;
Labour'd for me more than your Slaves for you
In their Assistance: In your moral Song
Of my good Genius, and my bad, you've won me
A chearful Heart, and banish'd Discontent;
There being nothing wanting to my Wishes,
But once more, were't possible, to behold
Don John Antonio.

Doct. There shall be Letters sent
Into all Parts of Christendom, to inform him
Of your Recovery, which now, Sir, I doubt not.

Mar. What Honours, what Rewards, can I heap
on you?

Doct. That my Endeavours have so well succeeded,
Is a sufficient Recompence. Pray you, retire, Sir;
Not too much Air so soon.

Mar. I am obédient.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter Almira and Leonora.

Leon. How strangely this Fellow runs in her Mind!

Alm. Do you hear, Cousin?

Leon. Her Sadness clean forsaken.

Alm. A poor Slave

Bought for my Governess, say you?

Leon. I fear so.

Alm. And, do you think a Turk?

Leon. His Habit shews it,

At

At least bought for a *Turk*.

Alm. I, that may be so.

Leon. What if he were one naturally?

Alm. Nay, 'tis nothing,

Nothing to th' Purpose; and yet, methinks, 'tis strange
Such Handsomeness of Mind, and civil Outside,
Should spring from those rude Countries.

Leon. If it be no more,
I'll call our Governess; and she can shew you.

Alm. Why do you think it is?

Leon. I do not think so.

Alm. Fie! no, no, by no means; and, to tell thee
Truth, Wench,

I am truly glad he's here, be what he will:
Let him be still the same he makes a Shew of;
For now we shall see something to delight us.

Leon. And Heav'n knows, we have need on't.

Alm. Heigh ho! my Heart aches.

Pr'ythee call in our Governess. Pox o'this Fel-
low——— [Exit Leonora

Why do I think so much of him? how the Devil
Creep'd he into my Head? and yet, beshrew me,
Methinks I have not seen—I lie, I have seen
A thousand handfomer, a thousand sweeter.
But say this Fellow were adorn'd as they are,
Set off to Shew and Glory,—What's that to me?
Fie! what a Fool am I? what idle Fancies
Buz in my Brains? .

Enter Borachia and Leonora.

Bor. And how doth my sweet Lady?

Leon. She wants your Company to make her
merry.

Bor. And how does Master Pug, I pray you,
Madam?

Leon. Do you mean her little Dog?

Bor. I mean his Worship.

Leon. Troubled with Fleas a little.

Bor.

Bor. Alas, poor Chicken!

Leon. She's here, and drunk, very fine drunk, I take it;

I found her with a Bottle for her Bolster,
Lying along, and making Love.

Alm. *Borachia!*

Why, where hast thou been, Wench? She looks not well, Friend.

Art not with Child?

Bor. I promise ye, I know not,
I am sure my Belly's full, and that's a shrewd Sign:
Besides, I am shrewdly troubled with a Tigo
Here in my Head, Madam; often with this Tigo,
It takes me very often.

Leon. I believe thee.

Alm. You must drink Wine.

Bor. A little would do no Harm, sure.

Alm. 'Tis a raw Humour blows into your Head;
Which good strong Wine will temper.

Bor. I thank your Highness.
I will be rul'd, though much against my Nature:
For Wine I ever hated from my Cradle;
Yet for my Good.—

Leon. I, for your Good, by all Means.

Alm. *Borachia*, what new Fellow's that thou hast gotten?

(Now she will sure be free) that handsome Stranger?

Bor. How much Wine must I drink, an't please your Ladyship?

Alm. She's finely greaz'd. Why two or three round Draughts, Wench.

Bor. Fasting?

Alm. At any Time.

Bor. I shall hardly do it:
But yet I'll try, good Madam.

Leon. Do; 'twill work well.

Alm. But, pr'ythee answer me, what is this Fellow?

Bor. I'll tell you two: But let it go no further.

Leon. No, no, by no Means.

Bor. May I not drink before Bed too?

Leon. At any Hour.

Bor. And say i'th' Night it take me?

Alm. Drink then : But what's this Man?

Bor. I'll tell ye Madam,

(But pray you be secret). He's the Great *Turk's* Son, for certain;

And a fine Christian : my Husband bought him for [mc.
He's circumfing'd.

Leon. He's circumcis'd, thou wouldst say.

Alm. How dost thou know?

Bor. I had an Eye upon him;

But ev'n as sweet a *Turk*, an't like your Ladyship,
And speaks ye as pure *Pagan*—I'll assure ye,
My Husband had a notable Pennyworth of him,
And found me out the *Turk's* own Son, his own
Son

By Father and Mother, Madam.

Leon. She's mad-drunk.

Alm. Pr'ythee, *Borachia*, call him; I would see
him,

And tell thee how I like him.

Bor. As fine a *Turk*, Madam,

For that which appertains to a true *Turk*.

Alm. Pr'ythee, call him.

Bor. He waits here at the Stairs; Son-slave, come
hither.

Enter Don John.

Pray you give me Leave a little to instruct him.

He's raw yet in the Way of Entertainment.

Son-slave, where's the other Bottle?

John. In the Bed-straw;

I hid it there.

Bor. Go up, and make your Honours.

Madam, the Tigo takes me now; now, Madam,

I must needs be unmannerly,

Alm.

Alm. Pray ye be so.

Leon. You know your Cure.

Bor. I'th' Bed-straw?

John. There you'll find it. [Exit Borachia.]

Alm. Come hither, Sir: how long have you serv'd here?

John. A poor Time, Madam, yet, to shew my Service.

Alm. I see thou art diligent.

John. I would be, Madam;

'Tis all the Portion left me, that and Truth.

Alm. Thou art but young?

John. Had Fortune meant me so ¹²,
Excellent Lady, Time had not much wrong'd me.

Alm. Wilt thou serve me?

John. In all my Prayers, Madam,
Else such a Misery as mine but blasts you.

Alm. Beshrew my Heart, he speaks well: wondrous
honestly. [Aside.]

John. Madam, your loving Lord stays for you.

Leon. I thank you.

Your Pardon for an Hour, dear Friend.

Alm. Your Pleasure.

Leon. I dearly thank you, Sir. [Exit Leonora.]

John. My humblest Service.

She views me narrowly, yet sure she knows me not:

I dare not trust the Time yet, nor I must not. [Aside.]

Alm. You are not as your Habit shews?

John. No, Madam;

His Hand, that for my Sins lies heavy on me,
I hope will keep me from being a Slave to the Devil.

Alm. A brave clear Mind he has, and nobly season'd.

What Country are you of?

John. A Biscayan, Lady.

¹² Had Fortune meant me so.

If this be right, the word *so* must necessarily refer to *young* in the line preceding: but a Man's Youth does not depend on Fortune; I therefore would venture to read *good* instead of *so*.

Alm.

Alm. No doubt, a Gentleman.

John. My Father thought so.

Alm. I, and I warrant thee a right fair Woman
Thy Mother was; he blushes, that confirms it.
Upon my Soul, I have not seen such Sweetness
I prythee, blush again.

John. 'Tis a Weakness, Madam.
I am easily this Way woo'd to.

Alm. I thank you.
Of all that e'er I saw, thou art the perfectest. [*Aside.*
Now you must tell me, Sir, for now I long for't—

John. What would she have?

Alm. The Story of your Fortune;
The hard and cruel Fortune brought you hither.

John. That makes me stagger; yet I hope I'm hid
still. [*Aside.*

That I came hither, Madam, was the fairest.

Alm. But how this Misery you bear, fell on you?

John. *Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem.*

Alm. Come, I will have it; I command you tell it,
For such a Speaker I would hear for ever.

John. Sure Madam, 'twill but make you sad and
heavy,

Because I know your Goodness full of Pity,
And 'tis so poor a Subject too, and to your Ears,
That are acquainted with Things sweet and easy,
So harsh a Harmony—

Alm. I prythee speak it.

John. I ever knew Obedience the best Sacrifice.
Honour of Ladies, then, first passing over
Some few Years of my Youth, that are impertinent;
Let me begin the Sadness of my Story,
Where I began to lose myself, to love first.

Alm. 'Tis well: go forward. Some rare Piece I look
for.

John. Not far from where my Father lives, a Lad
A Neighbour by, blest'd with as great a Beauty
As Nature durst bestow without undoing,

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M

Dwelt,

Dwelt, and most happily, as I thought then,
 And blest'd the House a thousand Times she dwelt in.
 This Beauty, in the Blossom of my Youth,
 When my first Fire knew no adult'rate Incense,
 Nor I no Way to flatter, but my Fondness :
 In all the Bravery my Friends could shew me,
 In all the Faith my Innocence could give me,
 In the best Language my true Tongue could tell me,
 And all the broken Sighs my sick Heart lend me,
 I sued, and serv'd. Long did I love this Lady,
 Long was my Travail, long my Trade to win her,
 With all the Duty of my Soul I serv'd her,

Alm. How feelingly he speaks ! And she lov'd you too ?
 It must be so.

John. I would it had, dear Lady ;
 This Story had been needless, and this Place
 I think unknown to me.

Alm. Were your Bloods equal ?

John. Yes, and I thought our Hearts too.

Alm. Then she must love.

John. She did—but never me ; she could not love me :
 She would not love, she hated ; more, she scorn'd me :
 And in so poor and base a Way abus'd me
 For all my Services, for all my Bounties,
 So bold Neglects flung on me—

Alm. An ill Woman !
 Belike you found some Rival in your Love then ?

John. How perfectly she points me to my Story ! *Aside.*

Madam, I did ; and one whose Pride and Anger,
 Ill Manners, and worse Mien, she doted on ;
 Doted to my Undoing, and my Ruin.
 And but for Honour to your sacred Beauty,
 And Rev'rence to the noble Sex, though she fall,
 As she must fall, that durst be so un noble,
 I should say something unbeseeming me.
 What out of Love, and worthy Love I gave her
 (Shame to her most unworthy Mind) to Fools,
 To Girls, and Fiddlers, to her Boys, she flung,

And

And in Disdain of me.

Alm. Pray you take me with you.
Of what Complection was she?

John. But that I dare not
Commit so great a Sacrilege 'gainst Virtue,
She look'd not much unlike you, though far short
Something I see appears—Your Pardon, Madam,
Her Eyes would smile so; but her Eyes would cozen:
And so she would look sad; but yours is Pity,
A noble *Chorus* to my wretched Story;
Hers was Disdain and Cruelty.

Alm. Pray Heaven
Mine be no worse! He has told me a strange Story, [*Aside.*
And said 'twould make me sad! He is no Liar.
But where begins this poor State? I'll have all;
For it concerns me, truly.

John. Last, to blot me
From all Remembrance, what I have been to her,
And how, how honestly, how nobly serv'd her,
'Twas thought she set her Gallant to dispatch me.
'Tis true, he quarrel'd, without Place, or Reason:
We fought; I kill'd him; Heav'n's strong Hand was
with me;
For which I lost my Country, Friends, Acquaintance,
And put myself to Sea, where a Pirate took me,
And sold me here.

Alm. Stop there a while; but stay still.
In this Man's Story, how I look! how monstrous!
[*Turns aside.*
How poor and naked now I shew! what *Don John*
In all the Virtue of his Life but aim'd at,
This Thing hath conquer'd with a Tale, and carried.
Forgive me, thou that guid'st me! Never Conscience
Touch'd me 'till now, nor true Love; let me keep it. [*Aside.*

Enter Pedro and Leonora.

Leon. She is there. Speak to her; you will find her
alter'd.

M 2

Ped.

Ped. Sister, I am glad to see you ; but far gladder,
To see you entertain your Health so well.

Alm. I'm glad to see you too, Sir ; and shall be gladder
Shortly to see you all.

Ped. Now she speaks heartily :
What do you want ?

Alm. Only an Hour of Privateneſs ;
I have a few Thoughts.

Ped. Take your full Contentment :
We'll walk aſide again ; but firſt to you, Friend,
Or I ſhall much forget myſelf. My beſt Friend,
Command me ever, ever you have won me.

John. Your Lordſhip overflows me.

Leon. 'Tis but due, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Alm. He's there ſtill. Come, Sir, to your laſt Part now ;
Which only is your Name, and I diſmiſs you.
Why whither go you ?

John. Give me Leave, good Madam,
Or I muſt be ſo ſeeming rude to take it.

Alm. You ſhall not go ; I ſwear, you ſhall not go :
I aſk you nothing but your Name ; you have one,
And why ſhould that thus fright you ?

John. Gentle Madam,
I cannot ſpeak ; pray pardon me ; a Sickneſs,
That takes me often, ties my Tongue—Go from me.
My Fit's infectious, Lady.

Alm. Were it Death
In all his Horrors, I muſt aſk, and know it.
Your Sickneſs is Unwillingneſs. Hard Heart,
To let a Lady of my Youth and Place
Beg thus long for a Trifle !

John. Wortheieſt Lady,
Be wiſe, and let me go ; you'll bleſs me for't ;
Beg not that Poiſon from me that will kill you.

Alm. I only beg your Name, Sir.

John. You'll curſe me when you hear it.

Alm. Rather kiſs thee ;

Why ſhould'ſt thou think ſo ?

John. Why, I bear that Name,

And

And most unluckily, as now it happens,
 (Though I be innocent of all Occasion)
 That, since my coming hither, People tell me
 You hate beyond Forgiveness. Now, Heav'n knows
 So much Respect (although I am a Stranger)
 Duty, and humble Zeal, I bear your Sweetness,
 That for the World I would not grieve your Good-
 ness:

I'll change my Name, dear Madam.

Alm. People lie
 And wrong thy Name; thy Name may save all others,
 And make that holy to me, that I hated:
 Pr'ythee what is't?

John. Don John Antonio.
 What will this Woman do? what thousand Changes
 Run through her Heart and Head? no fix'd Thought
 in her;

She loves for certain now, but now I dare not——
 Heav'n guide me right. [*Aside.*]

Alm. I am not angry, Sir,
 With you, nor with your Name; I love it rather,
 And shall respect you—you deserve.— For this Time
 I licence you to go. Be not far from me;
 I shall call for you often.

John. I shall wait, Madam. [*Exit John.*]

Enter Cuculo.

Alm. Now what's the News with you?

Cuc. My Lord your Father
 Sent me to tell your Honour, Prince *Martina*
 Is well recover'd, and in Strength.

Alm. Why let him:
 The Stories and the Names so well agreeing;
 And both so noble Gentlemen. [*Aside.*]

Cuc. And more, an't please you——

Alm. It doth not please me, neither more nor less
 on't.

Cuc. They'll come to visit you.

Alm. They shall break through the Doors then.

(Exit Almira.)

Qu. Here's a new Trick of State; this shews foul Weather;

But, let her make it when she please, I'll gain by it.

Exit.

The End of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Sea-Pirate, one Slave, and Sailors.

Pir. S O L D for a Slave, say'st thou?

Slave. 'Twas not so well:
Though I am bad enough, I personated
Such base Behaviour, Barbarism of Manners,
With other Pranks, that might deter the Buyer;
That the Market yielded not one Man that would
Vouchsafe to own me,

Pir. What was thy End in't?

Slave. To be giv'n away for nothing, as I was
To th' Viceroy's Doctor; with him I've continued
In such Contempt, a Slave unto his Slaves;
His Horse and Dog of more Esteem, and from
That villainous Carriage of myself, as if
I'd been a Lump of Flesh, without a Soul;
I drew such Scorn upon me, that I pass'd,
And pry'd in every Place without Observance.
For which if you desire to be made Men,
And by one Undertaking, and that easy,
You are bound to sacrifice unto my Sufferings.
The Seed I sow'd, and from which you shall reap
A plentiful Harvest.

Pir.

Pir. To the Point ; I like not
These Castles built i'th' Air.

Slave. I'll make 'em real,
And you the *Neptunes* of the Sea ; you shall
No more be Sea-rats.

Pir. Art not mad ?

Slave. You have seen
The Star of *Sicily*, the fair *Almira*,
'The Viceroy's Daughter, and the beauteous Ward
Of the Duke of *Messina* ?

Pir. Madam *Leonora*.

Slave. What will you say, if both these Princesses
This very Night, for I will not delay you,
Be put in your Possession ?

Pir. Now I dare swear
Thou hast Maggots in thy Brains, thou wouldst not else
Talk of Impossibilities.

Slave. Be still
Incredulous.

Pir. Why, canst thou think we're able
To force the Court ?

Slave. Are we able to force two Women,
And a poor *Turkish* Slave ? where lies your Pinnace ?

Pir. In a Creek not half a League hence.

Slave. Can you fetch Ladders
To mount a Garden-wall ?

Sail. They shall be ready.

Slave. No more Words, then, but follow me ; and if
I do not make this good, let my Throat pay for't.

Pir. What Heaps of Gold these Beauties would bring
to us
From the Great *Turk*, if it were possible
That this could be effected.

Slave. If it be not,
I know the Price on't.

Pir. And be sure to pay it.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Don John with a Letter in his Hand.

John. Her fair Hand threw this from the Window
to me,

And as I took it up, she said, "Peruse it,

"And entertain a Fortune offer'd to thee."

What may the Inside speak—"For [Breaks it open
Satisfaction, and reads.

"Of the Contempt I shew'd *Don John Antonio*,

"Whose Name thou bear'st, and, in that dearer to me,

"I do profess I love thee."

How 'tis so, I love thee,

"This Night wait me i'th' Garden,

"There thou shalt know more."

Subscrib'd "Thy *Almira*."

Can it be possible such Levity

Should wait on her Perfections? When I was

Myself set off with all the Grace of Greatness,

Pomp, Brav'ry, Circumstance, she hated me,

And did profess it openly; yet now,

Being a Slave, a Thing she should in Reason

Disdain to look upon, in this base Shape,

And, since I wore it, never did her Service,

To dote thus fondly?—And yet I should glory

In her Revolt from Constancy, not accuse it,

Since it makes for me. But ere I go farther,

Or make Discovery of myself, I'll put her

To the utmost Trial, i'th' Garden. Well.

There I shall learn more. Women, giddy Women!

In her the Blemish of your Sex, you prove

There is no Reason of your Hate or Love. [Exit.

Enter Almira, Leonora, and two Women.

Leon. At this unseasonable Time to be thus brave,
No Visitors expected? You amaze me,

Alm.

Alm. Are these Jewels set forth to the best Advantage

To take the Eye?

1 *Wom.* With our best Care.

2 *Wom.* We never

Better discharg'd our Duties.

Alm. In my Sorrows,

A Princess' Name (I could perceive it) struck

A kind of Rev'rence in him, and my Beauty,

As then neglected, forc'd him to look on me

With some Sparks of Affection; but now

When I would fan them to a glorious Flame,

I cannot be too curious.—I wonder

He stays so long.

Leon. These are strange Fancies.

Alm. Go,

Intreat—I do forget myself, command

My Governess' Gentleman,—her Slave, I should say,

To wait me instantly; and yet already [*Ex. Wom.*

He's here. His Figure graven on my Heart,

Never to be raz'd out.

Enter Slave, Pirate, and Sailors.

Slave. There is the Prize.

Is it so rich, you dare not seize upon it?

Here I begin——

Alm. Help! Villain!

Pir. You are mine.

Sail. Though somewhat coarse, you'll serve after a Storm,

To bid fair Weather welcome.

Leon. Ravisher!

Defend me, Heaven!

Alm. No Aid near?

Wom. Help!

Slave. Dispatch.

No Glove nor Handkerchief to stop their Mouths?

Their Cries will reach the Guard, and then we're lost.

Enter

Enter Don John and Woman.

John. What Shrieks are these? from whence? Oh
blessed Saints!
What Sacrilege to Beauty? Do I talk,
When 'tis almost too late to do? Take that. [*Forces a*
Slave. All set upon him. *Sword.*
Pir. Kill him.
John. You shall buy
My Life at a dear Rate, you Rogues.

Enter Pedro, Cuculo, Borachia, and Guard.

Cuc. Down with 'em.
Ped. Unheard of Treason!
Bor. Make in Loggerhead;
My Son-slave fights like a Dragon—Take my Bottle,
Drink Courage out on't.
John. Madam, you are free.
Ped. Take Comfort, dearest Mistress.
Cuc. O you Micher,
Have you a Hand in this?
Slave. My Aims were high:
Fortune's my Enemy—To die's the worst,
And that I look for.
Pir. Vengeance on your Plots.
Ped. The Rack at better Leisure shall force from 'em
A full Discovery. Away with 'em.
Cuc. Load 'em with Irons.
Bor. Let 'em have no Wine [*The Guard takes the*
To comfort their cold Hearts. *Pirate and the rest.*
Ped. Thou Man of Men!
Leon. A second Hercules!
Alm. An Angel thus disguis'd!
Ped. What Thanks?
Leon. What Service?
Bor. He shall serve me, by your Leave; no Service
else.

John.

John. I have done nothing but my Duty, Madam;
And, if the little you have seen exceed it,
The Thanks due for it pay my watchful Master,
And this my sober Mistress.

Bor. He speaks Truth, Madam,
I am very sober.

Ped. Far beyond thy Hopes
Expect Reward.

Alm. We'll straight to Court, and there
It is resolv'd what I will say and do;
I am faint, support me.

Ped. This strange Accident
Will be heard with Astonishment. Come, Friend,
You've made yourself a Fortune, and deserve it.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E I I I .

Enter Viceroy, Messina, Doctor.

Mess. Perfectly cur'd?

Doct. As such I will present him,
The Thanks be given to Heaven.

Mess. Thrice reverend Man,
What Thanks but will come short of thy Desert?
Or Bounty, though all we possess were given thee,
Can pay thy Merit? I'll have thy Statue
Set up in Brass.

Vice. Thy Name made the sweet Subject
Of our best Poems; thy unequall'd Cures
Recorded to Posterity.

Doct. Such false Glories
(Though the Desire of Fame be the last Weakness
Wise Men put off) are not the Marks I shoot at:
But if I have done any thing that may challenge
Your Favours (mighty Princes) my Request is,
That for the Good of such as shall succeed me,
A College for Physicians may be
With Care and Cost erected, in which no Man

May

May be admitted to a Fellowship,
But such as by their vigilant Studies shall
Deserve a Place there : this Magnificence,
Posterity shall thank you for.

Vice. Rest assur'd,
In this, or any Boon you please to ask,
You shall have no Repulse.

Doct. My humblest Service
Shall ne'er be wanting. Now, if you so please,
I'll fetch my princely Patient, and present him.

Mess. Do ; and imagine in what I may serve you,
And by my Honour with a willing Hand
I will subscribe to't. [Exit Doctor.

Enter Pedro, Almira, Leonora, Don John, Cuculo,
Borachia.

Cuc. Make way there.

Vice. My Daughter !
How's this ? a Slave crown'd with a civic Garland !
The Mystery of this ?

Ped. It will deserve
Your Hearing and Attention. Such a Truth
Needs not rhetorical Flourishes, and therefore
With all the Brevity and Plainness that
I can, I will deliver it. If the old *Romans*,
When of most Power and Wisdom, did decree
A Wreath like this to any common Soldier
That sav'd a Citizen's Life, the Bravery
And Valour of this Man may justly challenge
Triumphant Laurel. This last Night a Crew
Of Pirates brake in Signior *Cuculo's* House,
With violent Rudeness seizing on my Sister,
And my fair Mistress ; both were in their Power,
And ready to be forced hence, when this Man
Unarm'd came to their Rescue ; but his Courage
Soon furnish'd him with Weapons : In a Word,
The Lives and Liberties of these sweet Ladies,

You

You owe him for ; the Rovers are in Hold,
And ready when you please, for Punishment.

Vice. As an Induction of more to come,
Receive this Favour.

Mess. With myself, my Son
Shall pay his real Thanks. He comes ; observe now
Their amorous Meeting.

Enter Doctor and Martino.

Mar. I am glad you are well, Lady.

Alm. I grieve not your Recovery.

Vice. So coldly ?

Mess. Why fall you off ?

Mar. To shun Captivity, Sir.

I was too long a Slave ; I'll now be free.

Alm. 'Tis my Desire you should, Sir ; my Affection
To him was but a Trifle, which I played with
I'th' Childhood of my Love ; which now, grown
older,

I cannot like of.

Vice. Strange Inconstancy !

Mar. 'Tis Judgement, Sir, in me ; or a true Debt
Tender'd to Justice, rather. My first Life
Loaden with all the Follies of a Man,
Or what could take Addition from a Woman,
Was by my headstrong Passions (which o'er-ru'd
My Understanding) forfeited to Death :
But this new Being, this my second Life,
Begun in serious Contemplation of
What best becomes a perfect Man, shall never
Sink under such weak Fraikties.

Mess. Most unlook'd for !

Doct. It does transcend all Wonders.

Mar. 'Tis a Blessing

I owe your Wisdom, which I'll not abuse :
But if you envy your own Gift, and will
Make me that wretched Creature which I was,
You then again shall see me passionate,

A

A Lover of poor Trifles, confident
 In Man's deceiving Strength, or falser Fortune ;
 Jealous, revengeful, in unjust things daring,
 Injurious, quarrellsome, stor'd with all Diseases
 The beastly Part of Man infects his Soul with ;
 And, to remember what's the worst, once more
 To love a Woman ; but till that Time never. [Exit.

Vice. Stand you affected so to Men, *Almira* ?

Alm. No Sir ; if so, I could not well discharge
 What I stand bound to pay you, and to Nature.
 Though Prince *Martino* does profess a Hate
 To Womankind, 'twere a poor World for Women
 Were there no other Choice, or all should follow
 Th' Example of this new *Hippolitus* :
 There are Men, Sir, that can love, and have lov'd
 truly ;

Nor am I desp'rate but I may deserve
 One that both can and will so.

Vice. My Allowance
 Shall rank with your good liking, still provided
 Your Choice be worthy.

Alm. In it I have us'd
 The Judgement of my Mind, and that made clearer
 With calling oft to Heav'n it might be so.
 I have not sought a living Comfort from
 The reverend Ashes of old Ancestors ;
 Nor given myself to the mere Name and Titles
 Of such a Man, that, being himself nothing,
 Derives his Substance from his Grandfire's Tomb ;
 For Wealth, it is beneath my Birth to think on't,
 Since that must wait upon me, being your Daughter ;
 No, Sir ; the Man I love, though he wants all
 The setting forth of Fortune, Gloss and Greatness,
 Has in himself such true and real Goodness,
 His Parts so far above his low Condition,
 That he will prove an Ornament, not a Blemish,
 Both to your Name and Family.

Ped. What strange Creature
 Hath she found out ?

Leon.

Leon. I dare not guess.

Alm. To hold you

No longer in Suspence, this matchless Man
That sav'd my Life and Honour is my Husband,
Whom I will serve with Duty.

Bor. My Son-slave!

Vice. Have you your Wits?

Bor. I'll not part with him so.

Cuc. This I foresaw too.

Vice. Do not jest thyself

Into the Danger of a Father's Anger.

Alm. Jest, Sir? By all my Hope of Comfort in him
I am most serious. Good Sir, look upon him;
But let it be with my Eyes, and the Care
You should owe to your Daughter's Life and Safety,
Of which, without him, she's uncapable,
And you'll approve him worthy.

Vice. O thou Shame
Of Women! thy sad Father's Curse, and Scandal!
With what an impious Violence thou tak'st from him
His few short Hours of Breathing!

Dost. Do not add, Sir,
Weight to your Sorrow in th'ill bearing of it.

Vice. From whom, degenerate Monster, flow these
low

And base Affections in thee? what strange Philtres
Hast thou received? what Witch with damned Spells
Depriv'd thee of thy Reason? Look on me,
(Since thou art lost unto thyself) and learn,
From what I suffer for thee, what strange Tortures
Thou dost prepare thyself.

Mess. Good Sir, take Comfort;
The Counsel you bestow'd on me, make Use of.

Dost. This Villain, (for such Practices in that Nation
Are very frequent) it may be, hath forc'd
By cunning Potions and by forceroous Charms
This Phrenzy in her.

Vice. Sever 'em.

Alm. I grow to him.

Vice.

Vice. Carry the Slave to Torture, and wrest from him
By the most cruel Means, a free Confession
Of his Impostures.

Alm. I will follow him.
And with him take the Rack.

Bor. No ; hear me speak,
I can speak wisely : Hurt not my Son-slave,
But rack or hang my Husband, and I care not ;
For I'll be bound, Body to Body with him,
He's very honest, that's his Fault.

Vice. Take hence
This drunken Beast.

Bor. Drunk ! am I drunk ? Bear witness.

Cuc. She is indeed distemper'd.

Vice. Hang 'em both,
If e'er they come near the Court.

Cuc. Good Sir,
You can recover dead Men ; can you cure
A living Drunkenness ?

Doct. 'Tis the harder Task :
Go home with her, I'll send you something that
Shall once again bring her to better Temper,
Or make her sleep for ever.

Cuc. Which you please, Sir. [Exit Cuc. Bor.

Vice. Why linger you ? rack him first, and after
break him
Upon the Wheel.

Ped. Sir, this is more than Justice.

John. Is't Death in Sicily, to be lov'd
Of a fair Lady ?

Leon. Though he be a Slave,
Remember yet he is a Man.

Vice. I'm deaf
To all Persuasions : — Drag him [The Guard take
hence. Don John off.

Alm. Do, Tyrant,
No more a Father ; feast thy Cruelty
Upon thy Daughter : but Hell's Plagues fall on me, If

If I inflict not on myself whatever
He can endure for me.

Vice. Will none restrain her?

Alm. Death hath a thousand Doors to let out Life,
I shall find one. If *Portia's* burning Coals,
The Knife of *Lucrece*, *Cleopatra's* Aspicks,
Famine, deep Waters, have the Power to free me
From a loath'd Life, I'll not an Hour outlive him.

Ped. Sister!

Leon. Dear Cousin!

[*Ex. Alm. Ped. Leon.*

Vice, Let her perish.

Doct. Hear me:

Th' Effects of violent Love are desperate;
And therefore in the Execution of
The Slave be not too sudden. I was present
When he was bought, and at that Time myself
Made Purchase of another. He that sold 'em
Said that they were Companions, of one Country.
Something may rise from this to ease your Sorrows,
By Circumstance I'll learn what's his Condition;
I'th' mean Time use all fair and gentle Means
To pacify the Lady.

Vice. I'll endeavour,
As far as Grief and Anger will give Leave,
To do as you direct me.

Mess. I'll assist you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Pedro and Keeper.

Ped. Hath he been visited already?

Keeper. Yes, Sir,

Like one of better Fortune; and t'encrease
My Wonder of it, such as repair to him,
In their Behaviour rather appear
Servants, than Friends to comfort him.

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N

Ped.

Ped. Go fetch him.

[*Exit Keeper.*]

I am bound in Gratitude to do more than wish
The Life and Safety of a Man that hath
So well deserv'd of me.

Enter Keeper, Don John, Servant.

Keeper. Here he is, my Lord.

Ped. Who's here? thou art no Conjuror to raise
A Spirit in the best Shape Man e'er appear'd in.
My Friend, the Prince of *Tarent*! Doubts forsake me:
I must and will embrace him.

John. *Pedro* holds
One that loves Life for nothing, but to live
To do him Service.

Ped. You are he, most certain.
Heav'n ever make me thankful for this Bounty!
Run to the Viceroy, let him know this Rarity. [*Ex. Keeper.*]
But how you came here thus? Yet, since I have you,
Is't not enough I bless the prosp'rous Means
That brought you hither?

John. Dear Friend, you shall know all;
And though in Thankfulness I should begin
Where you deliver'd me——

Ped. Pray you, pass that over,
That's not worth the Relation.

John. You confirm¹³;
True Friends love to do Courtesies, not to hear 'em:
But I'll obey you. In our tedious Passage
Towards *Malta*; I may call it so, for hardly
We had lost the Ken of *Sicily*, but we were
Becalmd, and hull'd so up and down twelve Hours;
When to our more Misfortune we descry'd
Eight well-mann'd Gallies making amain for us,
Of which th' arch *Turkish* Pirate cruel *Dragut*
Was Admiral. I'll not speak what I did

¹³ You confirm, &c.

That is, you prove the Truth of this Saying, that true Friends, &c. M.M.
In

In our Defence; but never Man did more
 Than the brave Captain that you sent forth with me.
 All would not do; Courage oppress'd with Number;
 We were boarded, pillag'd to the Skin, and after
 Twice sold for Slaves; by th' Pyrate first, and after
 By a *Maltese* to Signior *Cuculo*:
 Which I repent not; since there 'twas my Fortune
 To be to you my best Friend some Ways useful.
 I thought to cheer you up with this short Story,
 But you grow sad on't.

Ped. Have I not just Cause,
 When I consider I could be so stupid
 As not to see a Friend through all Disguises?
 Or he so far to question thy true Love,
 To keep himself conceal'd?

John. 'Twas fit to do so,
 And not to grieve you with the Knowledge of
 What then I was; for whereas now I appear to you,
 Your Sister loving me, and *Martino* safe,
 Like to myself and Birth.

Ped. May you live long so!
 How dost thou honest Friend? (your trustiest Servant;¹⁴)
 Give me thy Hand. I now can guess by whom
 You are thus furnish'd

John. 'Troth he met with me
 As I was sent to Prison, and there brought me
 Such things as I had Use of.

Ped. Let's to Court,
 My Father never saw a Man so welcome,
 As you'll be to him.

John. May it prove so, Friend.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E the Last.

*Enter Viceroy, Messina, Martino, Doctor, Captain,
 Almira, Leonora, Waiting Women, Attendants.*

Vice. The Slave chang'd to the Prince of Tarent,
 says he?

¹⁴ Addressed to Don John.

Capt. Yes, Sir, and I the Captain of the Fort,
Worthy of your Displeasure, and the Effect of't,
For my deceiving of that Trust your Excellency
Repos'd in me.

Doct. Yet since all hath fall'n out
Beyond your Hopes, let me become a Suitor,
And a prevailing one to get his Pardon.

Alm. O dearest *Leonora*, with what Forehead
Dare I look on him now? Too powerful Love,
The best Strength of thy unconfined Empire
Lies in weak Women's Hearts. Thou art feign'd blind,
And yet we borrow our best Sight from thee.
Could it be, else, the Person still the same
Affection over me, such Power should have
To make me scorn a Prince, and love a Slave.

Mar. But art thou sure 'tis he?

Capt. Most certain, Sir.

Mar. Is he in Health, strong, vigorous, and as able
As when he left me dead?

Capt. Your own Eyes, Sir,
Shall make good my Report.

Mar. I am glad of it,
And take you Comfort in it, Sir, there's Hope,
Fair Hope left for me, to repair mine Honour.

Mess. What's that?

Mar. I will do something that shall speak me
Messina's Son.

Mess. I like not this one Word, Sir.

Vice. We'll prevent it.

Nay, look up, my *Almira*, now I approve
Thy happy Choice. I have forgot my Anger;
I freely do forgive thee.

Alm. May I find
Such Easiness in the wrong'd Prince of *Tarent*,
I then were happy.

Leon. Rest assur'd you shall.

Enter

Enter Don John, Pedro, Servant.

Vice. We all with open Arms haste to embrace you.

Mess. Welcome, most welcome.

Mar. Stay.

Mess. 'Twas this I fear'd.

Mar. Sir, 'tis best known to you, on what strict Terms
The Reputation of Men's Fame, and Honours
Depend in this so punctual Age, in which
A Word, that may receive a harsh Construction,
Is answer'd, and defended by the Sword.
And you, that know so much, will I presume,
Be sensibly tender of another's Credit,
As you would guard your own.

John. I were unjust, else.

Mar. I have receiv'd from your Hands, Wounds,
and deep ones.

My Honour in the general Report
Tainted and soil'd, for which I will demand
This Satisfaction—That you would forgive
My contumelious Words, and Blow, my rash
And unadvised Wildness first threw on you,
Thus I would teach the World a better Way,
For the Recovery of a wounded Honour,
Than with a savage Fury, not true Courage,
Still to run headlong on.

John. Can this be serious?

Mar. I'll add this, He that does wrong, not alone
Draws, but makes sharp, his Enemy's Sword against
His own Life, and his Honour. I have paid for it:
And wish that they, who dare most, would learn from me,
Not to maintain a Wrong, but to repent it.

Doct. Why this is like yourself.

Mar. For further Proof,
Here, Sir, with all my Interest, I give up
This Lady to you.

Vice. Which I make more strong
With my free Grant.

A'm. I bring mine own Consent,
Which will not weaken it.

All. All Joy confirm it.

John. Your unexpected Courtesies amaze me,
Which I will study with all Love and Service
To appear worthy of.

Doct. Pray you, understand, Sir,
There are a Pair of Suitors more, that gladly
Would hear from you as much, as the pleas'd Viceroy
Hath said unto the Prince of Tarent.

Mess. Take her,
Her Dowry shall be answerable to
Her Birth, and your Desert.

Ped. You make both happy.

John. One only Suit remains, That you would please
To take again into your Highness' Favour
This honest Captain: Let him have your Grace.
What's due to his much Merit shall from me
Meet liberal Rewards.

Vice. Have your Desire.

John. Now may all here that love, as they are Friends
To our good Fortunes, find like prosp'rous Ends.

[*Exeunt.*]

E P I L O G U E.

C U S T O M, and that a Law we must obey,
I'th' Way of Epilogue, bids me something say,
Howe'er to little Purpose, since we know,
If you are pleas'd, unbegg'd you will bestow
A gentle Censure: On the other Side,
If that this Play deserve to be decry'd
In your Opinions, all that I can say
Will never turn the Stream the other Way.
Your gracious Smiles will render us secure;
Your Frowns without Despair, we must endure,

THE
OLD LAW.
A
COMEDY,

By { PHIL. MASSINGER,
THO. MIDDLETON, and
WILLIAM ROWLEY.

Acted before the King and Queen at *Salisbury House*,
and at several other Places, with great Applause.

Printed 1656.



Dramatis Personæ.

D UKE of *Epire*.

CREON, Father to SIMONIDES.

SIMONIDES, } Courtiers.

CLEANTHES, }

LYSANDER, Husband to EUGENIA, and Uncle to
CLEANTHES.

LEONIDES, Father to CLEANTHES.

ANTIGONA, Mother to SIMONIDES.

HIPPOLYTA, Wife to CLEANTHES.

EUGENIA, Wife to LYSANDER, and Mother to PAR-
THENIA.

PARTHENIA, Daughter to EUGENIA.

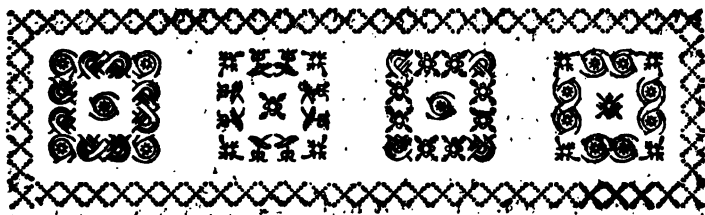
Courtiers. Lawyers. Clown. Executioner. Butler.

Bailiff. Taylor. Cook. Drawer. Clerk. Coachmen.

Footmen. Guard. Clown's Wife. Wench.

The Scene EPIRE.

THE



T H E
O L D L A W*.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Simonides, and two Lawyers.

Sim. ~~What~~ S the Law firm, Sir?

~~I~~ *1 Law.* The Law? what more firm, Sir,
More powerful, forcible, or more
permanent?

Sim. By my Troth, Sir,
I partly do believe it; conceive, Sir,
You've indirectly answer'd my Question.
I did not doubt the fundamental Grounds
Of Law in general, for the most solid;
But this particular Law that me concerns

* This Comedy was wrote in Conjunction with *Middleton* and *Rowley*. The first was an Author of good Esteem and contemporary with *Jonson* and *Fletcher*, with whom he likewise join'd in writing several Plays. *Rowley* was an intimate with *Shakespeare*, *Fletcher*, and other eminent Poets of that Age; and, besides being concerned with them in several Plays, wrote for himself.

Now

Now at the present, if that be firm and strong,
And powerful and forcible, and permanent.
I am a young Man that has an old Father.

2 *Law*. Nothing more strong, Sir;

It is *secundum statutum principis*,
Confirmatum cum voce Senatus,
Et voce Reipublicæ, nay, *consummatum*;¹

Et exemplificatur. Is it not in Force

When divers have already tasted it
And paid their Lives for Penalty?

Sim. 'Tis true,

My Father must be next; this Day compleats
Full fourscore Years upon him.

2 *Law*. He's here, then,

Sub pena statuti; hence I can tell him
Truer than all the Physicians in the World,
He cannot live out To-morrow; this is
The most certain climacterical Year,
'Tis past all Danger, for there's no escaping it.
What Age is your Mother, Sir?

Sim. Faith, near her Days too;

Wants some years of threescore,

1 *Law*. So; she'll drop away

One of these Days too. Here's a good Age now
For those that have old Parents, and rich Inheritance.

2 *Sim*. And, Sir, 'tis profitable for others too:

Are there not Fellows that lie Bed-rid in their Offices
That younger Men would walk lustily in?

Churchmen, that even the second Infancy

Hath silenc'd, yet have spun out their Lives so long

That many pregnant and ingenious Spirits

Have languish'd in their hop'd Reverfions,

And died upon the Thought; and by your Leave, Sir,

Have you not Places fill'd up in the Law

By some gray Senators, that you imagine

Have held them long enough, and such Spirits as you,

¹ *Confirmatum cum voce Senatus*.

Et voce Republicæ, &c.

I have corrected this Passage, as I cannot suppose that Massinger intended that his Lawyers, who appear to be Men of Learning, should make these Blunders.

Were

Were they remov'd, would leap into their Dignities?

1 *Law.* *Dic quibus in terris & eris mihi magnus Apollo.*

Sim. But tell me, faith, your fair Opinion:

Is it not a sound and necessary Law

This (by the Duke) enacted?

1 *Law.* Never did Greece

(Our antient Seat of brave Philosophers)

Mongst all her *Nomothetæ* or Lawgivers,

Not when she flourish'd in her seven-fold Sages,

(Whose living Memory can never die)

Produce a Law more grave and necessary,

Sim. I'm of that Mind too.

2 *Law.* I will maintain, Sir,

Draco's Oligarchy, that the Government

Of Community reduced into few

Fram'd a fair State; *Solon's* *Creecopia**,

That cut off poor Men's Debts to their rich Creditors,

Was good and charitable, but not full, allow'd;

His *Seisactheia* did reform that Error:

His Senate honourable of *Areopagitæ*;

Lycurgus was more loose, and gave too free

And licentious Reins unto his Discipline;

As that a young Woman, in her Husband's Weakness,

Might choose her able Friend to propagate;

That so the Commonwealth might be supply'd

With Hope of lusty Spirits: *Plato* did err,

And so did *Aristotle*, allowing

Lewd and luxurious Limits to their Laws;

But now our *Epire*, our *Epire's* *Evander*,

Our noble and wise Prince, has hit the Law

That all our predecessive Students

Have mis'd unto their Shame.

Enter Cleanthes.

Sim. Forbear the Praise, Sir.

'Tis in itself most pleasing: *Cleanthes*,

Oh, Lad, here's a Spring for young Plants to flourish!

* *Xetoxoria* signifies the cutting off that Part of a Debt which arose from the Interest of the Sum lent.

Επιοχθια, the Abolition of Debts. M. M.

The

The old Trees must down kept the Sun from us,
We shall rise now, Boy.

Clean. Whither, Sir, I pray?
To the bleak Air of Storms, among those Trees,
Which we had Shelter from?

Sim. Yes, from our Growth,
Our Sap and Livelihood and from our Fruit:
What? 'Tis not Jubilee with thee yet, I think,
Thou look'st so sad on't. How old's thy Father?

Clean. Jubilee? no indeed; 'tis a bad Year with me.

Sim. Pr'ythee how old's thy Father? then I can tell thee.

Clean. I know not how to answer you, *Simonides*,
He's too old, being now expos'd
Unto the Rigour of a cruel Edict;
And not yet old enough by many Years,
'Cause I'd not see him go an Hour before me.

Sim. These very Passions I speak to my Father,
Come, come, here's none but Friends here, we may speak
Our Infides freely; these are Lawyers, Man,
And shall be Counsellors shortly.

Clean. They shall be now, Sir,
And shall have large Fees if they'll undertake
To help a good Cause, (for it wants Assistance)
Bad ones I know they can insist upon.

Law. Oh, Sir, we must undertake of both Parts;
But the good we have most good in.

Clean. Pray you, say,
How do you allow of this strange Edict?

Law. *Secundum Jusitiam*, by my Faith, Sir,
The happiest Edict that ever was in *Epire*.

Clean. What to kill Innocents, Sir? It cannot be:
It is no Rule in Justice there to punish.

Law. Oh, Sir!
You understand a Conscience, but not Law.

Clean. Why, Sir, is there so main a Difference?

Law. You'll never be a good Lawyer if you understand not that.

Clean. I think, then, 'tis the best to be a bad one.

Law. Why, Sir, the very Letter and the Sense
Do both o'erthrow you in this Statute;
Which speaks, that every Man living to

Fourscore Years, and Women to threescore, shall then
Be cut off as fruitless to the Republick;
And Law shall finish what Nature linger'd at.

Clean. And this Suit shall soon be dispatch'd in Law?

1 *Law.* It is so plain, it can have no Demur:
The Church Book overthrows it.

Clean. And so it does;
The Church Book overthrows it, if you read it well.

1 *Law.* Still you run from the Law into Error:
You say it takes the Lives of Innocents;
I say no, and so says common Reason:
What Man lives to fourscore, and Women to three,
That can die innocent?

Clean. A fine lawful Evasion!
Good Sir, rehearse the full Statute to me.

Sim. Fie! that's too tedious, you have already
The full Sum in the brief Relation.

Clean. Sir, 'mongst many Words may be found Con-
tradictions,
And these Men dare sue and wrangle with a Statute,
If they can pick a Quarrel with some Error.

2 *Law.* Listen, Sir, I'll gather it as brief as I can for
you.

Anno primo Evandri, Be it (for the Care and Good
of the Commonwealth for divers necessary Reasons
that we shall urge) thus peremptorily enacted—

Clean. A fair Pretence, if the Reasons foul it not.

2. *Law.* That all Men living in our Dominions of
Epire, in their decayed Nature, to the Age of four-
score; or Women to the Age of threescore; shall on
the same Day instantly be put to Death, by those Means
and Instruments that a former Proclamation had (to
this Purpose) through our said Territories dispersed.

Clean. There was no Woman in this Senate certain.

1. *Law.* That these Men, being past their bearing
Arms, to aid and defend their Country; past their Man-
hood and Likelihood to propagate any further Issue
to their Posterity; and as well past their Counsels (for
overgrown Gravity is now run into Dotage) to assist their
Country,

Country, to whom, in common Reason, nothing should be so wearisome as their own Lives, as they may be supposed tedious to their successive Heirs, whose Times are spent in the Good of their Country; yet wanting the Means to maintain it; and are like to grow old before their Inheritance (born to them) come to their necessary Use, for the which ³ they are *adjudged to death*: The Women, for that they were never a Defence to their Country; never by Counsel admitted to assist in the Government of their Country; only necessary to the Propagation of Posterity; and now at the Age of Threescore *being* past that Good, and all their Goodness, it is thought fit, *for them*, a Quarter abated from the more worthy Members, to be put to Death, as is before recited: provided that, for the just and impartial Execution of this our Statute, the Example shall first begin in and about our Court, which ourself will see carefully performed, and not for a full Month following extend any further into our Dominions. Dated the sixth of the second Month at our Palace Royal in *Epire*.

Clean. A fine Edict, and very fairly gilded!
And is there no Scruple in all these Words,
To demur the Law upon Occasion?

Sim. 'Pox, 'tis an unnecessary Inquisition;
Pr'ythee set him not about it.

2 Law. 'Troth, none, Sir:
It is so evident and plain a Case
There is no Succour for the Defendant.

Clean. Possible? can nothing help in a good Case?

1 Law. 'Faith, Sir, I do think there may be a Hole,
Which would protract; Delay, if not Remedy.

Clean. Why there's some Comfort in that, good Sir:
speak it.

1 Law. Nay, you must pardon me for that, Sir.

Sim. Pr'ythee, do not;

³ For the which, &c

This whole Speech is so full of Errors, that it is impossible to reduce it to Sense or Grammar without many Alterations, which deviate very much from the old reading. M. M.

It

It may open a Wound to many Sons and Heirs
That may die after it.

Clean. Come, Sir, I know how to make you speak
—will this do?

1 *Law.* I will afford you my Opinion, Sir:

Clean. Pray you repeat the literal Words expressly,
The Time of Death.

Sim. 'Tis an unnecessary Question; pr'ythee let it alone.

2 *Law.* Hear his Opinion; 'twill be fruitless, Sir:

“ That Man at the Age of fourscore, and Women at
“ threescore

“ Shall the same Day be put to Death.”

1 *Law.* Thus I help the Man to twenty one Years
more.

Clean. That were a fair Addition.

1 *Law.* Mark it, Sir; we say Man is not at Age
Till he be One and Twenty; before, 'tis Infancy
And Adolescence; now, by that Addition,
Fourscore he cannot be, till a hundred and one.

Sim. Oh, poor Evasion!

He's fourscore Years old, Sir,

1 *Law.* That helps more, Sir,
He begins to be old at fifty; so at fourscore
He's but thirty Years old: so believe it, Sir;
He may be twenty Years in Declination;
And so long may a Man linger and live by it.

Sim. The worst Hope of Safety that ever I heard:
Give him his Fee again; 'tis not worth two Deniers.

1 *Law.* There's no Law for Restitution of Fees, Sir.

Clean. No, no, Sir; I meant it lost, when 'twas given.

Enter Creon, and Antigona.

Sim. No more, good Sir:

Here are Ears unnecessary for your Doctrine.

1 *Law.* I have spoke out my Fee, and I have done,
Sir.

Sim. O! my dear Father!

Creon. Tush! meet me not in Exclaims:
I understand the worst, and hope no better.
A fine Law! If this hold, white Heads will be cheap
And many Watchmen's Places will be vacant:
Forty of 'em I know my Seniors,
That did do Deeds of Darknefs too; their Country has
Watch'd 'em a good Turn for't, and ta'en 'em
Napping now: the fewer Hospitals will serve too;
Many may be us'd for Stews and Brothels,
And those People will never trouble 'em to fourscore.

Antig. Can you play and sport with Sorrow, Sir?

Creon. Sorrow for what, *Antigona*? for my Life,
My Sorrow is I have kept it so long well
With bringing-it up unto so ill an End:
I might have gently lost it in my Cradle,
Before my Nerves and Ligaments grew strong
To bind it faster to me.

Sim. For mine own Sake

I should have been sorry for that.

Creon. In my Youth

I was a Soldier; no Coward in my Age;
I never turn'd my Back upon my Foe,
I have felt Nature's Winter's Sicknefses*,
Yet ever kept a lively Sap in me
To greet the chearful Spring of Health again:
Dangers on Horseback; on Foot; by Water;
I have escap'd to this Day; and yet this Day
Without all Help of casual Accidents
Is only deadly to me, 'cause it numbers
Fourscore Years to me; where's the Fault now?
I cannot blame Time, Nature, nor my Stars,
Nor aught but Tyranny. Even Kings themselves
Have sometimes tasted an even Fate with me;
He that has been a Soldier all his Days

* *I have felt Nature's Winter's Sicknefses.*

This line should be written thus:

I have felt Nature's Winters, Sicknefses.—He calls Sicknefs Nature's
Winter, and Health its Spring. M. M.

And

And stood in personal Opposition,
 'Gainst Darts and Arrows, the Extremes of Heat,
 And pinching Cold, dies treacherously at Home
 In his secured Quiet by a Villain's Hand,
 I'm basely lost in my Stars' Ignorance
 And so must I die by a Tyrant's Sword.

Law. Oh! say not so, Sir, it is by the Law!

Creon. And what's that, Sir, but the Sword of Tyranny,

When it is brandish'd against innocent Lives?
 I'm now upon my Death-bed, Sir, and 'tis fit
 I should unbosom my free Conscience.
 And shew the Faith I die in—I do believe
 'Tis Tyranny that takes my Life.

Sim. Would it were gone
 By one Means or other! what a long Day
 Will this be ere Night?

[*Aside.*

Creon. *Simonides.*

Sim. Here, Sir.

[*weeping.*

Creon. Wherefore dost thou weep?

Cleon. 'Cause you make no more Haste to your End.

[*Aside.*

Sim. How can you question Nature so unjustly?
 I had a Grandfather; and then had not you
 True filial Tears for him?

Cleon. Hypocrite!

A Disease of Drought dry up all Pity from him,
 That can dissemble Pity with wet Eyes!

[*Aside.*

Creon. Be good unto your Mother, *Simonides*;
 She must be now your Care.

Antig. To what End, Sir?

The Bell of this sharp Edict tolls for me,
 As it rings out for you—I'll be as ready
 With one Hour's Stay to go along with you.

Creon. Thou must not, Woman; there are Years be-
 hind,

Before thou canst set forward in this Voyage,
 And Nature sure will now be kind to all;

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She

She has a Quarrel in't, a cruel Law
Seeks to prevent her; she'll therefore fight in't,
And draw out Life even to her longest Thread:
Thou art scarce fifty-five.

Antig. So many, Morrows?
Those five remaining Years I'll turn to Days,
To Hours or Minutes for thy Company.
'Tis fit that you and I, being Man and Wife,
Should walk together Arm in Arm.

Sim. I hope they'll go together; I would they would,
i'Faith!
Then would her Thirds be fav'd too,—the Dy oes
away, Sir.

Creon. Why wouldst thou have me gone, *Simonides*?

Sim. O my Heart! would you have me gone before
you, Sir?

You give me such a deadly Wound.

Clean. Fine Rascal!

[*Aside.*

Sim. Blemish my Duty so with such a Question?
Sir, I would haste me to the Duke for Mercy;
He that's above the Law may mitigate
The Rigour of the Law. How a good Meaning
May be corrupted by Misconstruction!

Creon. Thou corrupt'st mine; I did not think thou
mean'st so.

Clean. You were in the more Error.

[*Aside,*

Sim. The Words wounded me.

Cleon. 'Twas Pity thou died'st not on't.

[*Aside.*

Sim. I have been ransacking the Helps of Law,
Conferring with these learned Advocates:
If any Scruple, Cause, or wrested Sense,
Could have been found out to preserve your Life,
It had been bought, though with your full Estate,
Your Life's so precious to me—But there is none.

Law. Sir, we have canvass'd it from Top to Toe.
Turn'd it upside down; threw her on her Side,
Nay open'd and dissected all her Entrails,

Yer

Yet can find none : There's nothing to be hop'd
But the Duke's Mercy.

Sim. I know the Hope of that ;
He did not make the Law for that Purpose.

Creon. Then to his hopeless Mercy last I go,
I have so many Precedents before me,
I must call it hopeless : *Antigona,*
See me deliver'd up unto my Death's-Man
And then we'll part—five Years hence I'll look for thee.

Sim. I hope she will not stay so long behind you.

Creon. Do not 'bate him an Hour by Grief and
Sorrow,
Since there's a Day prefixed, haste it not ;
Suppose me sick, *Antigona*, dying now,
Any Disease thou wilt may be my End ;
Or when Death's slow to come, say Tyrants send.

[*Exeunt Creon, Antigona, and Lawyers.*]

Sim. *Cleantes*, if you want Money, To-morrow
use me ;
I'll trust you while your Father's dead s. [Exit.

Clean. Why here's a Villain⁶,
Able to corrupt a Thousand by Example.
Does the kind Root bleed out his Livelihood
In parent Distribution to his Branches,
Adorning them with all his glorious Fruits,
Proud that his Pride is seen when he's unseen,
And must not Gratitude descend again *
To comfort his old Limbs in fruitless Winter ?
Improvident, at least partial Nature !
Weak Woman in this Kind ! who in thy last
Teeming still forgettest the former, ever making

^s *Ill trust you while your father's dead.*

While in this Passage means *until*. *Donec* in Latin is used in these two senses of *whilst* and *until*. M. M.

⁶ *Why here's a Villain, &c.*

✂ This Contrast of Ingratitude and filial Piety between the two Sons is happily imagined, and as well executed. The ensuing Scene between the Father, the Son, and his Wife, is a lively Picture of dutious Affection and paternal Love.

The Burthen of thy last Throes the dearest
 Darling! oh! yet in noble Man reform it,
 And make us better than those Vegetives,
 Whose Souls die with them. Nature, as thou art old,
 If Love and Justice be not dead in thee,
 Make some the Pattern of thy Piety,
 Lest all do turn unnaturally against thee,
 And thou be blam'd for our Oblivions

Enter Leonides and Hippolita.

And brutish Reluctations: I, here's the Ground
 Whereon my filial Faculties must build
 An Edifice of Honour or of Shame
 To all Mankind.

Hip. You must avoid it, Sir:
 If there be any Love within yourself,
 This is far more than Fate of a lost Game
 That another Venture may restore again;
 It is your Life, which you should not subject
 To any Cruelty, if you can preserve it.

Clean. O dearest Woman! thou hast now doubled
 A thousand Times thy nuptial Dowry to me.
 Why, she whose Love is but derived from me
 Is got before me in my debted Duty.

Hip. Are you thinking such a Resolution, Sir;

Clean. Sweetest *Hippolita*, what Love taught thee
 To be so forward in so good a Cause?

Hip. Mine own Pity, Sir, did first instruct me,
 And then your Love and Power did both command me.

Clean. They were all blessed Angels to direct thee.
 And take their Counsel.—How do you fare, Sir?

Leon. Never better, *Cleanthes*, I have conceiv'd
 Such a new Joy within this old Bosom,
 As I did never think would there have entered.

Clean. Joy call you it? alas! 'tis Sorrow, Sir;
 The worst of Sorrows, Sorrow unto Death.

Leon. Death! what's that, *Cleanthes*? I thought
 not on't;

I was in Contemplation of this Woman:

'Tis

'Tis all my Comfort; Son, thou hast in her
A Treasure unvaluable, keep her safe.
When I die, sure 'twill be a gentle Death;
For I will die with Wonder of her Virtues,
Nothing else shall dissolve me.

Clean. 'Twere much better, Sir,
Could you prevent their Malice.

Leon. I'll prevent 'em,
And die the Way I told thee, in the Wonder
Of this good Woman. I tell thee there's few Men
Have such a Child: (I must thank thee for her)
That the stronger Tie of Wedlock should do more
Than Nature in her nearest Ligaments
Of Blood and Propagation! I should ne'er
Have begot such a Daughter of my own:
A Daughter in Law! Law were above Nature,
Were there more such Children,

Clean. This Admiration
Helps nothing to your Safety, think of that, Sir:

Leon. Had you heard her, *Cleanthes*, but labour
In the Search of Means to save my forfeit Life,
And knew the wise and sound Preservations
That she found out, you would redouble all
My Wonder in your Love to her.

Clean. The Thought,
The very Thought claims all that from me,
And she's now possess'd of it: But, good Sir,
If you have aught receiv'd from her Advice,
Let's follow it; or else let's better think,
And take the surest Course.

Leon. I'll tell thee one;
She counsels me to fly my severe Country,
Turn all into Treasure, and there build up
My decaying Fortunes in a safer Soil,
Where *Epire's* Law cannot claim me.

Clean. And Sir,
I apprehend it as a safest Course,
And may be easily accomplished;
Let us be all most expeditious.
Every Country where we breathe will be our own,

Or better *Sail*. . . Heav'n is the Roof of all ;
And now, as *Epire* 's situate by this Law,
There is 'twixt us and Heav'n a dark Eclipse.

Hip. Oh, then, avoid it, Sir ! these sad Events
Follow those black Predictions ;

Leon. I prythee, Peace ;
I do allow thy Love, *Hippolita*,
But must not follow it as Counsel, Child ;
I must not shame my Country for the Law :
This Country here hath bred me, brought me up ;
And shall I now refuse a Grave in her ?
I'm in my second Infancy, and Children
Ne'er sleep so sweetly in their Nurse's Cradle,
As in their natural Mother's.

Hip. I, but, Sir,
She is unnatural ; then the Stepmother ?
Is to be prefer'd before her.

Leon. Tush ! she shall
Allow it me in Despite of her Entrails ;
Why do you think how far from Judgment 'tis
That I should travel forth to seek a Grave
That is already digg'd for me at home,
Nay, perhaps find it in my Way to seek it ?
How have I then sought a repentant Sorrow ?
For your dear Loves how have I banish'd you
From your Country ever ? with my base Attempt
How have I beggar'd you in wasting that
Which only for your Sakes I bred together ?
Buried my Name in *Epire* which I built
Upon this Frame to live for ever in.
What a base Coward shall I be to fly
From that Enemy which every Minute meets me !
And thousand odds he had not long vanquish'd me
Before this Hour of Battle ? fly my Death,
I will not be so false unto your 'states,
Nor fainting to the Man that's yet in me :
I'll meet him bravely ; I cannot (this knowing) fear
That when I am gone hence, I shall be there ;
Come, I have Days of Preparation left.

By the Stepmother is here meant the Foster-mother. M. M.
Clean.

Clean. Good Sir, hear me :
I have a *Genius* that has prompted me,
And I have almost formed it into Words ;
'Tis done, pray you observe 'em ; I can conceal you,
And yet not leave your Country.

Leon. Tush ! it cannot be
Without a certain Peril on us all.

Clean. Danger must be hazarded, rather than accept
A sure Destruction. You have a Lodge, Sir,
So far remote from Way of Passengers,
That seldom any mortal Eye does greet with it,
And yet so sweetly situate with Thickets
Built with such cunning Labyrinths within,
As if the provident Heavens, foreseeing Cruelty,
Had bid you frame it to this Purpose only.

Leon. Fie, Fie ! 'tis dangerous—and Treason too
To abuse the Law,

Hip. 'Tis holy Care, Sir,
Of your dear Life, which is your own to keep,
But not your own to lose, either in Will
Or Negligence.

Clean. Call you it Treason, Sir ?
I had been, then, a Traitor unto you.
Had I forgot this, beseech you accept of it,
It is secure, and a Duty to yourself.

Leon. What a Coward will you make me ?

Clean. You mistake,
'Tis noble Courage, now you fight with Death,
And yield not to him till you stoop under him.

Leon. This must needs open to Discovery,
And then what Torture follows ?

Clean. By what Means, Sir ?
Why there's but one Body in all this Counsel,
Which cannot betray itself : We two are one,
One Soul, one Body, one Heart, that think all one
Thought ;

And yet we two are not compleatly one,
But as I have deriv'd myself from you,
Who shall betray us where there is a Second ?

Hip. You must not mistrust my Faith, though my Sex
Ple

Plead weak and frailly for me.

Leon. Oh I dare not !

But where's the Means that must make Answer for me ?
I cannot be lost without a full Account,
And what must pay that Reckoning ?

Clean. Oh, Sir, we will
Keep solemn Obits for your Funeral ;
We'll seem to weep, and seem to joy withal,
That Death so gently has prevented you
The Law's sharp Rigour ; and this no mortal Ear
Shall participate the Knowledge of.

Leon. Ha, ha, ha !
This will be a sportive fine Demur,
If the Error be not found.

Clean. Pray doubt of none.
Your Company and best Provision
Must be no further furnish'd than by us ;
And in the interim your Solitude
May converse with Heaven, and fairly prepare,
Which was too violent and raging
Thrown Headlong on you.

Leon. Still there are some Doubts
Of the Discovery ; yet I do allow it.

Hip. Will you not mention now the Cost and Charge
Which will be in your Keeping ?

Leon. That will be somewhat,
Which you might save too.

Clean. With his Will against him,
What Foe is more to Man than Man himself ?
Are you resolv'd Sir ?

Leon. I am, *Cleantbes* :
If by this Means I do get a Reprieve
And cozen Death a while, when he shall come
Arm'd in his own Power to give the Blow,
I'll smile upon him then, and laughing go. [Exeunt.

* — — — That is to say, in other Words, that a Man has no
worse Enemy than himself, when his Desires are contrary to his real
Welfare. M. M.

The End of the FIRST ACT.

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Duke, three Courtiers, and Executioner.

Duke. Executioner.

Exe. My Lord.

Duke. How did old *Diocles* take his Death?

Exe. As weeping Brides receive their Joys at Night,
my Lord,

With Trembling, yet with Patience.

Duke. Why 'twas well.

1 Cour. Nay, I knew my Father would do well my
Lord,

Whene'er he came to die, I'd that Opinion of him,
Which made me the more willing to part from him;
He was not fit to live i'th' World, indeed,
Any Time these ten Years, my Lord,
But I would not say so much.

Duke. No? you did not well in't,
For he that's all spent, is ripe for Death at all Hours,
And does but trifle Time out.

1 Cour. Troth, my Lord,
I would I'd known your Mind nine Years ago,

Duke. Our Law is fourscore Years, because we judge
Dotage complete then, as Unfruitfulness
In Women at threescore; Marry, if the Son
Can within Compass bring good solid Proofs
Of his own Father's Weakness and Unfitness
To live, or sway the Living, though he want five
Or ten Years of his Number, that's not it;
His Defect makes him fourscore, and 'tis fit
He dies when he deserves; for every Act
Is in Effect then when the Cause is ripe.

2 Cour.

2 *Cour.* An admirable Prince ! how rarely he talks !
Oh that we'd known this, Lads ! What a Time did we
endure in two-penny Commons ? and in Boots twice
vamp'd ?

1 *Cour.* Now we have two Pair a Week, and yet not
thankful ;

'Twill be a fine World for them, Sirs, that come after us,

2 *Cour.* I, an they knew it.

1. *Cour.* Peace, let them never know it.

3 *Cour.* A Pox, there be young Heirs will soon smell
it out.

2 *Cour.* 'Twill come to 'em by Instinct, Man : may
your Grace

Never be old, you stand so well for Youth.

Duke. Why now, methinks, our Court looks like a
Spring, [gone.

Sweet, fresh, and fashionable, now the old Weeds are

1 *Cour.* 'Tis as a Court should be ; Gloss and good
Cloaths, my Lord, no Matter for Merit ; and herein your
Law proves a provident Act, my Lord, when Men pass
not the Palsy of their Tongues, nor Colour in their
Cheeks.

Duke. But Women by that Law should live long,
For they're ne'er past it.

1 *Cour.* It will have Heats though, when they see
the Painting

Go an Inch deep i'th' Wrinkle, and take up
A Box more than their Gossips ; but for Men, my Lord,
That should be the sole Bravery of a Palace,
To walk with hollow Eyes and long white Beards,
(As if a Prince dwelt in a Land of Goats)
With Cloaths as if they sat upon their Backs on Purpose
To arraign a Fashion, and condemn it to Exile ;
Their Pockets in their Sleeves, as if they laid
Their Ear to Avarice, and heard the Devil whisper ;
Now ours lie downward here close to the Flank,
Right spending Pockets, as a Son's should be
That lives i'th' Fashion ; whereas our diseased Fathers
Would

Would with ~~the~~ Sciatica⁹ and Achs
 Brought up ~~your~~ paned¹⁰ Horse first which Ladies laugh'd
 Giving no Reverence to the Place, lies ruin'd, [at,
 They love a Doublet that's three Hours a buttoning,
 And fits so close it makes a Man groan again,
 And his Soul mutter half a Day; yet these¹¹ are those
 That carry Sway and Worth: prick'd up in Cloaths,
 Why should we fear our Rising?

Duke. You-but wrong

Our Kindness, and your own Deserts to doubt on't,
 Has not our Law made you rich before your Time?
 Our Countenance, then, can make you honourable.

1 Cour. We'll spare for no Cost, Sir, to appear
 worthy.

Duke. Why y'are i'th' noble Way then, for the most
 Are but Appeaters; Worth itself is lost,
 And Bravery¹² stands for't.

Enter Creon, Antigona and Simonides.

1 Cour. Look, look, who comes here!
 I smell Death and another Courtier,
 Simonides.

2 Cour. Simonides.

Sim. Pish, I'm not for you yet,
 Your Company's too costly, after the old Man's
 Dispatch'd I shall have Time to talk with you;
 I shall come into the Fashion you shall see too
 After a Day two; in the mean Time
 I am not for your Company.

Duke. Old Creon, you have been expected long;
 Sure you are above fourscore.

Sim. Upon my Life,
 Not four and twenty Hours, my Lord; I search'd
 The Church-book Yesterday. Does your Grace think
 I'd let my Father wrong the Law, my Lord?

⁹ Would with Sciatica, &c.

We should read, *Wood*, that is, mad, raging.

¹⁰ paned] means striped.

¹¹ these] referring to Ladies.

¹² Bravery, that is, Finery. M. M.

'Twere Pity o' my Life then ; no, your A& Shall not receive a Minute's Wrong by him While I live, Sir ; and he's so just himself too I know he would not offer't—here he stands.

Creon. 'Tis just I die, indeed, my Lord, for I confess I'm troublesome to Life now, and the State Can hope for nothing worthy from me now, Either in Force or Counsel ; I've of late Employ'd myself quite from the World, and he That once begins to serve his Maker faithfully Can never serve a worldly Prince well after ; 'Tis clean another Way.

Antig. Oh, give not Confidence To all he speaks, my Lord, in his own Injury ! His Preparation only for the next World Makes him talk wildly to his Wrong of this, He is not lost in Judgment.

Sim. She spoils all again.

Antig. Deserving any Way for State Employment,

Sim. Mother——

Antig. His very household Laws prescrib'd at home by him Are able to conform seven *Christian* Kingdoms, They are so wise and virtuous.

Sim. Mother, I say——

Antig. I know your Laws extend not to desert, Sir, But to unnecessary Years, and, my Lord, His are no such, though they shew white, they're worthy, Judicious, able, and religious.

Sim. I'll help you to a Courtier of nineteen, Mother,

Antig. Away, Unnatural !

Sim. Then I am no Fool, I'm sure, For to be natural at such a Time Were a Fool's Part, indeed.

Antig. Your Grace's Pity, Sir ! And 'tis but fit and just.

Creon. The Law, my Lord ; And that's the justest Way,

Sim.

Sim. Well said Father, i'Faith.

Thou wert ever juster than my Mother still,

Duke. Come hither, Sir.

Sim. My Lord.

Duke. What are those Orders?

Antig. Worth Observation, Sir,

So please you hear them read.

[*Lord:*

Sim. The Woman speaks she knows not what, my
He make a Law! poor Man! he bought a Table,
indeed,

Only to learn to die by't, (there's the Business now,)
Wherein there are some Precepts for a Son too,
How he should learn to live, but I ne'er look'd upon it:
For when he's dead, I shall live well enough,
And keep a better Table then than that, I trow.

Duke. And is that all, Sir?

Sim. All, I vow, my Lord,

Save a few running Admonitions

Upon Cheese-trenchers — as, *take heed of Whoring,*
shun it;

'Tis like a Cheese too strong of the Runnet,
And such Calve's Maws of Wit and Admonition,
Good to catch Mice with, but not Sons and Heirs,
They're not so easily caught.

Duke. Agent for Death.

Exe. Your Will, my Lord.

Duke. Take hence that Pile of Years,
Before it surfeit with unprofitable Age,
And with the rest from the high Promontory,
Cast him into the Sea.

Creon. 'Tis noble Justice.

Antig. 'Tis cursed Tyranny.

Sim. Peace! take heed, Mother;
You've but a short Time to be cast down yourself,
And let a young Courtier do't, an you be wise,
In the mean Time.

Antig. Hence, Slave!

Sim. Well seven and fifty, [ment.
You've but three Years to scold, then comes your Pay-
1 Cour.

1 *Cour. Simonides.*

[yet;

Sim. Pish, I'm not brave enough to hold you Talk
Give a Man Time, I have a Suit a making.

2 *Cour.* We love thy Form first; brave Cloaths will
come, Man.

Sim. I'll make 'em come else, with a Mischief to 'em,
As other Gallants do, that have less left 'em.

Duke. Hark! whence those Sounds? what's that?

1 *Cour.* Some Funeral, [Recorders
It seems, my Lord, and young *Cleanthes* follows.

Enter Cleanthes, and Hippolita, with a Hearse.

Duke. Cleanthes.

2 *Cour.* 'Tis, my Lord, and in the Place
Of a Chief Mourner too, but strangely habited.

Duke. Yet suitable to his Behaviour, mark it,
He comes all the Way smiling; do you observe it?
I never saw a Corse so joyfully followed,
Light Colours and light Cheeks—who should this be?
'Tis a Thing worth resolving.

Sim. One, belike, that doth participate
In this our present Joy.

Duke. Cleanthes.

Clean. Oh! my Lord!

Duke. He laugh'd outright now;
Was ever such a Contrariety seen
In natural Courses yet, nay profess'd openly?

1 *Cour.* I have known a Widow laugh closely, my
Lord,
Under her Handkerchief, when t'other Part of
Her old Face has wept like Rain in Sunshine;
But all the Face to laugh apparently was never seen yet.

Sim. Yes, mine did once.

Clean. 'Tis of a heavy Time, the joyfull'st Day
That ever Son was born to.

Duke. How can that be?

Clean. I joy—to make it plain,—my Father's dead,
Duke.

Duke. Dead?

2 Cour. Old Leonides?

Clean. In his last Month dead;
He beguil'd cruel Law the sweetliest
That ever Age was blest to;
It grieves me that a Tear should fall upon't,
Being a thing so joyful; but his Memory
Will work it out I see; when his poor Heart broke
I did not so much¹³, but leap'd for Joy
So mountingly, I touch'd the Stars, methought;
I would not hear of Blacks, I was so light,
But chose a Colour, Orient like my Mind:
For Blacks are often such dissembling Mourners,
There is no Credit given to't, it has lost
All Reputation by false Sons and Widows.
Now I would have Men know what I resemble,
A Truth, indeed; 'tis Joy clad like a Joy,
Which is more honest than a cunning Grief
Thats only fac'd with Sables for a Show,
But gawdy-hearted; when I saw Death come
So ready to deceive you, Sir, forgive me,
I could not choose but be intirely merry,
And yet too, see now, of a sudden
Naming but Death, I shew myself a Mortal,
That's never constant to one Passion long;
I wonder whence that Tear came, when I smil'd,
In the Production on't; Sorrow's a Thief,
That can, when Joy looks on, steal forth a Grief;
But, gracious Leave, my Lord, when I've perform'd
My last poor Duty to my Father's Bones,
I shall return your Servant.

Duke. Well, perform it;
The Law is satisfy'd, they can but die,
And by his Death, *Cleanthes*, you gain well,
A rich and fair Revenue. [*Exeunt Duke, Courtiers, &c.*]

Sim. I would I had e'en
Another Father, Condition he did the like.

¹³ That is, I did not shed a Tear. M. M.

.. Clean.

Clean. I've past it bravely now ; how blest was I
To have the dim Sight ¹⁴ : now 'tis confirm'd ;
Past Fear or Doubts confirm'd ; on, on I say,
Him that brought me to Man, I bring to Clay.

[*Exeunt Cleanthes, Hippolita, &c.*]

Sim. I'm rapt now in a Contemplation ;
Ev'n at the very Sight of yonder Hearse ;
I do but think what a fine thing 'tis now
To live and follow some seven Uncles thus,
As many Cousin Germans, and such People
That will leave Legacies ; a Pox ! I'd see 'em hang'd else
Ere I'd follow one of them, an they could find the Way.
Now I've enough I begin to be horribly covetous.

*Enter Butler, Taylor, Bailiff, Cook, Coachman, and Foot-
man.*

But. We come to know your Worship's Leisure, Sir,
Having long serv'd your Father, how your Good-will
Stands towards our Entertainment.

Sim. Not a Jot, i' Faith : My Father wore cheap Gar-
ments, he might do't ; I shall have all my Cloaths come
home To-morrow, they will eat up all you, and there
were more of you Sirs. To keep you fix at Livery, and
still munching !

Tay. Why I'm a Taylor, you've most Need of me, Sir.

Sim. Thou mad'st my Father's Cloaths, that I confess ;
but what Son and Heir will have his Father's Taylor,
unless he have a Mind to be well laugh'd at ! Thou'st
been so us'd to wide long-side things, that when I come
to trufs, I shall have the Waist of my Doublet lie upon
my Buttocks, a sweet Sight !

¹⁴ *How blest was I*

To have the dim Sight, &c.

This is a strange Corruption, which makes *Cleanthes* congratulate him-
self on his being dim-sighted : but the real Cause of his Exultation is,
his finding the Duke a Witness in Person to the Sham-funeral of his
Father ; from whence he concludes, that his Plan could not fail of Suc-
cess : We should undoubtedly therefore read,

How blest was I

To have the Duke in Sight ! M. M.

By *dim Sight*, I understand, that *Cleanthes* thought himself happy that
he could shed a Tear during the Farce he was carrying on to save his
Father. D.

But. I'm a Butler.

Sim. There's least Need of thee, Fellow; I shall ne'er drink at Home, I shall be so drunk abroad.

But. But a Cup of Small-beer will do well next Morning, Sir.

Sim. I grant you; but what Need I keep so big a Knave for a Cup of Small-beer?

Cook. Butler, you have your Answer. — Marry, Sir, a Cook I know your Mastership cannot be without.

Sim. The more Asks art thou to think so; for what should I do with a Mountebank, no Drink in my House?—The banishing the Butler might have been a Warning for thee, unless thou mean'st to choak me.

Cook. I th' mean Time you have choaked me, methinks.

Bai. These are superfluous Vanities, indeed, And so accounted in these Days, Sir, But then your Bailiff to receive your Rents—

Sim. I pr'ythee hold thy Tongue, Fellow; I shall take a Course to spend 'em faster than thou canst reckon 'em, 'tis not the Rents must serve my Turn, unless I mean to be laugh'd at; if a Man should be seen out of Slash me, let him ne'er look to be right Gallant.

But, Sirrah! with whom is your Business?

Coach. Your good Mastership.

Sim. You have stood silent all this while, like Men that know their Strengths. In these Days, none of you can want Employment; you can win me Wages, Footman, in running Races.

Foot. I dare boast it, Sir.

Sim. And when my Bets are all come in, and Store, Then, Coachman, you can hurry me to my Whore.

Coach. I'll firk 'em into Foam else.

Sim. Speaks brave Matter!

And I'll firk some too, or it shall cost hot Water. *[Exit.]*

Cook. Why here's an Age to make a Cook a Ruffian, and scald the Devil indeed; do strange mad things, make Mutton-pasties of Dogs-flesh, bake Snakes for Lamprey-pies, and Cats for Conies.

But. Come, will you be rul'd by a Butler's Advice once? for we must make up our Fortunes somewhere. Now, as the Case stands, let's e'en, therefore, go seek out Widows of nine and fifty, an we can, that's within a Year of their Deaths, and so we shall be sure to be quickly rid of 'em; for a Year's enough of Conscience to be troubled with a Wife, for any Man living.

Cook. Oracle Butler! Oracle Butler! he puts down all the Doctors o'th' Name²⁵. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Eugenia, and Parthenia.

Eug. Parthenia!

Par. Mother.

Eug. I shall be troubled this fix Months with an old Clog; would the Law had been cut one Year shorter!

[*Aside.*]

Par. Did you call, forsooth?

Eug. Yes, you must make some Spoon-meat for your Father, and warm three Night-caps for him.—Out upon't! the mere Conceit turns a Young-woman's Stomack. His Slippers must be warm'd in *August* too, and his Gown girt to him in the very Dog-days, when every Mastiff lolls out his Tongue for Heat; would not this vex a Beauty of nineteen now? Alas! I should be tumbling in Cold-baths now, under each Armpit a fine Bean-flower Bag, to screw out Whiteness when I list; and some seven of the prop'rest Men i'th' Dukedom making a Banquet ready i'th' next Room for me, where he that gets the first Kiss is envied and stands upon his Guard a Fortnight after. This is a Life for nineteen; 'tis but Justice; for old Men, whose great Acts stand in their Minds and nothing in their Bodies, do ne'er think a Woman young enough for their Desire; and we young Wenches, that have Mo-

²⁵ Oracle Butler! he puts down all the Doctors of the Name.

Alluding to a Dr. Butler, a famous judicial Astrologer. M. M. ther.

ther-wits, and love to marry Muck first, and Man after, do never think old Men are old enough, that we may soon be rid of 'em ; there's our Qulttance. I've waited for the happy Hour this two Years ; and, if Death be so un-kind still to let him live all that Time, I am lost.

Enter Courtiers.

1 *Cour.* Young Lady !

2 *Cour.* O sweet precious Bud of Beauty !

Troth, she smells over all the House, methinks.

1 *Cour.* The sweet Briar's but a Counterfeit to her, It does exceed you only in the Prickle ; But that it shall not long, if you'll be rul'd, Lady.

Eug. What means this sudden Visitation, Gentlemen ; So passing well perfum'd too ? Who's your Milliner ?

1 *Cour.* Love and thy Beauty, Widow.

Eug. Widow, Sir ?

1 *Cour.* 'Tis sure, and that's as good. In Troth we're Suitors. We come a wooing, Wench ; plain Dealing's best.

Eug. A wooing ? what, before my Husband's dead ?

2 *Cour.* Let's lose no Time ; six Months will have an End, you know ; I know't by all the Bonds that e'er I made yet.

Eug. That's a sure Knowledge ; but it holds not here, Sir.

1 *Cour.* Don't you know the Craft of your young Tumblers ? You that wed an old Man, you think upon another Husband as you are marrying of him ;—we, knowing your Thoughts, make bold to see you.

Enter Simonides, Coachman.

Eug. How wondrous right he speaks ! 'twas my Thought, indeed.

P 2

Sim.

Sim. By your Leave, sweet Widow, do you lack any Gallants?

Eug. Widow again! 'Tis a Comfort to be call'd so.

1 *Cour.* Who's this? *Simonides*?

2 *Cour.* Brave *Sim.* 'Faith.

Sim. Coachman!

Coach. Sir.

Sim. Have an especial Care of my new Mares; They say, sweet Widow, he that loves a Horse well Must needs love a Widow well. — When dies thy Husband?

Is't not *July* next.

Eug. Oh! you're too hot, Sir!

Pray cool yourself, and take *September* with you.

Sim. *September*? Oh I was but two Bows wide.

1 *Cour.* Mr. *Simonides*.

Sim. I can entreat you, Gallants; I'm in Fashion too.

Enter Lyfander.

Lyfan. Ha! whence this unheard-of Folly? what are you?

Sim. Well-willers to your Wife; pray 'tend your Book, Sir, we've nothing to say to you, you may go die, for here be those in Place that can supply.

Lyfan. What's thy wild Business here?

Sim. Old Man, I'll tell thee; I come to beg the Reversion of thy Wife. I think these Gallants be of my Mind too.—But thou art but a dead Man, therefore what should a Man do talking with thee; come Widow, stand to your Tackling.

Lyfan. Impious Blood-hounds!

Sim. Let the Ghost talk, ne'er mind him.

Lyfan. Shames of Nature!

Sim. Alas, poor Ghost! consider what the Man is.

Lyfan. Monsters unnatural! you that have been covetous

Of your own Father's Death; gape you for mine now?

Cannot

Cannot a poor old Man, that now can reckon
 Even all the Hours he has to live, live quiet
 For such wild Beasts as these, that neither hold
 A Certainty of Good within themselves,
 But scatter others Comforts that are ripened
 For holy Uses? Is hot Youth so hasty,
 It will not give an old Man Leave to die;
 And leave a Widow first, but will make one,
 The Husband looking on? May your Destructions
 Come all in hasty Figures to your Souls!
 Your Wealth depart in haste, to overtake
 Your Honesties, that died when you were Infants!
 May your Male-seed be hasty Spend-thrifts too!
 Your Daughters hasty Sinners, and diseased
 Ere they be thought at Years to welcome Misery!
 And may you never know what Leisure is
 But at Repentance—I am too uncharitable,
 Too foul; I must go cleanse myself with Prayers.
 These are the Plagues of Fondness to old Men;
 We're punish'd home with what we doat upon. [*Exit.*]

Sim. So, for the Ghost is vanish'd now: Your Answer, Lady.

Eug. Excuse me, Gentlemen, 'twere as much Impudence

In me to give you a kind Answer yet,
 As Madness to produce a churlish one.
 I could say now, come a Month hence, sweet Gentlemen,

Or two or three, or when you will, indeed;
 But I say no such thing; I set no Time,
 Nor is it mannerly to deny any.
 I'll carry an even Hand to all the World,
 Let other Women make what Haste they will,
 What's that to me? But I profess unfeignedly,
 I'll have my Husband dead before I marry;
 Ne'er look for other Answer at my Hands, Gentlemen.

Sim. Would he were hang'd, for my Part, look for other.

Eug. I'm at a Word.

Sim. And I'm at a Blow, then ;
I'll lay you o'th' Lips and leave you.

i Cour. Well struck, *Sim.*

Sim. He that dares say he'll mend it, I'll strike him.

i Cour. He would betray himself to be a Botcher
That goes about to mend it

Eug. Gentlemen, you know my Mind ; I bar you not
my House ;

But if you choose out Hours more seasonably,
You may have Entertainment.

Enter Parthenia.

Sim. What will she do hereafter when she is a Widow,
Keeps open House already ? *[Exit Sim. and Court.]*

Eug. How now, Girl ? *[Flight,*

Par. Those feather'd Fools that hither took their
Have griev'd my Father much,

Eug. Speak well of Youth, Wench,
While thou hast a Day to live ; 'tis Youth must make
thee,

And when Youth fails, wise Women will make it ;

But always take Age first, to make thee rich ;

That was my Counsel ever, and then Youth
Will make thee Sport enough all thy Life after.

'Tis Time's Policy, Wench ; what is't to bide

A little Hardness for a Pair of Years, or so ?

A Man whose only Strength lies in his Breath,

Weakness in all Parts else, thy Bedfellow,

A Cough o'th' Lungs, or say a wheezing Matter ;

Then shake off Chains, and dance all thy Life after.

Par. Every one to their Liking ; but I say
An honest Man's worth all, be he young or gray ;
Yonder's my Cousin.

Enter Hippolita.

Eug. Art, I must use thee now ;
Dissembling is the best Help for a Virtue
That ever Woman had, it saves her Credit often,
Hip.

Hip. How now, Cousin !
What weeping ?

Eug. Can you blame me when the Time
Of my dear Love and Husband now draws on ?
I study funeral Tears against the Day
I must be a sad Widow.

Hip. In Troth, *Eugenia*, I have Cause to weep too ;
But, when I visit, I come comfortably,
And look to be so far requited,—yet more Sobbing ?

Eug. Oh ! the greatest Part of your Affliction's past,
The worst of mine's to come ; I have one to die,
Your Husband's Father's dead, and fix'd in his
Eternal Peace, past the sharp tyrannous Bow.

Hip. You must use Patience, Coz.

Eug. Tell me of Patience ?

Hip. You have Example for't, in me and many.

Eug. Yours was a Father-in-law ; but mine a Husband.

Oh ! for a Woman that could love and live
With an old Man, mine is a Jewel, Cousin ;
So quietly he lies by one, so still——

Hip. Alas ! I have a Secret lodg'd within me
Which now will out—in Pity I can't hold. [*Aside.*]

Eug. One that will not disturb me in my Sleep
For a whole Month together, 'less it be
With those Diseases Age is subject to,
As Achs, Coughs, and Pains, and these, Heaven
knows,

Against his Will too ; he's the quietest Man,
Especially in Bed.

Hip. Be comforted.

Eug. How can I, Lady ?
None knows the Terror of an Husband's Loss,
But they that fear to lose him.

Hip. Fain would I keep it in, but 'twill not be ;
She is my Kinswoman, and I'm pitiful. [*Aside.*]
I must impart a Good, if I know't once,
To them that stand in Need on't ; I'm like one
Loves not to banquet with a Joy alone,

My Friends must partake too,—

[*Aside.*

Pr'ythee, cease, Cousin ;

If your Love be so boundless, which is rare

In a young Woman in these Days, (I tell you,)

To one so much past Service as your Husband,

There is a Way to beguile Law, and help you ;

My Husband found it out first.

Eug. Oh, sweet Cousin !

Hip. You may conceal him, and give out his Death

Within the Time ; order his Funeral too ;

We had it so for ours, I praise Heav'n for't,

And he's alive and safe.

Eug. O blessed Cousin !

How thou reviv'st me !

Hip. We daily see

The good old Man, and feed him twice a day,

Methinks, it is the sweetest Joy to cherish him,

That ever Life yet shew'd me.

Eug. So should I think

A dainty thing to nurse an old Man well.

Hip. And then we have his Prayers and daily Blessing.

And we two live so lovingly upon't,

His Son and I, and so contentedly,

You cannot think unless you tasted on't.

Eug. No, I warrant you. Oh, loving Cousin,

What a great Sorrow hast thou eas'd me of ?

A thousand Thanks go with thee.

Hip. I've a Suit to you ;

I must not have you weep, when I am gone.

[*Exit.*

Eug. No, if I do, ne'er trust me. Easy Fool,

Thou hast put thyself into my Power for ever :

Take heed of ang'ring of me ; I conceal ?

I feign a Funeral ? I keep my Husband ?

'Las ! I've been thinking any time these two Years

I have kept him too long already,

I'll go count o'er my Suitors, that's my Business,

And prick the Man down ; I've six Months to do't,

But could dispatch him in one, were I put to't. [*Exit.*

The End of the SECOND ACT.

A C T

ACT III, SCENE I,

Enter the Clown and Clerk.

Clown. **Y**OU have search'd o'er the Parish-Chronicle, Sir?

Clerk. Yes, Sir; I have found out the true Age and Date of the Party you wot on.

Clown. Pray you be cover'd, Sir.

Clerk. When you have shewn me the Way, Sir.

Clown. Oh, Sir, remember yourself, you are a Clerk.

Clerk. A small Clerk, Sir.

Clown. Likely to be the wiser Man, Sir; for your greatest Clerks are not always so, as 'tis reported.

Clerk. You are a great Man in the Parish, Sir.

Clown. I understand myself so much the better, Sir, for all the best in the Parish pay Duties to the Clerk, and I would owe you none, Sir.

Clerk. Since you'll have it so, I'll be the first to hide my Head.

Clown. Mine is a Capcase: now to our Business in your Hand; good Luck, I hope; I long to be resolv'd.

Clerk. Look you, Sir, this is that which cannot deceive you: This is the Dial that goes ever true; you may say *ipse dixit* upon this Witness, and 'tis good in Law too.

Clown. Pray you, let's hear what it speaks.

Clerk. Mark, Sir, — *Agatha* the Daughter of *Pollux*, this is your Wife's Name, and the Name of her Father, born——

Clown. Whose Daughter, say you?

Clerk. The Daughter of *Pollux*.

Clown. I take it his Name was *Bollux*.

Clerk. *Pollux* the Orthography, I assure you, Sir; the Word's corrupted else.

Clown.

Clown. Well, on Sir,—of *Pollux*, now come on *Caster*.

Clerk. Born in *Anna* 1540, and now 'tis 99, by this infallible Record, Sir (let me see) she's now just 59, and wants but one.

Clown. I am sorry she wants so much.

Clerk. Why, Sir? alas! 'tis nothing; 'tis but so many Months, so many Weeks, so many——

Clown. Do not deduct it to Days, 'twill be the more tedious; and to measure it by Hour-glasses were intolerable.

Clerk. Do not think on it, Sir, half the Time goes away in Sleep, 'tis half the Year in Nights.

Clown. Oh! you mistake me, Neighbour, I am loth to leave the good old Woman; if she were gone now, it would not grieve me, for what is a Year? Alas! But a ling'ring Torment? and were it not better she were out of her Pain? it must needs be a Grief to us both.

Clerk. I would I knew how to ease you, Neighbour!

Clown. You speak kindly, truly, and if you say but Amen to it (which is a Word that I know you are perfect in) it might be done. Clerks are the most indifferent honest Men, for to the Marriage of your Enemy, or the Burial of your Friend, the Curses or the Blessings to you are all one; you say Amen to all.

Clerk. With a better Will to the one than the other, Neighbour; but I shall be glad to say Amen to any thing that might do you a Pleasure.

Clown. There is, first, something above your Duty¹⁶, now I would have you set forward the Clock a little, to help the old Woman out of her Pain.

Clerk. I will speak to the Sexton for that; but the Day will go ne'er the faster for that.

Clown. Oh! Neighbour, you do not conceit me; not the Jack of the Clock-house, the Hand of the Dial I mean. — Come, I know you, being a great Clerk, cannot choose but have the Art to cast a Figure.

Clerk. Never, indeed, Neighbour; I never had the Judgment to cast a Figure.

¹⁶ That is, your Fee. M. M.

Clown.

Clown. I'll shew you on the Back-side of your Book—look you, what Figure's this?

Clerk. Four with a Cypher; that's forty.

Clown. So forty; what's this, now?

Clerk. The Cypher is turn'd into 9, by adding the Tail; which makes forty-nine.

Clown. Very well understood, what is't now?

Clerk. The four is turn'd into three, 'tis now thirty-nine.

Clown. Very well understood; and can you do this again?

Clerk. Oh! easily, Sir.

Clown. A Wager of that, let me see the Place of my Wife's Age again.

Clerk. Look you, Sir, 'tis here 1540.

Clown. Forty Drachmas, you do not turn that forty into thirty-nine.

Clerk. A Match with you.

Clown. Done; and you shall keep Stakes yourself: there they are.

Clerk. A firm Match—but stay, Sir, now I consider it, I shall add a Year to your Wife's Age, let me see—*Sciropborion*¹⁷ the 17, and now 'tis *Hecatambaion*¹⁷ the 11. If I alter this, your Wife will have but a Month to live by Law.

Clown. That's all one, Sir; either do it, or pay me my Wager.

Clerk. Will you lose your Wife before you lose your Wager?

Clown. A Man may get two Wives before half so much Money by 'em, will you do't?

Clerk. I hope you will conceal me; for 'tis flat Corruption.

Clown. Nay, Sir, I would have you keep Counsel, for I lose my Money by't, and should be laugh'd at for my Labour, if it should be known.

¹⁷ *Sciropborion* was the Grecian Month, beginning about the Middle of our May; *Hecatambaion*, the Month preceding. M. M.

Clerk.

Clerk. Well, Sir, there 'tis done ; as perfect 39, as can be found in black and white, but Mum, Sir,—there's Danger in this Figure-casting.

Clown. I, Sir, I know that better Men than you have been thrown over the Bar for as little, the best is, you can be but throw'n out of the Belfry.

Enter the Cook, the Taylor, Bailiff, and Butler.

Clerk. Look close, here comes Company ; Affes have Ears as well as Pitchers.

Cook. Oh, *Gnothos*, how is't ? here's a Trick of discarded Cards of us ; we were rank'd with Coats as long as old Master lived.

Clown. And is this then the End of Serving-Men ?

Cook. Yes, 'faith, this is the End of serving Men ; a wise Man were better serve one God than all the Men in the World.

Clown. 'Twas well spoke of a Cook ; and are all fallen into Fasting-days and Ember-weeks, that Cooks are out of Use ?

Tay. And all Taylors will be cut into Lifts and Shreds ; if this World hold, we shall grow both out of Request.

But. And why not Butlers as well as Taylors ? if they can go naked, let 'em neither eat nor drink.

Clerk. That's strange, methinks, a Lord should turn away his Taylor of all Men — and how dost thou, Taylor ?

Tay. I do so, so ; but indeed all our Wants are long of this Publican my Lord's Bailiff ; for, had he been Rent-gatherer still, our Places had held together still, that are now Seam-rent, nay crack'd in the whole Piece.

Bail. Sir, if my Lord had not sold his Lands that claim his Rents, I should still have been the Rent-gatherer.

Cook. The Truth is, except the Coachman and the Footman, all Serving-men are out of Request.

Clown. Nay, say not so ; for you were never in more Request than now ; for requesting is but a kind of a begging ;

begging; for when you say, I beseech your Worship's Charity, 'tis all one if you say I request it, and in that Kind of requesting I am sure Serving-men were never in more Request.

Cook. Troth he says true. Well, let that pass; we are upon a better Adventure. I see, *Gnotbos*, you have been before us; we came to deal with this Merchant for some Commodities.

Clerk. With me, Sir? any thing that I can——

But. Nay, we have look'd out our Wives already: Marry, to you we come to know the Prices, that is, to know their Ages; for so much Reverence we bear to Age, that the more aged, they shall be the more dear to us.

Tay. The Truth is, every Man has laid by his Widow; so they be lame enough, blind enough, and old, 'tis good enough.

Clerk. I keep the Town-stock; if you can but name 'em, I can tell their Ages to a Day.

Om. We can tell their Fortunes to an Hour, then.

Clerk. Only you must pay for turning of the Leaves.

Cook. Oh, bountifully.—Come, mine first.

But. The Butler before the Cook, while you live; there's few that eat before they drink in a Morning.

Tay. Nay then, the Taylor puts in his Needle of Priority; for Men do cloath themselves before they either drink or eat.

Bail. I will strive for no Place; the longer ere I marry my Wife, the older she will be, and nearer her End and my End.

Clerk. I will serve you all, Gentlemen, if you'll have Patience.

Clown. I commend your Modesty, Sir; you are a Bailiff, whose Place is to come behind other Men, as it were in the Bum of all the rest.

Bail. So, Sir, and you were about this Business too, seeking out for a Widow.

Clown. Alack! no, Sir; I am a married Man, and have those Cares upon me that you would fain run into.

Bail. What an old rich Wife! any Man in this Age desires such a Care.

Clown.

Clown. Troth, Sir, I'll put a Venture with you, if you will, I have a lusty old Quean to my Wife, sound of Wind and Limb; yet I'll give out to take three for one, at the Marriage of my second Wife.

Bail. I, Sir? but how near is she to the Law?

Clown. Take that Hazard, Sir, there must be Time, you know, to get a new.—Unfright, unseen, I take three to one.

Bail. Two to one I'll give, if she have but two Teeth in her Head.

Clown. A Match; there's five Drachins for ten at my next Wife.

Bail. A Match.

Cook. I shall be fitted bravely. Fifty-eight and upwards; 'tis but a Year and a half, and I may chance make Friends, and beg a Year of the Duke.

But. Hey, Boys, I am made Sir Butler; my Wife that shall be wants but two Months of her Time; it shall be one ere I marry her, and then the next will be a Honey Moon.

Tay. I outstrip you all; I shall have but six Weeks of Lent, if I get my Widow, and then comes Eating-tide, plump and gorgeous.

Clown. This Taylor will be a Man if ever there were any.

Bail. Now comes my Turn. I hope, Goodman *Fint*, you that are still at the End of all, with a so be it. Well now, Sirs, do you venture there as I have done? and I'll venture here after you, good Luck, I beseech thee!

Clerk. Amen, Sir.

Bail. That deserves a Fee already—there 'tis; please me, and have a better.

Clerk. Amen, Sir.

Cook. How, two for one at your next Wife? Is the old one living.

Clown. You have a fair Match, I offer you no foul one; if Death make not Haste to call her, she'll make none to go to him.

But. I know her, she's a lusty Woman, I'll take the Venture.

Clown. There's five Drachmas for ten at my next Wife.

But. A Bargain.

Cook. Nay, then we'll be all Merchants : give me.

Tay. And me.

But. What, has the Bailiff sped ?

Bail. I am content ; but none of you shall know my Happiness.

Clerk. As well as any of you all, believe it, Sir.

Bail. Oh, Clerk, you are to speak last always.

Clerk. I'll remember't hereafter, Sir. You have done with me, Gentlemen ?

Enter Wife.

Om. For this Time, honest Register——

Clerk. Fare you well then ; if you do, I'll cry Amen to it. [Exit.

Cook. Look you, Sir, is not this your Wife ?

Clown. My first Wife, Sir.

But. Nay, then we have made a good Match on't, if she have no forward Disease, the Woman may live this dozen Years by her Age.

Tay. I'm afraid she's broken-winded, she holds Silence so long.

Cook. We'll now leave our Venture to the Event, I must a wooing.

But. I'll but buy me a new Dagger, and overtake you.

Bail. So we must all ; for he that goes a wooing to a Widow without a Weapon, will never get her. [Exit.

Clown. Oh, Wife, Wife !

Wife. What ail you, Man, you speak so passionately.

Clown. 'Tis for thy Sake, sweet Wife ; who would think so lusty an old Woman, with reasonable good Teeth, and her Tongue in as perfect Use as ever it was, should be so near her Time ? — But the Fates will have it so ?

Wife.

Wife. What's the Matter, Man? you do amaze me.

Clown. Thou art not sick neither, I warrant thee.

Wife. Not that I know of, sure.

Clown. What Pity 'tis a Woman should be so near her End, and yet not sick!

Wife. Near her End, Man! Tush! I can guess at that; I have Years good yet of Life in the Remainder: I want two years at least of the full Number; then the Law, I know, craves impotent and useles, and not the able Women.

Clown. Alas! I see thou hast been repairing Time as well as thou couldst; the old Wrinkles are well fill'd up; but the Vermilion is seen too thick, too thick—and I read what's written in thy Forehead, it agrees with the Church Book.

Wife. Have you fought my Age, Man? and I pr'ythee, how is it?

Clown. I shall but discomfort thee.

Wife. Not at all Man, when there's no Remedy, I will go, though unwillingly.

Clown. 1539. Just it agrees with the Book. You have about a Year to prepare yourself.

Wife. Out, alas! I hope there's more than so. But do you not think a Reprieve might be gotten for half a Score—an it were but five Years, I would not care; an able Woman, methinks, were to be pity'd.

Clown. I, to be pity'd, but not help'd; no Hope for that; for, indeed, Women have so blemish'd their own Reputations now-a-days, that it is thought the Law will meet them at fifty very shortly.

Wife. Marry, the Heavens forbid!

Clown. There's so many of you, that, when you are old, become Witches; some profess Physick, and kill good Subjects faster than a burning Fever; and then School-mistresses of the sweet Sin, which commonly we call Bawds, innumerable of that sort. For these and such Causes 'tis thought they shall not live above fifty.

Wife. I, Man; but this hurts not the good old Women.

Clown. I'faith you are so like one another; that a Man cannot distinguish 'em: Now were I an old Woman, I would desire to go before my Time, and offer myself willingly, two or three Years before. Oh! those are brave Women and worthy to be commended of all Men in the World, that, when their Husbands die, run to be burnt to Death with 'em; there's Honour and Credit! give me half a dozen such Wives.

Wife. I, if her Husband were dead before, 'twere a reasonable Request; if you were dead, I could be content to be so.

Clown. Fie! that's not likely; for thou hadst two Husbands before me.

Wife. Thou wouldst not have me die, wouldst thou, Husband?

Clown. No, I do not speak to that Purpose; but I say, what Credit it were for me and thee, if thou wouldst, then thou shouldst never be suspected for a Witch, a Physician, a Bawd, or any of those things; and then how daintily should I mourn for thee, how bravely should I see thee buried; when, alas! if he goes before, it cannot choose but be a great Grief to him to think he has not seen his Wife well buried. There be such virtuous Women in the World; but too few, too few who desire to die seven Years before their Time with all their Hearts.

Wife. I have not the Heart to be of that Mind; but, indeed, Husband, I think you would have me gone.

Clown. No, alas! I speak but for your Good and your Credit; for when a Woman may die quickly, why should she go to Law for her Death? Alack I need not wish thee gone, for thou hast but a short Time to stay with me, you do not know how near 'tis, — it must out, you have but a Month to live by the Law.

Wife. Out, alas!

Clown. Nay, scarce so much.

Wife. Oh, oh, oh, my Heart!

[Swoons.]

Clown. I, so? If thou wouldst go away quietly,

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Q

'twere

*twere sweetly done, and like a kind Wife; lie but a little longer, and the Bell shall toll for thee.

Wife. Oh my Heart, but a Month to live?

Clown. Alas; why wouldst thou come back again for a Month, I'll throw her down again—Oh! Woman, 'tis not three Weeks, I think a Fortnight is the most.

Wife Nay, then I am gone already. [Swoons.]

Clown. I would make Haste to the Sexton now, but I'm afraid the Tolling of the Bell will wake her again. If she be so wise as to go now,—she stirs again: there's two Lives of the nine gone.

Wife. Oh! wouldst thou not help to recover me, Husband?

Clown. Alas! I could not find in my Heart to hold thee by thy Nose, or box thy Cheeks, it goes against my Conscience.

Wife. I will not be thus frightened to my Death, I'll search the Church Records: a Fortnight?

'Tis too little of Conscience, I cannot be so near; O Time, if thou be'st kind lend me but a Year. [Exit.]

Clown. What a Spight's this, that a Man cannot persuade his Wife to die in any Time with her Good-will. I have another bespoke already; though a Piece of old Beef will serve to Breakfast, yet a Man would be glad of a Chicken to Supper. The Clerk, I hope, understands no Hebrew, and cannot write backward what he hath writ forward already, and then I am well enough. 'Tis but a Month at most; if that were gone, my Venture comes in with her two for one, 'tis Use enough o' Conscience, for a Broker, if he had a Conscience.

[Exit.]

S C E N E

SCENE II.

Enter Eugenia at one Door, Simquides, Courtiers at the other.

Eug. Gentlemen Courtiers.

1 Cour. All your Servants vow'd, Lady.

Eug. Oh! I shall kill myself with infinite Laughter! Will Nobody take my Part?

Sim. An't be a laughing Business, put it to me; I'm one of the best in *Europe*, my Father died last too, I have the most Cause.

Eug. You have pick'd out such a Time, sweet Gentlemen, to make your Spleen a Banquet.

Sim. Oh, the Jest, Lady! I have a Jaw stands ready for't, I'll gape half-way and meet it.

Eug. My old Husband, that cannot say his Prayers out for Jealousy and Madnefs, at your coming first to woo me——

Sim. Well said.

1 Cour. Go on.

2 Cour. On, on.

Eug. Takes Counsel with the Secrets of all Art to make himself youthful again.

Sim. How? youthful? ha, ha, ha!

Eug. A Man of forty-five he would fain seem to be; or scarce so much, if he might have his Will, indeed.

Sim. I, but his white Hairs; they'll betray his Hoariness.

Eug. Why there you are wide; he's not the Man you take him for, nor will you know him when you see him again, there will be five to one laid upon that.

1 Cour. How?

Eug. Nay, you did well to laugh faintly there, I promise you, I think he'll outlive me now, and deceive Law and all.

Sim. Marry, Gout forbid!

Q 2

Eug.

Eug. You little think he was at Fencing-school at Four o'Clock this Morning.

Sim. How, at Fencing-school?

Eug. Else give no Trust to Woman.

Sim. By this Light I do not like him, then; he's like to live longer than I, for he may kill me first, now.

Eug. His Dancer now came in as I met you.

1 Cour. His Dancer too.

Eug. They observe Turns and Hours with him, the great *French* Rider will be here at Ten with his curvetting Horse.

2 Cour. These notwithstanding, his Hair and Wrinkles will betray his Age.

Eug. I'm sure his Head and Beard, as he has order'd it, look not past fifty now: he'll bring't to forty within these four Days, for nine Times an Hour, at least, he takes a black Lead Comb and combs it over; three Quarters of his Beard is under Fifty; there's but a little Tuft of fourscore left, all of one Side, which will be black by *Monday*. And, to approve my Truth, see, where he comes: laugh softly, Gentlemen, and look upon him.

Enter Lyfander.

Sim. Now by this Hand he's almost black i'th'Mouth, indeed.

1 Cour. He should die shortly, then.

Sim. Marry, methinks he dies too fast already, for he was all white but a Week ago.

1 Cour. Oh! this same Coney-white takes an excellent Black; too soon, a Mischief on't.

2 Cour. He will beguile us all, if that little Tuft northward turn black too.

Eug. Nay, Sir, I wonder 'tis so long a turning.

Sim. May be some Fairy's Child held forth at Midnight has piss'd upon that Side.

1 Cour. Is this the Beard?

Lyfan.

Lyfan. Ah, Sirrah ! my young Boys, I shall be for you,
 This little mangy Tuft takes up more Time
 Than all the Beard beside. Come you a wooing
 And I alive and lusty ? you shall find
 An Alteration, Jack-boys, I have a Spirit yet,
 (An I could match my Hair to't, there's the Fault,)
 And can do Offices of Youth yet lightly :
 At least, I will do, though it pain me a little.
 Shall not a Man, for a little foolish Age,
 Enjoy his Wife to himself ? must young Court Tits
 Play Tom-boy's Tricks with her, and he alive ? ha !
 I have Blood that will not bear it ; yet, I confess,
 I should be at my Prayers,—but where's the Dancer, there ?

Enter Dancer.

Danc. Here, Sir.

Lyfan. Come, come, come, one Trick a Day,
 And I shall soon recover all again.

Eug. 'Slight, an you laugh too loud, we are all dis-
 cover'd, Gentlemen.

Sim. And I have a scurvy grinny Laugh o'mine own,
 Will spoil all, I'm afraid.

Eug. Marry, take Heed, Sir.

Sim. Nay, an I should be hang'd I can't leave it ;
 Pup, there 'tis.

Eug. Peace ! oh, Peace !

Lyfan. Come, I am ready, Sir.

I hear the Church Book's lost, where I was born,
 And that shall set me back one and twenty Years ;
 There is no little Comfort left in that,
 And my three Court-codlings that look parboil'd,
 As if they came from *Cupid's* Scalding house——

Sim. He means me 'specially, I hold my Life.

Danc. What Trick will your old Worship learn this
 Morning, Sir ?

Lyfan. Marry, a Trick, if thou couldst teach a Man
 To keep his Wife to himself, I'd fain learn that.

Q 3

Danc.

Danc. That's a hard Trick, for an old Man 'specially;
The Horfe-trick comes the nearest.

Lyfan. Thou sayst true, I'Faith
They must be hors'd indeed, else there's no keeping on'em
And Horfe-play at fourscore is not so ready. [Sir.

Danc. Look you, here's your Worship's Horfe-trick.

Lyfan. Nay, say not so;
'Tis none of mine; I fall down Horfe and Man,
If I but offer at it.

Danc. My Life for yours, Sir.

Lyfan. Say'st thou me so?

Danc. Well offer'd, by my Viol, Sir.

Lyfan. A Pox of this Horfe-trick, 'tis play'd the
Jade with me
And given me a Wrench i'th' Back. [Ground,

Danc. Now here's your Inturne, and your Trick above

Lyfan. Pry'thee no more, unless thou hast a Mind
To lay me under-ground; one of these Tricks
Is enough in a Morning.

Danc. For your Galliard, Sir,
You are compleat enough; I, and may challenge
The proudest Coxcomb of 'em all, I'll stand to't.

Lyfan. 'Faith and I have other Weapons for the rest too,
I have prepar'd for 'em, if e'er I take
My Gregories here again.

Sim. Oh! I shall burst, I can hold out no longer.

Eug. He spoils all.

Lyfan. The Devil and his Grinners! are you come?
Bring forth the Weapons, we shall find you Play,
All Feats of Youth too, Jack-boys; Feats of Youth:
Your own Road-ways, you Glisterpipes. I'm old, you
say;

Yes, parlous old, Kids, an you mark me well.
This Beard cannot get Children, you lank Suck-eggs,
Unless such Weefels come from Court to help us.
We will get our own Brats, you lecherous Dog-bolts.

Enter

Enter with Glasses.

Well said, down with 'em, now we shall see your Spirits.
What, dwindle you already?

2 *Cour.* I have no Quality.

Sim. Nor I, unless Drinking may be reckon'd for one.

1 *Cour.* Why *Sim*, it shall.

Lyfan. Come, dare you chuse your Weapon, now?

1 *Cour.* I, Dancing, Sir, an you will be so hasty.

Lyfan. We're for you, Sir.

2 *Cour.* Fencing, I.

Lyfan. We'll answer you too.

Sim. I'm for Drinking; your wet Weapon there.

Lyfan. That wet one has cost many a Princock's Life,
And I will send it through you, with a Powder.

Sim. Let it come, with a Pox; I care not, so't be Drink,
I hope my Guts will hold, and that's e'en all
A Gentleman can look for of such Trillibubs.

Lyfan. Play the first Weapon; come strike, strike,
I say.

Yes, yes, you shall be first; I'll observe Court Rules:
[A Galliard Laminard.

Always the worst goes foremost, so 'twill prove, I hope.

So Sir, you've spit your Poison; now come I.

Now, forty Years go backward and assist me!

Fall from me half my Age, but for three Minutes,

That I may feel no Crick; I will put fair for't,

Although I hazard twenty Sciaticas.

So, I have hit you.

1 *Cour.* You've done well, I'faith, Sir.

Lyfan. If you confes it well, 'tis excellent,
And I have hit you soundly; I am warm now,
The second Weapon instantly.

2 *Cour.* What, so quick, Sir?

Will you not allow yourself a Breathing Time?

Lyfan. I've Breath enough at all Times, *Lucifer's*
Musk-cat,

Q 4

To

To give your perfum'd Worship three Venues,¹⁸
A sound old Man puts his Thrust better home
Than a spic'd young Man—there I.

2 *Cour.* Then, have at you, fourscore.

Lyfan. You lye, twenty, I hope, and you shall find it.

Sim. I'm glad I miss'd this Weapon, I had an Eye
Popp'd out ere this Time, or my two Butter-teeth
Thrust down my Throat instead of a Slap-dragon.

Lyfan. There's two : Pentweezle. [*they fence.*]

Danc. Excellently touch'd, Sir.

2 *Cour.* Had ever Man such Luck? speak your Opinion, Gentlemen. [*still,*]

Sim. Methinks your Luck's good that your Eyes are in
Mine would have dropp'd out like a Pig's half-roasted,

Lyfan. There wants a third—and there 'tis again,

2 *Cour.* The Devil has steel'd him.

Eug. What a strong Fiend is Jealousy!

Lyfan. You are dispatch'd, Bear-whelp.

Sim. Now comes my Weapon in.

Lyfan. Here Toadstool, here.

'Tis you and I must play these three wet Venues.

Sim. Venue in *Venice* Glasses; let 'em come,
They'll bruise no Flesh, I'm sure, nor break no Bones.

2 *Cour.* Yet you may drink your Eyes out, Sir.

Sim. I, but that's nothing; then they go voluntarily;
I do not

Love to have 'em thrust out, whether they will or no,

Lyfan. Here's your first Weapon, Duck's-meat.

Sim. How! a *Dutch* what d' you call 'em,
!Stead of a *German* Faulchion; a shrewd Weapon,
And, of all things, hard to be taken down:
Yet down it must, I have a Nose goes into't;
I shall drink double, I think.

1 *Cour.* The sooner off, *Sim.*

Lyfan. I'll pay you speedily——with a Trick
I learnt once amongst Drunkards, here's Half-pike.

Sim. Half-pike comes well after *Dutch* what do you
call 'em,

¹⁸ three Venues——

Venue, or *Venue*, in the spelling of the times, signifies a Bout. M. M.
They'd

They'd never be asunder by their Good-will.

1 *Cour.* Well pull'd of an old Fellow.

Lyfan. Oh, but your Fellows

Pull better at a Rope.

1 *Cour.* There's a Hair, *Sim.*

In that Glafs.

Sim. An't be as long as a Halter, down it goes;
No Hair shall cross me.

Lyfan. I make you stink worse than your Polecats do,
Here's long Sword your last Weapon.

Sim. No more Weapons.

1 *Cour.* Why, how now, *Sim?* bear up, thou
sham'st us all, else.

Sim. 'Slight I shall shame you worse, an I stay longer.
I have got the *Scotoma*¹⁹ in my Head already,
The Whimsy; you all turn round—do not you dance,
Gallants? [last Venue.

2 *Cour.* Pish! what's all this? why *Sim.* look the
Sim. No more Venues go down here, for these two
are coming up again.

2 *Cour.* Out! the Disgrace of Drinkers!

Sim. Yes, 'twill out,
Do you smell nothing yet?

1 *Cour.* Smell?

Sim. Farewell quickly then; it will do, if I stay. [*Exit.*

1 *Cour.* A Foil go with thee.

Lyfan. What shall we put down Youth at her own
Virtues?

Beat Folly in her own Ground? wondrous much!

Why may not we be held as full sufficient

To love our own Wives, get our own Children,

And live in free Peace 'till we be dissolved,

For such Spring-butterflies that are gaudy wing'd,

But no more Substance that those Shamble-flies

Which Butchers Boys snap between Sleep and Waking?

Come but to crush you once, you are but Maggots,

For all your beamy Out-sides.

¹⁹ *Scotoma*, the Greek for *Vertigo*. M. M.

Enter

Enter Cleanthes.

Here's *Cleanthes*,

He comes to chide ;—let him alone a little,
Our Cause will be reveng'd ; look, look, his Face
Is fet for stormy Weather ; do but mark
How the Clouds gather in it, 'twill pour down straight.

Clean. Methinks, I partly know you, that's my Grief.
Could you not all be lost, that had been handsome,
But to be known at all 'tis more than shameful ;
Why, was not your Name wont to be *Lyfander*?

Lyfan. 'Tis so still, Coz.

Clean. Judgment, defer thy coming ! else this Man's
miserable.

Eug. I told you there would be a Shower anon.

2 *Cour.* We'll in and hide our Noddles.

[*Exeunt Courtiers and Eugenia.*

Clean. What Devil brought this Colour to your Mind
Which, since your Childhood, I never saw you wear ?
You were ever of an innocent Gloss
Since I was ripe for Knowledge ; and would you lose it,
And change the Livery of Saints and Angels
For this mixt Monstrousness ; to force a Ground
That has been so long hallowed like a Temple,
To bring forth Fruits of Earth now, and turn back
To the wild Cries of Lust, and the Complexion
Of Sin in Act, lost and long since repented ?
Would you begin a Work ne'er yet attempted ;
To pull Time backward ?
See what your Wife will do ; are your Wits perfect ?

Lyfan. My Wits ?

Clean. I like it ten Times worse, for it had been safer
Now to be mad, and more excusable.

I hear you dance again, and do strange Follies.

Lyfan. I must confess, I have been put to some, Coz.

Clean. And yet you are not mad ; pray, say not so :
Give me that Comfort of you, that you are mad,

That

That I may think you are at worst; for if
 You are not mad, I then must guess you have
 The first of some Disease, was never heard of,
 Which may be worse than Madness, and more fearful;
 You'd weep to see yourself, else, and your Care
 To pray wou'd quickly turn you white again.
 I had a Father, had he liv'd his Month out
 But to have seen this most prodigious Folly,
 There needed not the Law to have cut him off:
 The Sight of this had prov'd his Executioner,
 And broke his Heart; he would have held it equal
 Done to a Sanctuary; for what is Age
 But the holy Place of Life, Chapel of Ease
 For all Men's wearied Miseries? and to rob
 That of her Ornament, it is as accurs'd
 As from a Priest to steal a holy Vestment,
 I, and convert it to a sinful Covering. [*Exit Lyfan.*
 I see't has done him good; Blessing go with it,
 Such as may make him pure again.

Enter Eugenia.

Eug. 'Twas bravely touch'd I'faith, Sir.

Clean. Oh, you are welcome.

Eug. Exceedingly well handled.

Clean. 'Tis to you I come; he fell but in my Way.

Eug. You mark'd his Beard, Cousin.

Clean. Mark me——

Eug. Did you ever see Hair so chang'd?

Clean. I must be forc'd to wake her, loudly too,
 The Devil has rock'd her so fast asleep—Strumpet!

Eug. Do you call, Sir?

Clean. Whore!

Eug. How do you, Sir?

Clean. Be I ne'er so well

I must be sick of thee, th'art a Disease
 That sticketh to the Heart,—as all such Women are.

Eug. What ails our Kindred?

Clean.

Clean. Bless me, she sleeps still !
 What a dead Modesty is in this Woman,
 Will never blush again ! Look on thy Work
 But with a christian Eye, 'twould turn thy Heart
 Into a Shower of Blood, to be the Cause
 Of that old Man's Destruction, (think upon't,)
 Ruin eternally ; for, through thy loose Follies,
 Heaven has found him a faint Servant lately,
 His Goodness has gone backward, and ingender'd
 With his old Sins again ; he has lost his Prayers
 And all the Tears that were Companions with 'em ;
 And like a blind-fold Man, giddy and blinded,
 Thinking he goes right on still, swerves but one Foot
 And turns to the same Place where he set out ;
 So he, that took his Farewell of the World,
 And cast the Joys behind him out of Sight,
 Summ'd up his Hours, made even with Time and Men,
 Is now in Heart arriv'd at Youth again ;
 All by thy Wildness, thy too hasty Lust
 Has driven him to this strange Apostacy ;
 Immodesty like thine was never equal'd.
 I've heard of Women, (shall I call 'em so?)
 Have welcom'd Suitors ere the Corpse were cold ;
 But thou, thy Husband living—thou'rt too bold.

Eug. Well, have you done now, Sir ?

Clean. Look, look ! she smiles yet.

Eug. All this is nothing to a Mind resoly'd,
 Ask any Woman that, she'll tell you so much.
 You have only shewn a pretty saucy Wit,
 Which I shall not forget, nor to requite it.—
 You shall hear from me shortly.

Clean. Shameless Woman,
 I take my Counsel from thee, 'tis too honest,
 And leave thee wholly to thy stronger Master :
 Bless the Sex of thee from thee ! that's my Prayer.
 Were all like thee, so impudently common,
 There's no Man would be found to wed a Woman

[*Exit.*

Eug.

Eug. I'll fit you gloriously ;
 He that attempts to take away my Pleasure,
 I'll take away his Joy ; and I can 'sure him
 His conceal'd Father pays for't. I'll e'en tell
 Him that I mean to make my Husband next,
 And he shall tell the Duke.—Mafs, here he comes.

Enter Simonides.

Sim. Has had a Bout with me too.

Eug. What? not since, Sir?

Sim. A Flirt, a little Flirt; he call'd me strange Names;
 But I ne'er minded him.

Eug. You shall quit him, Sir, when he as little
 minds you.

Sim. I like that well.

I love to be reveng'd when no one thinks of me.
 There's little Danger that Way.

Eug. This is it then ;
 He you shall strike, your Stroke shall be profound,
 And yet your Foe not guess who gave the Wound.

Sim. O' my Troth, I love to give such Wounds.

[Exeunt.]

The End of the THIRD ACT.

A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Clown, Butler, Bailiff, Taylor, Cook, Drawer, Wench.

Draw. **W**elcome, Gentlemen! will you not draw near? will you drink at Door, Gentlemen?

But. Oh! the Summer Air is best.

Draw. What Wine will it please you drink, Gentlemen?

But. De Clare, Sirrah.

[Exit Drawer.]

Clown. What y'are all sped already, Bullies?

Cook. My Widow's on the Spir, and half ready, Lad, a Turn or two more and I have done with her.

Clown. Then, Cook, I hope you have basted her before this Time.

Cook. And stuck her with Rosemary too, to sweeten her; she was tainted ere she came to my Hands. What an old Piece of Flesh of Fifty-nine, Eleven Months, and upwards! she must needs be Fly-blown.

Clown. Put her off, put her off, though you lose by her; the Weather's hot.

Cook. Why, Drawer?

Enter Drawer.

Draw. By and by — here, Gentlemen, here's the Quintessence of Greece; the Sages never drunk better Grape.

Cook. Sir, the mad Greeks of this Age can taste their Palermo as well as the sage Greeks did before 'em—Fill, Lick-spiggot.

Draw. Ad inum, Sir.

Clown. My Friends, I must doubly invite you all the fifth of the next Month, to the Funeral of my first Wife,
and

and to the Marriage of my Second ; my two to one, this is she.

Cook. I hope some of us will be ready for the Funeral of our Wives by that Time, to go with thee ; but shall they be both of a Day ?

Clown. Oh ! best of all, Sir ; where Sorrow and Joy meet together, one will help away with another the better. Besides, there will be Charges sav'd too ; the same Rosemary that serves for the Funeral, will serve for the Wedding.

But. How long do you make Account to be a Widower, Sir ?

Clown. Some half an Hour, long enough o' Conscience. Come, come, let's have some Agility ; is there no Musick in the House ?

Draw. Yes, Sir, here are sweet Wire-drawers in the House.

Cook. Oh ! that makes them and you seldom part, you are Wine-drawers, and they Wire-drawers.

Tayl. And both govern by the Pegs too.

Clown. And you have Pipes in your Concert too.

Draw. And Sack-butts too, Sir.

But. But the Heads of your Instruments differ ; yours are Hogheads, their's Cittern and Gittern Heads.

Bail. All wooden Heads ; there they meet again.

Cook. Bid 'em strike up, we'll have a Dance ; *Gnotho*, come, thou shalt foot it too. [Exit Drawer.

Clown. No dancing with me, we have *Siren* here.

Cook. *Siren* ? 'Twas *Hiren* the fair Greek, Man.

Clown. Five Drachms of that ; I say *Siren* the fair Greek, and so are all fair Greeks.

Cook. A Match, five Drachms her Name was *Hiren*.

Clown. *Siren's* Name was *Siren* for five Drachms.

Cook. 'Tis done.

Tayl. Take heed what you do, *Gnotho*.

Clown. Do not I know our own Country-women, *Siren* and *Nell* of Greece, two of the fairest Greeks that ever were.

Cook. That *Nell* was *Hellen* of Greece too.

Clown. As long as she tarried with her Husband, she was *Ellen*; but, after she came to *Troy*, she was *Nell* of *Troy*, or bonny *Nell*, whether you will or no.

Tayl. Why, did she grow shorter, when she came to *Troy*?

Clown. She grew longer, if you mark the Story. When she grew to be an *Ell*, she was deeper than any Yard of *Troy* could reach by a Quarter; there was *Cressida* was *Troy* Weight, and *Nell* was Avoirdupois; she held more, by four Ounces, than *Cressida*.

Bail. They say she caused many Wounds to be given in *Troy*.

Clown. True; she was wounded there herself, and cur'd again by Plaster of *Paris*, and, ever since, that has been us'd to stop Holes with.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Gentlemen, if you be disposed to be merry, the Musick is ready to strike up, and here's a Concert of mad *Greeks*; I know not whether they be Men or Women, or between both, they have, what you call 'em, Wizards on their Faces²⁰.

Cook. Wizards, good Man Lick-spiggot?

But. If they be wise Women, they may be Wizards too.

Draw. They desire to enter amongst any merry Company of Gentlemen-good-fellows for a Strain or two.

Enter old Women, Gnotho's Dance.

Cook. We'll strain ourselves with 'em, say; let 'em come; now for the Honour of *Epire*,

Clown. No dancing with me, we have *Siren* here.

The Dance of old Women mask'd, then offer to take the Men, they agree all but Gnotho, he sits with his Wenck, after they whisper.

²⁰ *Wizards on their Faces.*

It is evident, by the Cook's correcting him, that the Drawer called them Wizards, as he does again in his reply. M. M.

Cook.

Cook. I, so kind? then every one his Wench to his several Room: *Gnotho*, we are all provided now as you are.

[*Exeunt each with his Wife. Manent. Clown, Wench, Gnotho's Wife unmask'd.*]

Clown. I shall have two; it seems: Away! I have *Siren* here already.

Wife. What, a Mermaid?

Clown. No, but a Maid, Horse-face; oh! old Woman, is it you?

Wife. Yes, 'tis I; all the rest have gull'd themselves, and taken their own Wives, and shall know that they have done more than they can well answer; but I pray you, Husband, what are you doing?

Clown. 'Faith, thus should I do, if thou wert dead, old *Ag.* and thou hast not long to live, I'm sure. We have *Siren* here.

Wife. Art thou so shameless, whilst I am living, to keep one under my Nose?

Clown. No *Ag.* I do prize her far above thy Nose; if thou wouldst lay me both thine Eyes in my Hand to boot, I'll not leave her; art not ashamed to be seen in a Tavern, and hast scarce a Fortnight to live? oh! old Woman, what art thou? must thou find no Time to think of thy End?

Wife. O unkind Villain!

Clown. And then, Sweet-heart, thou shalt have two new Gowns; and the best of this old Woman's shall make thee Rayments for the Working-days.

Wife. O Rascal! dost thou quarter my Cloaths already too?

Clown. Her Ruffs will serve thee for nothing but to wash Dishes; for thou shalt have nine of the new Fashion.

Wife. Impudent Villain! shameless Harlot!

Clown. You may hear she never wore any but Ruffs all her Life-time.

Wife. Let me come, I'll tear the Strumpet from him.

Clown. Dar'st thou call my Wife Strumpet, thou Preterpluperfect Tense of a Woman? I'll make thee do

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R

Penance

Penance in the Sheet thou shalt be buried in ; abuse my Choice ? my two to one ?

Wife. No, unkind Villain ! I'll deceive thee yet :
I have a Reprieve for five Years of Life ;
I am with Child.

Wench. Cud so, *Gnotho*, I'll not tarry so long ; Five Years ? I may bury two Husbands by that Time.

Clown. Alas ! give the poor Woman Leave to talk ; she with Child ? I, with a Puppy ; as long as I have thee by me, she shall not be with Child, I warrant thee.

Wife. The Law, and thou, and all, shall find I am with Child.

Clown. I'll take my corporal Oath I begat it not ; and then thou diest for Adultery.

Wife. No matter ; that will ask some Time in the Proof.

Clown. Oh ! you'd be ston'd to Death, would you ? all old Women would die o' that Fashion with all their Hearts ; but the Law shall overthrow you, the t'other way, first.

Wench. Indeed if it be so, I will not linger so long, *Gnotho*.

Clown. Away, away ! some Botcher has got it ; 'tis but a Cushion, I warrant thee : The old Woman is loth to depart ; she never sung other Tune in her Life.

Wench. We will not have our Noses bor'd with a Cushion, if it be so.

Clown. Go, go thy Ways, thou old Almanack at the Twenty-eighth Day of *December*, e'en almost out of Date ; down on thy Knees, and make thee ready ; sell some of thy Cloaths to buy thee a Death's Head, and put upon thy Middle-finger ; your least considering Bawds do so much ; be not thou worse, though thou art an old Woman, as she is ; I am cloy'd with old Stock-fish ; here's a young Perch is sweeter Meat by half, pr'ythee, die before thy Day, if thou canst, that thou may'st not be counted a Witch.

Wife. No, thou art a Witch, and I'll prove it ; I said I was with Child, thou knew'st no other but by Sorcery

cery. Thou said'st it was a Cushion, and so it is; thou art a Witch for't, I'll be sworn to't.

Clown. Ha, ha, ha! I told thee 'twas a Cushion. Go get thy Sheet ready; we'll see thee buried as we go to Church to be married. *Exit.*

Wife. Nay I'll follow thee, and shew myself a Wife: I'll plague thee as long as I live with thee; and I'll bury some Money before I die, that my Ghost may haunt thee afterward. *Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Cleanthes.

Clean. What's that? oh! nothing but the whisp'ring Wind,
Breathes through yon churlish Hawthorn that grew rude
As if it chid the gentle Breath that kifs'd it.
I cannot be too circumspect, too careful;
For in these Woods lies hid all my Life's Treasure,
Which is too much ever to fear to lose,
Though it be never lost; and if our Watchfulness
Ought to be wise and serious 'gainst a Thief
That comes to steal our Goods, things all without us,
That prove Vexation often more than Comfort,
How mighty ought our Providence to be
To prevent those, if any such there were,
That come to rob our Bosom of our Joys,
That only make poor Man delight to live?
'Psha, I'm too fearful—Fie, fie! who can hurt me?
But 'tis a general Cowardice, that shakes
The Nerves of Confidence; he that hides Treasure,
Imagines every one thinks of that Place,
When 'tis a Thing least minded; nay, let him change
The Place continually, where'er it keeps,
There will the Fear keep still; yonder's the Storehouse
Of all my Comfort now—and, see it sends forth

R 2

Enter

Enter Hippolita.

A dear one to me, precious chief of Women !
How does the good old Soul ? has he fed well ?

Hip. Beshrew me, Sir, he made the heartiest Meal
To-day ;

Much good may't do his Health.

Clean. A Blessing on thee,
Both for thy News and Wish.

Hip. His Stomach, Sir,
Is better'd wondrously, since his Concealment.

Clean. Heav'n has a blessed Work in't. Come, we're
safe here,

I pr'ythee, call him forth, the Air is much wholfomer.

Hip. Father.

Enter Leonides.

Leon. How sweetly sounds the Voice of a good
Woman !

It is so seldom heard, that, when it speaks,
It ravishes all Senses. Lifts of Honour ;
I've a Joy weeps to see you, 'tis so full,
So fairly fruitful.

Clean. I hope to see you often, and return
Loaden with Blessings, still to pour on some ;
I find 'em all in my contented Peace,
And lose not one in thousands, they are dispersed
So gloriously, I know not which are brightest ;
I find 'em, as Angels are found, by Legions :
First, in the Love and Honesty of a Wife,
Which is the first and chiefest of all temporal Blessings ;
Next in yourself, which is the Hope and Joy
Of all my Actions, my Affairs, my Wishes ;
And, lastly, which crowns all, I find my Soul
Crown'd with the Peace of 'em, th'eternal Riches !
Man's only Portion for his heavenly Marriage,

Leon. Rise, thou art all Obedience, Love, and Good-
ness.

I dare

I dare say that which thousand Fathers cannot,
And that's my precious Comfort, never Son
Was in the Way more of celestial Rising,
Thou art so made of such ascending Virtue
That all the Powers of Hell cannot sink thee. [*a Horn.*

Clean. Ha!

Leon. What was't disturbed my Joy?

Clean. Did you not hear,

As afar off?

Hip. What my excellent Confort?

Clean. Nor you.

Hip. I heard a——

[*a Horn.*

Clean. Hark, again?

Leon. Bles my Joy!

What ails it on a sudden?

Clean. Now since—lately.

Leon. 'Tis nothing but a Sympton of thy Care, Man.

Clean. Alas! you do not hear well.

Leon. What was't, Daughter? [*Exit Leon.*

Hip. I heard a Sound, twice.

[*a Horn.*

Clean. Hark! Louder and nearer;

In, for the precious Good of Virtue, quick, Sir!

Louder and nearer yet; at Hand, at Hand;

A Hunting here? 'tis strange! I never

Knew Game followed in these Woods before.

Enter Duke, Simonides, Courtier, and Executioner.

Hip. Now let 'em come and spare not.

Clean. Ha! 'tis,—is't not the Duke?—look sparingly,

Hip. 'Tis he; but what of that? Alas, take heed,
Sir!

Your Care will overthrow us.

Clean. Come it shall not,

Let's set a pleasant Face upon our Fears,

Though our Hearts shake with Horror,—ha, ha, ha!

Duke. Hark!

Clean. Pr'ythee, proceed;

I'm taken with these light things infinitely,

R 3

Since

Since the old Man's Decease ; ha !—so they parted ? ha,
 ha, ha ! [merry

Duke. Why how should I believe this ? Look, he's
 As if he had no such Charge ? One with that Care
 Could never be so ; still he holds his Temper,
 And 'tis the same still, with no Difference,
 He brought his Father's Corpse to the Grave with.
 He laugh'd thus then, you know.

i Cour. I, he may laugh, my Lord ;
 That shows but how he glories in his Cunning ;
 And, perhaps, done more to advance his Wit,
 Than to express Affection to his Father,
 That only he has over-reach'd the Law.

Sim. He tells you right, my Lord, his own Cousin-
 German

Reveal'd it first to me ; a free-tongued Woman,
 And very excellent at telling Secrets.

Duke. If a Contempt can be so neatly carried ;
 It gives me Cause of Wonder,

Sim. 'Troth, my Lord,
 'Twill prove a delicate Cozening, I believe ;
 I'd have no Scrivener offer to come near it,

Duke. Cleanthes.

Clean. My lov'd Lord,

Duke. Not mov'd a whit !

Constant to Lightness still ? 'tis strange to meet you
 Upon a Ground so unfrequented, Sir :

This does not fit your Passion ; you're for Mirth,
 Or I mistake you much.

Clean. But finding it

Grow to a noted Imperfection in me,
 (For any Thing too much is vicious)
 I come to these disconsolate Walks, of Purpose
 Only to dull and take away the Edge on't.
 I ever had a greater Zeal to Sadness ;
 A natural Propension, I confess, my Lord,
 Before that chearful Accident fell out,
 If I may call a Father's Funeral chearful,
 Without Wrong done to Duty or my Love.

Duke,

Duke. It seems, then, you take Pleasure in these Walks, Sir.

Clean. Contemplative Content I do, my Lord :
They bring into my Mind oft' Meditations
So sweetly precious²¹, that in the Parting
I find a Shower of Grace upon my Cheeks,
They take their Leave so feelingly.

Duke. So, Sir?

Clean. Which is a kind of grave Delight, my Lord.

Duke. And I've a small Cause, *Cleantes*, to afford you
The least Delight that has a Name,

Clean. My Lord?

Sim. Now it begins to fadge.

i Cour. Peace! thou art so greedy, *Sim.*

Duke. In your Excess of Joy you have express'd
Your Rancour and Contempt against my Law :
Your Smiles deserve Fining, you have profess'd
Derision openly, e'en to my Face,
Which might be Death, a little more incens'd.
You do not come for any Freedom here,
But for a Project of your own ;
But all that's known to be contentful to thee
Shall in the Use prove deadly. Your Life's mine,
If ever my Presumption do but lead thee
Into these Walks again,—I, or that Woman,—
I'll have 'em watch'd a Purpose—

i Cour. Now, now, his Colour ebbs and flows.

Sim. Mark hers too. [Man, now!

Hip. Oh! who shall bring Food to the poor old
Speak somewhat, good Sir, or we're lost for ever!

[*aside.*

²¹ ———— *Meditations*

So sweetly precious, &c.

I am not fond of exclamatory Praise on particular Passages of Authors ; but this is so uncommonly beautiful, that it would scarce be pardonable to pass it by unnoticed. *Cleantes* is a most amiable Character of filial Duty ; and this Expression of infelt Happiness and virtuous Complacency, from the Contemplation of his having acted as became a Son in his Situation, is equal to any Thing I ever read. D.

Clean. Oh! you did wondrous ill to call me again;
There are not Words to help us; if I entreat,
'Tis Sound that will betray us worse than Silence!
Pr'ythee let Heav'n alone, and let's say nothing. [*aside.*

Cour. You've struck 'em dumb, my Lord.

Sim. Look how Guilt looks!

I would not have that Fear upon my Flesh,
To save ten Fathers.

Clean. He is safe still, is he not?

Hip. Oh! you do ill to doubt it.

Clean. Thou art all Goodness.

Sim. Now does your Grace believe?

Duke. 'Tis too apparent.

Search, make a speedy Search; for the Imposture
Cannot be far off, by the Fear it sends.

Clean. Ha!

Sim. He has the Lapwing's Cunning, I'm afraid, my
Lord,

That cries most when she's farthest from the Nest.

Clean. Oh we're betray'd.

Hip. Betray'd, Sir?

Sim. See, my Lord,

It comes out more and more still, [*Exeunt Courtiers*

Clean. Bloody Thief, and *Sim.*

Come from that Place, 'tis sacred Homicide,
'Tis not for thy adulterate Hands to touch it.

Hip. Oh miserable Virtue! what Distress
Art thou in at this Minute!

Clean. Help me, Thunder!

For my Power's lost; Angels, shoot Plagues and help me!
Why are these Men in Health, and I so Heart-sick?

Or why should Nature have that Power in me

To levy up a Thousand bleeding Sorrows,

And not one Comfort? only make me lie

Like the poor Mockery of an Earthquake here?

Panting with Horror, and have not so much Force

In all my Vengeance, to shake a Villain off me?

Enter

Enter Courtiers, Simonides, Leonides.

Hip. Use him gently, and Heaven will love you for it.

Clean. Father! oh Father! now I see thee full
In thy Affliction; thou 'rt a Man of Sorrow,
But reverently becom'st it, that's my Comfort:
Extremity was never better grac'd
Than with that Look of thine; oh! let me look still,
For I shall lose it: all my Joy and Strength
Is e'en eclipsed together. I transgress'd
Your Law, my Lord, let me receive the Sting on't.
Be once just, Sir, and let the Offender die:
He's innocent in all, and I am guilty.

Leon. Your Grace knows, when Affection only speaks,
Truth is not always there; his Love would draw
An undeserved Misery on his Youth,
And wrong a Peace resolv'd, on both Parts sinful.
'Tis I am guilty of my own Concealment,
And, like a worldly Coward, injur'd Heaven
With Fear to go to't—now I see my Fault,
And am prepar'd with Joy to suffer for't.

Duke. Go, give him quick Dispatch; let him see Death;
And your Presumption, Sir, shall come to Judgment.

[Exeunt, with Leonides.]

Hip. He's going! oh, he's gone, Sir!

Clean. Let me rise.

Hip. Why do you not, then, and follow?

Clean. I strive for't.

Is there no Hand of Pity that will ease me,
And take this Villain from my Heart awhile?

Hip. Alas! he's gone.

Clean. A worse supplies his Place then,
A Weight more ponderous; I cannot follow.

Hip. Oh Misery of Affliction!

Clean. They will stay.

Till I can come; they must be so good ever,
Though they be ne'er so cruel:

My last Leave must be taken; think of that,
And his last Blessing given; I will not lose

That

That for a Thousand Consorts.

Hip. That Hope's wretched.

Clean. The inutterable Stings of Fortune,
All Griefs, are to be borne, save this alone ;
This, like a headlong Torrent, overturns
The Frame of Nature,
For he that gives us Life first, as a Father,
Locks all his natural Sufferings in our Blood ;
The Sorrow that he feels too, are our Heart's,
They are incorporate to us,

Hip. Noble Sir !

Clean. Let me behold thee well.

Hip. Sir !

Clean. Thou should'st be good,
Or thou'rt a dang'rous Substance to be lodg'd
So near the Heart of Man.

Hip. What means this, dear Sir ?

Clean. To thy Trust only was this blessed Secret
Kindly committed ; 'tis destroy'd, thou seest ;
What follows to be thought on't ?

Hip. Miserable !

Why here's the Unhappiness of Woman still,
That, having forfeited in old Times their Trust,
Now make their Faiths suspected that are just.

Clean. What shall I say to all my Sorrows then,
That look for Satisfaction ?

Enter Eugenia.

Eug. Ha, ha, ha ! Cousin——

Clean. How ill dost thou become this Time !

Eug. Ha, ha, ha !

Why, that's but your Opinion ; a young Wench
Becomes the Time at all Times. Now, Coz,
We are even : an you be remember'd,
You left a Strumpet and a Whore at Home with me,
And such fine field-bed Words, which could not cost you
Less than a Father.

Clean. Is it come that Way ?

Eug. Had you an Uncle,

He

He should go the same Way too.

Clean. Oh Eternity!

What Monster is this Fiend in Labour with?

Eug. An As-colt with two Heads; that's she and you:
I will not lose so glorious a Revenge,
Not to be understood in't: I betrayed him.

And now we're even, you'd best keep him so.

Clean. Is there not Poison yet enough to kill me?

Hip. Oh, Sir, forgive me? it was I betray'd him.

Clean. How?

Hip. I.

Clean. The Fellow of my Heart? 'twill speed me,
then.

Hip. Her Tears that never wept, and mine own Pity.
E'en cozen'd me together; and stole from me
This Secret, which fierce Death should not have purchas'd.

Clean. Nay, then we're at an End; all we are false ones,
And ought to suffer. I was false to Wisdom,
In trusting Woman; thou wert false to Faith,
In uttering of the Secret; and thou false
To Goodness, in deceiving such a Pity.
We are all tainted some Way; but thou worst,
And for thy infectious Spots ought to die first.

[going to stab Eugenia.]

Eug. Pray turn your Weapon, Sir, upon your Mistress;
I come not so ill-friended—rescue, Servants.

Enter Simonides and Courtiers.

Clean. Are you so whorishly provided?

Sim. Yes, Sir,

She has more Weapons at Command than one.

Eug. Put forward, Man! thou art most sure to have
me.

Sim. I shall be surer,—if I keep behind, though.

Eug. Now, Servants, shew your Love.

Sim. I'll shew my Love too afar off.

Eug. I love to be so courted, woo me there.

Sim.

Sim. I love to keep good Weapons, though ne'er fought,
I'm sharper set within than I am without.

Hip. Oh, Gentlemen, *Cleanthes*.

Eug. Fight ! upon him !

Clean. Thy Thirst of Blood proclaims thee now a Strumpet.

Eug. 'Tis dainty, next to Procreation fitting :
I'd either be destroying Men or getting.

Enter Officers.

1 Officer. Forbear, on your Allegiance, Gentlemen !
He's the Duke's Prisoner, and we seize upon him
To answer this Contempt against the Law.

Clean. I obey Fate in all things.

Hip. Happy Rescue !

Sim. I would you'd seiz'd upon him a Minute sooner ;
it had sav'd me a cut Finger : I wonder how I came
by't, for I never put my Hand forth, I'm sure ; I
think my own Sword did cut it, if Truth were known ;
may be the Wire in the Handle ; I have liv'd these five
and twenty Years, and never knew what Colour my
Blood was of before. I never durst eat Oysters, nor
cut Peck-loaves——

Eug. You've shown your Spirits, Gentlemen ; but you
have cut your Finger.

Sim. I, the Wedding-finger too, a Pox on't.

1 Cour. You'll prove a bawdy Batchelor, *Sim*, to
have a Cut upon your Finger before you are married.

Sim. I'll never draw Sword again, to have such a Jest
put upon me.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Simonides, and the Courtiers, Sword and Mace carried before them.

Sim. **B**E ready with your Prisoner, we'll fit instantly,
And rise before Eleven; or when we please:
Shall we not, Fellow-judges?

Cour. 'Tis committed

All to our Power, Censure and Pleasure, now
The Duke hath made us chief Lords of this Sessions,
And we may speak by Fits, or sleep by Turns.

Sim. Leave that to us; but whatsoe'er we do,
The Prisoner shall be sure to be condemn'd;
Sleeping or waking, we're resolv'd on that,
Before we set upon him.

2 Cour. Make you question ²²

If not *Cleanthes* stand our Enemy, ²³

22 Make you question

If not Cleanthes, &c.

This Passage, which can hardly be understood, I have not ventured to alter; but I think it would read better thus:

Make you question

If not Cleanthes is our Enemy?

Nay a Concealer of his Father too;

A vile Example in these Days of Youth?

i. e. Can you question if such a Person, one who is an Enemy to us, and has been guilty of these Things, is not a vile Example in these Days of Youth?

I shall here observe, concerning the Play before us, that the Errors in all the old Copies are numberless; but as they seem to be Errors of the Press only, I have taken the Liberty to correct them, and to restore the Sense, wherever it seemed deficient, to its original Meaning. This I have done without burthening the Text with Notes, as I am conscious they would be of little Consequence, afford no Entertainment, and only interrupt the Reader in the Perusal.

Had the Editor really corrected the Errors of the Press, he would have saved me some trouble; this Play must indeed have been in a deplorable State, if he found it worse than he has left it. M. M.

²³ Stand our Enemy, is nearer to the Text. M. M.

Nay

Nay a Concealer of his Father too ;
A vile Example in these Days of Youth ?

Sim. If they were given to follow such Examples ;
But sure I think they are not ; howsoe'er
'Twas wickedly attempted, that's my Judgment,
And it shall pass whilst I'm in Power to sit.
Never by Prince were such young Judges made ;
But now the Cause requires it. If you mark it,
He must make young or none ; for all the old ones
He hath sent a Fishing—and my Father's one,
I humbly thank his Highness.

Enter Eugenia.

1 Cour. Widow ?

Eug. You almost hit my Name ; know, Gentlemen ;
You come so wond'rous near it, I admire you.
For your Judgment.

Sim. My Wife that must be ? She.

Eug. My Husband goes upon his last Hour, now.

1 Cour. On his last Legs, I am sure.

Eug. *September* the seventeenth,
I will not bate an Hour on't, and To-morrow
His latest Hour's expired.

2 Cour. Bring him to Judgment,
The Jury's pannell'd, and the Verdict given
Ere he appears ; we've taken Course for that.

Sim. And Officers t'attach the grey young Man,
The Youth of Fourscore. Be of Comfort, Lady !
You shall no longer bosom *January* :
For that I will take Order, and provide
For you a lusty *April*.

Eug. The Month that ought, indeed,
To go before *May*.

1 Cour. Do as we have said ;
Take a strong Guard and bring him into Court ;
Lady *Eugenia*,—see this Charge performed,
That, having his Life forfeited by the Law
He may relieve his Soul.

Eug. Willingly.

From

From shaven Chins never came better Justice
Than these new touch'd by Reason.²⁴

Sim. What you do,
Do suddenly, we charge you, for we purpose
To make but a short Sessions—a new Business?

Enter Hippolita.

1 Cour. The fair *Hippolita*! now what's your Suit?

Hip. Alas! I know not how to stile you yet;
To call you Judges doth not suit your Years
Nor Heads; and Brains shew more Antiquity;
Yet sway yourselves with Equity and Truth,
And I'll proclaim you reverend, and repeat
Once in my Life-time I have seen grave Heads
Plac'd upon young Men's Shoulders.

2 Cour. Hark, she flouts us,
And thinks to make us monstrous!

Hip. Prove not so;
For yet, methinks, you bear the Shapes of Men,
Though nothing more than meerly beautiful
To make you appear Angels; but if you crimson
Your Name and Power with Blood and Cruelty;
Suppress fair Virtue, and enlarge old Vice;
Both against Heaven and Nature draw your Sword;
Make either Will or Humour turn the Scale
Of your created Greatness; and in that
Oppose all Goodness; I must tell you, then
You're more than monstrous, and in the very Act
You change yourselves to Devils.

1 Cour. She's a Witch;
Hark! she begins to conjure.

Sim. Time, you see,
Is short, much Business now on Foot—Shall I
Give her her Answer?

2 Cour. None upon the Bench
More learnedly can do it.

Sim. He, he, hem! then list,

²⁴ *Than these new touch'd by Reason.*

It is evident that we should read

“Than those ne'er touch'd by Razor. M. M.

I won-

I wonder at thine Impudence, young Housewife,
That thou dar'st plead for such a base Offender;
Conceal a Father past his Time to die?
What Son and Heir would have done this but he?

1 *Cour.* I vow, not I.

Hip. Because ye are Parricides;
And how can Comfort be derived from such
That pity not their Fathers?

2 *Cour.* You're fresh and fair; practise young Women's Ends;

When Husbands are distress'd, provide them Friends.

Sim. I'll set him forward, without Fee:

Some Wives would pay for such a Courtesy.

Hip. Times of Amazement! What Duty, Goodness dwell——

I fought for Charity, but knock at Hell.²⁵ [Exit.

Enter Eugenia, with Lysander Prisoner, a Guard.

Sim. *Eugenia* come!

Command a second Guard to bring *Cleantes* in;
We'll not sit long; my Stomach strives to Dinner.

Eug. Now, Servants, may a Lady be so bold
To call your Power so low?

Sim. A Mistress may;

She can make all things low; then in that Language
There can be no Offence.

Eug. The Time's now come
Of Manumissions; take him into Bonds,
And I am then at Freedom.

²⁵ *Times of Amazement! what Duty, Goodness dwell—
I fought for Charity, but knock at Hell.*

This Passage, as it stands, is not sense; I should therefore read it thus:
Times of Amazement! where do your Goodness dwell?

I fought, &c. M. M.

The text, I think, stands not in Need of Alteration. *Hippolita*, shocked at the infamous Behaviour of the Courtiers, breaks out into an Exclamation against the Wickedness of the Times, but she interrupts her Invective by a very natural Suppression, or Apopoeisis; like the *Quas ego* of *Virgil*; *Æn.* 1. 139. D.

2 *Cour.* This the Man?

He hath left of late to feed on Snakes,
His Beard's turn'd white again.

1 *Cour.* Is't possible these gouty Legs danc'd lately;
And shatter'd in a Galliard?

Eug. Jealousy,
And Fear of Death, can work strange Prodigies.

2 *Cour.* The nimble Fencer this, that made me tear
And traverse 'bout the Chamber?

Sim. I, and gave me
Those elbow Healths, the Hangman take him for't!
They'd almost fetch'd my Heart out; the *Dutch Venue*
I swallow'd pretty well; but the Half-pike²⁶
Had almost prepared me; but had I took Longsword
Being swol'n, I had cast my Lungs out. [*Flourish.*

Enter the Duke.

2 *Cour.* Peace the Duke.

Duke. Nay, bathe your Seats: who is that?

Sim. May't please your Highness, 'tis old *Lysander*,
And brought in by his Wife, a worthy Precedent
Of one that no Way would offend the Law,
And should not pass away without Remark.

Duke. You have been look'd for long.

Lysan. But never fit
To die till now, my Lord. My Sins and I

²⁶ ——— but the Half-pike
Had almost prepared me; but had I took
Being swol'n, &c.

There are two Mistakes in this Passage. We should certainly read, *pepper'd me*, instead of *prepared me*, for the latter is not sense: and it is evident that some word is wanting after *had I took*, to express what he was to have taken; as Longsword was the only one of *Lysander's* drinking weapons, with which *Simonides* did not engage him, I have ventured to insert it, as necessary to compleat the Sense. M. M.

²⁷ *Nay, bathe your Seats, &c.* i. e. *Nay, keep your Seats.* That the Duke means to bid them keep their Seats is evident; but the Editor has not explained to us how the words *bathe your Seats* can express that meaning; as I don't see how it can, I shall read *keep* instead of *bathe*. It is indeed of little Consequence whether I be right or not. M. M.
The Author certainly wrote, *Nay, take your Seats.* D.

Have been but newly parted ; much ado
 I had to get them to leave me, or be taught
 That difficult Lesson how to learn to die.
 I never thought there had been such an Act,
 And 'tis the only Discipline we are born for ;
 All Studies else, are but as circular Lines
 And Death the Center where they must all meet.
 I now can look upon thee, erring Woman,
 And not be vex'd with jealousy ; on young Men,
 And no Way envy their delicious Health,
 Pleasure and Strength ; all which were once mine own,
 And mine must be theirs one Day.

Duke. You have tam'd him.

Sim. And know how to dispose him ; that, my Liege,
 Hath been before determined. You confess
 Yourself of full Age.

Lysan. Yes, and prepared to inherit——

Eug. Your Place above.

Sim. Of which the Hangman's Strength
 Shall put him in Possession. And such are,
 When the Earth grows weary of them, [mus,
 Most fit for Heaven : The Court shall make his Mitti-
 And send him thither presently. I'th' mean Time——

Duke. Away to Death with him. [*Exit Executioner,*
with Lysander.

*Enter a Guard with Cleanthes, Hippolita weeping
 after him.*

Sim. So, see another Person brought to the Bar.

1 Cour. The Arch-malefactor,

2 Cour. The grand Offender, the most refractory
 To all good Order, 'tis *Cleanthes*, he——

Sim. That would have Sons grave Fathers, ere their
 Fathers

Be sent unto their Graves.

Duke. There will be Expectation
 In your severe Proceedings against him ;
 His Act being so capital.

Sim. Fearful and bloody ;
 Therefore we charge these Women leave the Court,
 Left

Left they should start to hear it.

Eug. I, in Expectation
Of a most happy Freedom.

[Exit.

Hip. I, with the Apprehension
Of a most sad and desolate Widowhood.

[Exit,

1 *Cour.* We bring him to the Bar.

2 *Cour.* Hold up your Hand, Sir.

Clean. More Rev'rence to the Place than to the Persons :
To the one I offer up a Palm
Of Duty and Obedience shew'd as to Heaven,
Imploring Justice, which was never wanting
Upon that Bench whilst their own Fathers sat :
But unto you, my Hands contracted thus,
As threat'ning Vengeance against Murderers,
For they that kill in Thought shed innocent Blood :
With Pardon of your Highness ; too much Passion
Made me forget your Presence, and the Place
I now am call'd to.

Duke. All our Majesty
And Power we have to pardon or condemn,
Is now conferr'd on them.

Sim. And these we'll use
Little to thine Advantage.

Clean. I expect it :
And as to these, I look no Mercy from them,
And much less shown to intreat it ; I thus now
Submit me to the Emblems of your Power, I mean
The Sword and Bench : But, my most reverend Judges,
Ere you proceed to Sentence, for I know
You've given me lost, will you resolve me one thing ?

1 *Cour.* So it be briefly question'd.

2 *Cour.* Shew your Honour :
Day spends itself apace.

Clean. My Lords, I shall.
Resolve me, then, where are your filial Tears,
Your mourning Habits and sad Hearts become,
That should attend your Father's Funerals ?
Though the strict Law (which I will not accuse,
Because a Subject) snatch'd away their Lives,
It doth not bar you to lament their Deaths :

Or if you cannot spare one sad Suspire,²⁸
 It doth not bid you laugh them to their Graves,
 Lay subtle Trains to antedate their Years,
 To be the sooner seisd of their Estates.
 Oh, Time of Age ! where's that *Æneas* now,
 Who letting all his Jewels to the Flames ;
 Forgetting Country, Kindred, Treasure, Friends,
 Fortunes and all things, save the Name of Son,
 (Which you so much forget,) godlike *Æneas*,
 Who took his bedrid Father on his Back,
 And with that sacred Load (to him no Burden)
 Hew'd out his Way through Blood, through Fire, even
 Through the arm'd Streets of bright burning *Troy*,
 Only to save a Father.

Sim. We have no Leisure now
 To hear Lessons read from *Virgil* ; we're past School,
 And all this Time thy Judges.

2 Cour. 'Tis fit
 That we proceed to Sentence.

1 Cour. You are the Mouth,
 And now 'tis fit to open.

Sim. Justice, indeed,
 Should ever be close-ear'd, and open-mouth'd ;
 That is, to hear him little, and speak much.
 Lo then, *Cleantes*, there is none can be
 A good Son and a bad Subject ; for, if Princes
 Be call'd the People's Fathers, then the Subjects
 Are all his Sons ; and he that flouts the Prince
 Doth disobey his Father ; there you're gone.

1 Cour. And not to be recover'd.

Sim. And again——

2 Cour. If he be gone once, call him not again.

Sim. I say again, this Act of thine expresses
 A double Disobedience ; as our Princes
 Are Fathers, so they are our Sovereigns too,

²⁸ *Suspire*, a Sigh ; from *Sospiro*, in Italian, or *Soupire* in French, formerly written *Sonspire*. M. M.

I should rather think *suspire* came from the Latin Original, *Suspirium* a Sigh. D.

And

And he that doth rebel against Sov'reignty
Doth commit Treason in the height of Degree;
And now thou art quite gone.

1 *Cour.* Our Brother in Commission
Hath spoke his Mind both learnedly and neatly,
And I can add but little, howsoever
It shall send him packing.

He that begins a Fault that wants Example,
Ought to be made Example for the Fault.

Clean. A Fault! No longer can I hold myself,
To hear Vice upheld, and Virtue thrown down,
A Fault! Judge then, I desire, where it lieth;
In those that are my Judges, or in me?
Heaven stands on my Side, Pity, Love, and Duty.

Sim. Where are they, Sir? who sees them but
yourself?

Clean. Not you; and I am sure
You never had the gracious Eyes to see them.
You think you arraign me; but I hope
To sentence you at the Bar.

2 *Cour.* That would shew brave.

Clean. Were this the Judgment-seat we stand at now,
Of the heaviest Crimes that ever made up
Unnaturalness, and Inhumanity,
You are found foul and guilty, by a Jury
Made of your Father's Curses, which have brought
Vengeance impending on you; and I now
Am forc'd to pronounce Judgment on my Judges.
The common Laws of Reason and of Nature
Condemn you *ipso facto*; you are Parricides:
And, if you marry, will beget the like,
Who, when you're grown to full Maturity,
Will hurry you, their Fathers, to their Graves;
Like Traitors, you take Counsel from the Living:
Of upright Judgment you would rob the Bench:
(Experience and Discretion snatch'd away
From the Earth's Face) turn all into Disorder,
Imprison Virtue, and infranchise Vice,

And put the Sword of Justice into the Hands
Of Boys and Madmen.

Sim. Well, well, have you done, Sir?

Clean. I've spoke my Thoughts.

Sim. Then I'll begin and end.

Duke. 'Tis Time I now begin,
Here your Commission ends.

Cleanthes, come you from the Bar:

Because I know you're severally dispos'd;

I here invite you to an Object will, no Doubt,
Work in your contrary Effects.

Musick.

Recorders, the old Men appear.

Clean. Pray, Heaven,

I dream not; sure he moves, talks comfortably,

As Joy can wish a Man. If he be chang'd

Far above from me, he is not ill intreated;

His Face doth promise Fulness of Content,

And Glory hath a Part in't.

Leon. Oh my Son!

[Lads,

Duke. You that can claim Acquaintance with these
Talk freely.

Sim. I can see none there that's worth
One Hand to you from me.

Duke. These are thy Judges, and by their grave Law
I find thee clear, but these Delinquents guilty:

You must change Places, for 'tis so decreed,

Such just Pre-eminence hath thy Goodness gained,

Thou art the Judge now, they the Men arraign'd.

1 *Cour.* Here's fine Dancing, Gentlemen!

2 *Cour.* Is thy Father amongst them?

Sim. Oh! a Pox! I saw him, the first thing I look'd on.
Alive again? 'Slight, I believe now a Father
Hath as many Lives as a Mother.

Clean. 'Tis full as blessed as 'tis wonderful!

Oh! bring me back to the same Law again,
I am fouler than all these; seize on me, Officers,
And bring me to new Sentence.

Sim.

Sim. What's all this?

Clean. A Fault not to be pardon'd,
Unnaturalness is but Sin's Shadow to it.

Sim. I am glad of that; I hope the Case may alter,
And I turn Judge again.

Duke. Name your Offence.

Clean. That I should be so vile
As once to think you cruel!

Duke. Is that all?

'Twas pardon'd ere confess'd: you that have Sons,
If they be worthy, here may challenge them.

Creon. I should have one amongst them, had he had
Grace

To have retained that Name.

Sim. I pray you, Father.

[*kneels.*

Creon. That Name, I know,
Hath been long since forgot.

Sim. I find but small Comfort in rememb'ring it now.

Duke. *Cleanthes*, take your Place with these grave
Fathers,

And read what in that Table is inscribed;

Now set these at the Bar,

And read, *Cleanthes*, to the Dread and Terror
Of Disobediente and unnatural Blood.

Clean. "It is decreed by the grave and learned
" Council of *Epire*, that no Son and Heir shall be held
" capable of his Inheritance at the age of one and twenty,
" unless he be at that Time as mature in Obedience,
" Manners, and Goodness."

Sim. Sure I shall never be at full Age, then, though
I live to an hundred Years, and that's nearer by twenty
than the last Statute allow'd.

1 Cour. A terrible Act!

Clean. "Moreover it is enacted, that all Sons aforesaid,
" whom either this Law or their own Grace shall reduce
" into the true Method of Duty, Virtue, and Affection;
" and relate their Trial and Approbation from *Cleanthes*
" the Son of *Leonides*"—from me! my Lord?

Duke. From none but you as fullest. Proceed, Sir.

S 4

Clean.

Clean. "Whom, for his manifest Virtues, we make
"such Judge and Censor of Youth, and the absolute
"Referee of Life and Manners."

Sim. This is a brave World! when a Man should be
selling Land, he must be learning Manners.
Is't not, my Masters?

Enter Eugenia.

Eug. What's here to do? my Suitors at the Bar.
The old Bard shines again²⁹—Oh miserable! [*She swoons.*]

Duke. Read the Law over to her, 'twill awake her:
'Tis one deserves small Pity.

Clean. "Lastly, it is ordained, that all such Wives now
"whatsoever, that shall design their Husband's Death, to
"be soon rid of them, and entertain Suitors in their
"Husband's Life Time"——

Sim. You had best read that a little louder, for, if any
Thing, that will bring her to herself again, and find her
Tongue.

Clean. "Shall not presume, on the Penalty of our
"heavy Displeasure, to marry within ten Years after."

Eug. That Law's too long by nine Years and a half;
I'll take my Death upon't, so shall most Women.

Clean. "And those incontinent Women so offending,
"to be judg'd and censur'd by *Hippolita*, Wife to
"*Cleanthes*."

Eug. Of all the rest, I'll not be judged by her.

Enter Hippolita.

Clean. Ah! here she comes. Let me prevent thy Joys:
Prevent them but in Part, and hide the rest;
Thou hast not Strength enough to bear them, else.

²⁹ *The old Bard shines again*——

As I can extract no Sense from these words, I think the Passage
should be printed thus,

The old revived again?—— M. M.

The addition of a letter will make very good Sense. *Eugenia* seeing
her Husband and the rest of the old Men, whom she imagined had been
put to Death, cries out with Surprise, *The old Beard shines again*. She
who had praised the Judgment of young Men, whose Chins had never
felt the Razor, (see p 255) now pays this unwilling Compliment to the
Beards, or Old Men. D.

Hip.

Hip. Leonides!

[She faints.]

Clean. I fear'd it all this while,
I knew 'twas past thy Power, *Hippolita*.
What Contrariety's in Women's Blood?
One faints for Spleen and Anger, she for Grace.

Duke. Of Sons and Wives we see the worst and best,
May future Ages yield *Hippolitas*
Many; but few like thee, *Eugenia*!
Let no *Simonides* henceforth have a Fame,
But all blest Sons live in *Cleantes*' Name. *[Musick.]*
Ha! what strange Kind of Melody was that?
Yet give it Entrance, whatsoe'er it be,
This Day is all devote to Liberty.

*Enter Clown, and Wench, old Women, the Clown's Wife,
Musick, and a Bridecake to the Wedding.*

Clown. Fiddlers, crowd on^{so}, crowd on; let no Man
lay a Block in your Way.—Crowd on, I say.

Duke. Stay the Crowd awhile; let's know the Reason
Of this Jollity.

Clean. Sirrah, do you know where you are?

Clown. Yes, Sir, I am here, now there, and now
here again, Sir. *[Presence.]*

Lysan. Your Hat's too high crown'd, the Duke in

Clown. The Duke? As he is my Sovereign, I do give
him two Crowns for it, and that's equal Change all the
World over; as I am the Lord of the Day (being my Mar-
riage-day, the second) I do advance my Bonnet—Crowd
on afore. *[em;]*

Leon. Good Sir, a few Words, if you'll vouchsafe
Or will you be forc'd? *[fo.]*

Clown. Forc'd? I would the Duke himself would say

Duke. I think he dares, Sir, and does; if you stay not,
You shall be forc'd.

Clown. I think so, my Lord, and good Reason too;
shall not I stay when your Grace says I shall? I were un-
worthy to be a Bridegroom in any Part of your Highness's
Dominions, then—will it please you to taste of the Wed-
lock Courtesy?

^{so} ——— Crowd on, &c.

A Fiddle was formerly called a Crowd: to crowd on, therefore,
means, to play on. M. M.

Duke. Oh, by no Means, Sir, you shall not deface
So fair an Ornament for me.

Clown. If your Grace please to be cakated, say so.

Duke. And which might be your fair Bride, Sir?

Clown. This is my two for one, that must be *uxor uxoris*,
The Remedy *doloris*, and the very *syceum Amoris* ¹¹.

Duke. And hast thou any else?

Clown. I have an older, my Lord, for other Uses.

Clean. My Lord, I do observe a strange Decorum
here:

These that do lead this Day of Jollity,
Do march with Musick and most mirthful Cheeks:

Those that do follow, sad, and wofully

Nearer the 'haviour of a Funeral

Than a Wedding.

Duke. 'Tis true; pray, expound that, Sir.

Clown. As the Destiny of the Day falls out, my
Lord; one goes out to Wedding, another goes to Hang-
ing; and your Grace in the due Consideration shall
find 'em much alike, the one hath the Ring upon her
Finger; the other a Halter about her Neck. I take thee
Beatrice, says the Bridegroom; I take thee, *Agatha*,
says the Hangman; and both say together "To have
" and to hold, 'till Death do part us."

Duke. This is not yet plain enough to my Understanding.

Clown. If further your Grace examine it, you shall
find I shew myself a dutiful Subject and obedient to the
Law; myself, with these my good Friends, and your
good Subjects being our old Wives whose Days are
ripe, and their Lives forfeit to the Law; only myself,
more forward than the rest, am already provided of my
second Choice.

[Danger.

Duke. Oh! take heed; Sir, you'll run yourself into
If the Law finds you with two Wives at once,
There's a shrewd Premunire.

¹¹ ——— *Syceum amoris.*

I can find no such Word as Syceum in any Language; but there is
a Greek Word Syciom, which signifies a Kind of a Sweetmeat, a Con-
serve of Figs, which is probably the Word alluded to.

One of the Authors of this Play, seems to be fond of displaying his
Knowledge of the Greek Tongue and the Grecian History. M. M.

Clown.

Clown. I have taken Leave of the old, my Lord. I have nothing to say to her; she's going to Sea, your Grace knows whither better than I do. She has a strong Wind with her, it stands full in her Peop, when you please, let her disembodye.

Cook. And the rest of her Neighbours with her, whom we present to the Satisfaction of your Highness's Law.

Clown. And so we take our Leaves, and leave them to your Highness,—croud on. I marry,

Duke. Stay, stay, you are too forward. Will you And your Wife yet living?

Clown. Alas! She'll be dead before we can get to Church. If your Grace would set her in the Way, I would dispatch her; I have a Venture on't, which would return me, if your Highness would make a little more Haste, two for one.

Duke. Come, my Lords, we must sit again; here's a Case

Craves a most serious Censure.

Cook. Now they shall be dispatch'd out of the Way.

Clown. I would they were gone once; the Time goes away. [groom?

Duke. Which is the Wife unto the forward Bride-Wife. I am, an it please your Grace.

Duke. Trust me, a lusty Woman, able-bodied, And well-blooded Cheeks.

Clown. Oh! she paints, my Lord; she was a Chamber-maid once, and learn'd it of her Lady.

Duke. Sure I think she cannot be so old.

Wife. Truly I think so too, an please your Grace.

Clown. Two to one with your Grace of that; she's threescore by the Book.

Leon. Peace, Sirrah! you are too loud.

Cook. Take heed, *Gnotho*. If you move the Duke's Patience, 'tis an Edge-tool; but a Word and a Blow, he cuts off your Head.

Clown. Cut off my Head? Away, ignorant! he knows it cost more in the Hair; he does not use to cut off many such Heads as mine; I will talk to him too; if he cut off my Head, I'll give him my Ears. I say my Wife

Wife is at full Age for the Law, the Clerk shall take his Oath, and the Church Book shall be sworn too.

Duke. My Lords, I leave this Censure to you.

Leon. Then first, this Fellow does deserve Punishment For offering up a lusty able Woman, Which may do Service to the Commonwealth, Where the Law craves one impotent and useless.

Crton. Therefore to be severely punished For thus attempting a second Marriage, His Wife yet living.

Lyfan. Nay, to have it trebled ; That ev'n the Day and Instant when he should mourn As a kind Husband, to her Funeral, He leads a Triumph to the Scorn of it ; Which unseasonable Joy ought to be punish'd With all Severity.

But. The Fiddles will be in a foul Case too by and by.

Leon. Nay, further ; it seems he has a Venture Of two for one at his second Marriage, Which cannot be but a Conspiracy Against the former.

Clown. A Mess of wife old Men !

Lyfan. Sirrah, what can you answer to all these ?

Clown. Ye are good old Men and talk as Age will give you Leave. I would speak with the youthful Duke himself ; he and I may speak of Things that shall be thirty or forty Years after you are dead and rotten. Alas ! you are here To-day, and gone to Sea To-morrow.

Duke. In Troth, Sir, then I must be plain with you. The Law that should take away your old Wife from you, The which I do perceive was your Desire, Is void and frustrate ; so for the rest. There has been since another Parliament Has cut it off.

Clown. I see your Grace is disposed to be pleasant.

Duke. Yes, you might perceive that, I had not else Thus dallied with your Follies.

Clown. I'll talk further with your Grace when I come back from Church ; in the mean Time you know what to do with the old Women.

Duke.

Duke. Stay, Sir, unless in the mean Time you mean
I cause a Gibbet to be set up in your Way,
And hang you at your Return.

Wife. O gracious Prince!

Duke. Your old Wives cannot die To-day by any Law
of mine; for aught I can say to 'em, they may by a new
Edict bury you, and then, perhaps, you pay a new Fine too.

Clown. This is fine indeed!

Wife. O gracious Prince! May he live a hundred
Years more! [*Gnatho.*

Cook. Your Venture is not like to come in To-day.

Clown. Give me the Principal back.

Cook. Nay, by my Troth we'll venture still—and I'm
sure we have as ill a Venture of it as you; for we have
taken old Wives of Purpose; that we had thought to
have put away at this Market, and now we cannot utter
a Pennyworth.

Duke. Well, Sirrah, you were best to discharge your
new Charge, and take your old one to you.

Clown. Oh Musick, no Musick, but prove most dole-
ful Trumpets;

Oh Bride! no Bride, but thou may'st prove a Strumper;
Oh Venture! no Venture, I have, for one, now none.
Oh Wife! thy Life is sav'd when I hop'd it had been
gone.

Cafe up your fruitless Strings; no Penny, no Wedding,
Cafe up thy Maidenhead; no Priest, no Bedding:

Avaunt my Venture, it can ne'er be restor'd,

Till *Ag.* my old Wife be thrown overboard.

Then come again, old *Ag.* since it must be so;

Let Bride and Venture with woful Musick go.

Cook! What for the Bride-cake, *Gnatho?*

Clown. Let it be mouldy now 'tis out of Season,

Let it grow out of Date, Currant and Raisin;

Let it be chipp'd and chopp'd and given to Chickens.

No more is got by that than *William Dickins*

Got by his wooden Dishes.

Put up your Plumbs, as Fiddlers put up Pipes,

The Wedding dash'd, the Bridegroom weeps and wipes,

Fiddlers, farewell! and now, without perhaps,

Put

Put up your Fiddles as you put up Scraps.

Lyfan. This Passion has given some Satisfaction yet,
My Lord, I think you'll pardon him now,
With all the rest, so they live honestly
With the Wives they have.

Duke. Oh most freely ; free Pardon to all.

Cook. I, we have deserv'd our Pardons, if we can live
honestly with such reverend Wives, that have no Mo-
tion in 'em but their Tongues.

Wife. Heav'n bless your Grace ! you are a just Prince.

Clown. All Hopes dash'd ; the Clerk's Dues lost ;
My Venture gone ; my second Wife divorce'd ;
And which is worst, the old one come back again !
Such Voyages are made now-adays.
Your Grace had been more kind to your young Subjects,
Heaven bless, and mend your Laws, that they do
Not gull your poor Countrymen : but I am not
The first, by forty, that has been undone by the Law,
'Tis but a Folly to stand upon Terms,
I take my Leave of your Grace, as well as mine Eyes
will give me Leave, I would they had been asleep in
their Beds when they open'd 'em to see this Day. Come
Ag. come *Ag.*

Creon. Were not you all my Servants ?

Cook. During your Life, as we thought, Sir ; but
our young Master turn'd us away.

Creon. How, headlong Villain, wert thou in thy Ruin ?

Sim. I followed the Fashion, Sir, as other young
Men did,

If you were as we thought you had been,
We should ne'er have come for this, I warrant you.
We did not feed after the old Fashion on Beef,
And Mutton, and such like.

Creon. Well, what Damage or Charge you have run
Yourself into by Marriage, I cannot help,
Nor deliver you from your Wives ; them you must keep,
Yourself shall again return to me.

Om. We thank your Lordship for your Love,
And must thank ourselves for our bad Bargains.

Duke. Cleanthes, you delay the Power of Law,

T,

To be inflicted on these misgovern'd Men,
That filial Duty have so far transgress'd.

Cleon. My Lord, I see a Satisfaction
Meeting the Sentence, even preventing it,
Beating my Words back in their Utterance.
See, Sir, there's salt Sorrow bringing forth fresh
And new Duties, as the Sea propagates.
The Elephants have found their Joins too; why
Here's Humility able to bind up
The punishing Hands of the severest Masters,
Much more, the gentle Fathers.

Sim. I had ne'er thought to have been brought so low
as my Knees again; but since there's no Remedy, Fa-
thers, reverend Fathers, as you ever hope to have good
Sons and Heirs, a Handful of Pity! We confess we have
deserved more than we are willing to receive at your
Hands, though Sons can never deserve too much of
their Fathers, as shall appear afterwards.

Cleon. And what Way can you decline your Feeding
now?

You cannot retire to Beeves and Muttons sure.

Sim. Alas! Sir, you see a good Pattern for that,
now we have laid by our high and lusty Meats, and are
down to our Marrowbones already.

Cleon. Well, Sir, rise to Virtues: we'll bind you now;
You that were too weak yourselves to govern,
By others shall be govern'd.

Lysan. Gleanthes,

I meet your Justice with Reconcilement;
If there be Tears of Faith in Woman's Breast,
I have receiv'd a Myriad, which confirms me
To find a happy Renovation.

Cleon. Here's Virtue's Throne,
Which I'll embellish with my dearest Jewels
Of Love and Faith, Peace and Affection;
This is the Altar of my Sacrifice,
Where daily my devoted Knees shall bend.
Age-honour'd Shrine! Time still so love you,
That I so long may have you in mine Eye

²² *Simonides, Eugenia, and Courtiers, kneel.*

Until my Memory lose your Beginning !
 For you, great Prince, long may your Fame survive,
 Your Justice and your Wisdom never die,
 Crown of your Crown, the Blessing of your Land
 Which you reach to her from your Regent-hand !

Leon. O *Cleantes*, had you with us tasted
 The Entertainment of our Retirement,
 Fear'd and exclaim'd on in your Ignorance,
 You might have sooner died upon the Wonder,
 Than any Rage or Passion for our Loss.
 A Place at Hand we were all Strangers in,
 So spher'd about with Musick, such Delights
 Viands and Attendance, and once a Day
 So cheared with a royal Visitant,
 That oft-times (waking) our unsteady Phantasies
 Would question whether we yet liv'd or no,
 Or had Possession of that Paradise
 Where Angels be the Guard.

Duke. Enough, *Leonides* ;
 You go beyond the Praise : we have our End,
 And all is ended well ; we have now seen
 The Flowers and Weeds that grew about our Court.

Sim. If these be Weeds, I'm afraid I shall wear none
 So good again as long as my Father lives.

Duke. Only this Gentleman we did abuse
 With our own Bosom³³ : we seem'd a Tyrant,
 And he our Instrument. Look, 'tis *Cratylus*.
 The Man that you suppos'd had now been travell'd :

[*Discovers the Executioner.*

Which we gave Leave to learn to speak,
 And bring us foreign Languages to *Greece*.
 All's joy'd, I see ; let Musick be the Crown,
 And set it high, the Good need fear no Law.
 It is his Safety, and the bad Man's Awe.

³³ ——— With our own Bosom :

That is, together with our own Bosom ; our own intention. To
 abuse here means to misrepresent. M. M.





THE
CITY-MADAM.

A
COMEDY,

As it was acted at a private House in *Black Friars*,
with great Applause.

WRITTEN BY
PHILIP MASSINGER, Gent.



VOL. IV.

T

[illegible]

787

the 1990s, the number of people in the United States who are 65 years of age or older has increased by 50 percent, and the number of people 75 years of age or older has increased by 100 percent. The number of people 85 years of age or older has increased by 200 percent. The number of people 95 years of age or older has increased by 400 percent. The number of people 100 years of age or older has increased by 1,000 percent. The number of people 105 years of age or older has increased by 2,000 percent. The number of people 110 years of age or older has increased by 4,000 percent. The number of people 115 years of age or older has increased by 8,000 percent. The number of people 120 years of age or older has increased by 16,000 percent. The number of people 125 years of age or older has increased by 32,000 percent. The number of people 130 years of age or older has increased by 64,000 percent. The number of people 135 years of age or older has increased by 128,000 percent. The number of people 140 years of age or older has increased by 256,000 percent. The number of people 145 years of age or older has increased by 512,000 percent. The number of people 150 years of age or older has increased by 1,024,000 percent. The number of people 155 years of age or older has increased by 2,048,000 percent. The number of people 160 years of age or older has increased by 4,096,000 percent. The number of people 165 years of age or older has increased by 8,192,000 percent. The number of people 170 years of age or older has increased by 16,384,000 percent. The number of people 175 years of age or older has increased by 32,768,000 percent. The number of people 180 years of age or older has increased by 65,536,000 percent. The number of people 185 years of age or older has increased by 131,072,000 percent. The number of people 190 years of age or older has increased by 262,144,000 percent. The number of people 195 years of age or older has increased by 524,288,000 percent. The number of people 200 years of age or older has increased by 1,048,576,000 percent. The number of people 205 years of age or older has increased by 2,097,152,000 percent. The number of people 210 years of age or older has increased by 4,194,304,000 percent. The number of people 215 years of age or older has increased by 8,388,608,000 percent. The number of people 220 years of age or older has increased by 16,777,216,000 percent. The number of people 225 years of age or older has increased by 33,554,432,000 percent. The number of people 230 years of age or older has increased by 67,108,864,000 percent. The number of people 235 years of age or older has increased by 134,217,728,000 percent. The number of people 240 years of age or older has increased by 268,435,456,000 percent. The number of people 245 years of age or older has increased by 536,870,912,000 percent. The number of people 250 years of age or older has increased by 1,073,741,824,000 percent. The number of people 255 years of age or older has increased by 2,147,483,648,000 percent. The number of people 260 years of age or older has increased by 4,294,967,296,000 percent. The number of people 265 years of age or older has increased by 8,589,934,592,000 percent. The number of people 270 years of age or older has increased by 17,179,869,184,000 percent. The number of people 275 years of age or older has increased by 34,359,738,368,000 percent. The number of people 280 years of age or older has increased by 68,719,476,736,000 percent. The number of people 285 years of age or older has increased by 137,438,953,472,000 percent. The number of people 290 years of age or older has increased by 274,877,906,944,000 percent. The number of people 295 years of age or older has increased by 549,755,813,888,000 percent. The number of people 300 years of age or older has increased by 1,099,511,627,776,000 percent. The number of people 305 years of age or older has increased by 2,199,023,255,552,000 percent. The number of people 310 years of age or older has increased by 4,398,046,511,104,000 percent. The number of people 315 years of age or older has increased by 8,796,093,022,208,000 percent. The number of people 320 years of age or older has increased by 17,592,186,044,416,000 percent. The number of people 325 years of age or older has increased by 35,184,372,088,832,000 percent. The number of people 330 years of age or older has increased by 70,368,744,177,664,000 percent. The number of people 335 years of age or older has increased by 140,737,488,355,328,000 percent. The number of people 340 years of age or older has increased by 281,474,976,710,656,000 percent. The number of people 345 years of age or older has increased by 562,949,953,421,312,000 percent. The number of people 350 years of age or older has increased by 1,125,899,906,842,624,000 percent. The number of people 355 years of age or older has increased by 2,251,799,813,685,248,000 percent. The number of people 360 years of age or older has increased by 4,503,599,627,370,496,000 percent. The number of people 365 years of age or older has increased by 9,007,199,254,740,992,000 percent. The number of people 370 years of age or older has increased by 18,014,398,509,481,984,000 percent. The number of people 375 years of age or older has increased by 36,028,797,018,963,968,000 percent. The number of people 380 years of age or older has increased by 72,057,594,037,927,936,000 percent. The number of people 385 years of age or older has increased by 144,115,188,075,855,872,000 percent. The number of people 390 years of age or older has increased by 288,230,376,151,711,744,000 percent. The number of people 395 years of age or older has increased by 576,460,752,303,423,488,000 percent. The number of people 400 years of age or older has increased by 1,152,921,504,606,846,976,000 percent. The number of people 405 years of age or older has increased by 2,305,843,009,213,693,952,000 percent. The number of people 410 years of age or older has increased by 4,611,686,018,427,387,904,000 percent. The number of people 415 years of age or older has increased by 9,223,372,036,854,775,808,000 percent. The number of people 420 years of age or older has increased by 18,446,744,073,709,551,616,000 percent. The number of people 425 years of age or older has increased by 36,893,488,147,419,103,232,000 percent. The number of people 430 years of age or older has increased by 73,786,976,294,838,206,464,000 percent. The number of people 435 years of age or older has increased by 147,573,952,589,676,412,928,000 percent. The number of people 440 years of age or older has increased by 295,147,905,179,352,825,856,000 percent. The number of people 445 years of age or older has increased by 590,295,810,358,705,651,712,000 percent. The number of people 450 years of age or older has increased by 1,180,591,620,717,411,303,424,000 percent. The number of people 455 years of age or older has increased by 2,361,183,241,434,822,606,848,000 percent. The number of people 460 years of age or older has increased by 4,722,366,482,869,645,213,696,000 percent. The number of people 465 years of age or older has increased by 9,444,732,965,739,290,427,392,000 percent. The number of people 470 years of age or older has increased by 18,889,465,931,478,580,854,784,000 percent. The number of people 475 years of age or older has increased by 37,778,931,862,957,161,709,568,000 percent. The number of people 480 years of age or older has increased by 75,557,863,725,914,323,419,136,000 percent. The number of people 485 years of age or older has increased by 151,115,727,451,828,646,838,272,000 percent. The number of people 490 years of age or older has increased by 302,231,454,903,657,293,676,544,000 percent. The number of people 495 years of age or older has increased by 604,462,909,807,314,587,353,088,000 percent. The number of people 500 years of age or older has increased by 1,208,925,819,614,629,174,706,176,000 percent. The number of people 505 years of age or older has increased by 2,417,851,639,229,258,349,412,352,000 percent. The number of people 510 years of age or older has increased by 4,835,703,278,458,516,698,824,704,000 percent. The number of people 515 years of age or older has increased by 9,671,406,556,917,033,397,649,408,000 percent. The number of people 520 years of age or older has increased by 19,342,813,113,834,066,795,298,816,000 percent. The number of people 525 years of age or older has increased by 38,685,626,227,668,133,590,597,632,000 percent. The number of people 530 years of age or older has increased by 77,371,252,455,336,267,181,195,264,000 percent. The number of people 535 years of age or older has increased by 154,742,504,910,672,534,362,390,528,000 percent. The number of people 540 years of age or older has increased by 309,485,009,821,345,068,724,781,056,000 percent. The number of people 545 years of age or older has increased by 618,970,019,642,690,137,449,562,112,000 percent. The number of people 550 years of age or older has increased by 1,237,940,039,285,380,274,899,124,224,000 percent. The number of people 555 years of age or older has increased by 2,475,880,078,570,760,549,798,248,448,000 percent. The number of people 560 years of age or older has increased by 4,951,760,157,141,521,099,596,496,896,000 percent. The number of people 565 years of age or older has increased by 9,903,520,314,283,042,199,193,993,792,000 percent. The number of people 570 years of age or older has increased by 19,807,040,628,566,084,398,387,987,584,000 percent. The number of people 575 years of age or older has



To the truly Noble and Virtuóus

Lady A N N, Countess of Oxford*.

Honoured Lady,

IN that Age when Wit and Learning were not conquered by Injury, and Violence; this Poem was the Object of Love and Commendation, it being composed by an infallible Pen, and censured by an unerring Auditory. In this Epistle I shall not need to make an Apology for Plays in general, by exhibiting their Antiquity and Utility. In a Word, they are Mirrors or Glasses which none but deformed Faces, and fouler Consciences fear to look into. The Encouragement I had to prefer this Dedication to your powerful Protection proceeds from the universal Fame of the deceased Author, who (although he composed many) wrote none amiss; and this may justly be ranked among his best. I have redeemed it from the Teeth of Time, by committing of it to the Press, but more in imploring your Patronage. I will not slander it with my Praise; it is Commendation enough to call it *Massinger's*. If it may gain your Allowance and Pardon, I am highly gratified, and desire only to wear the happy Title of,

M A D A M,

Your most humble Servant,

A N D R E W P E N N Y C U I C K E .

* This Dedication was wrote by *Andrew Pennycuicke*, one of the Actors, in the Year 1659, who republished this Play, and seems to have been a Person of some Reputation in his Profession.

Dramatis Personæ.

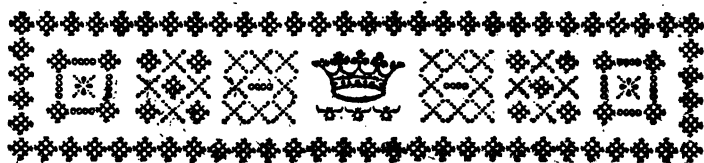
LORD LACY.

Sir JOHN RICH, a Merchant.
Sir MAURICE LACY, Son to LORD LACY.
Mr. PLENTY, a Country Gentleman.
LUKE, Brother to Sir JOHN RICH.
Old GOLDWIRE, } Two Gentlemen.
Old TRADEWELL, }
Young GOLDWIRE, } their Sons, Apprentices to Sir
Young TRADEWELL, } JOHN RICH.
STARGAZE, an Astrologer,
FORTUNE, a decay'd Merchant.
HOYST, a decay'd Gentleman.
PENURY.
HOLDFAST, a Steward.
RAMBLE, and SCUFFLE, two Hectors.
DING'EM, a Pimp.
GITT-ALL, a Box-keeper.

Lady RICH.

ANNE, } her Daughters.
MARY, }
MILLISCENT, her Woman.
SHAVE'EM, a Wench.
SECRET, a Baud.


The Scene LONDON.





THE
CITY-MADAM.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Goldwire, and Tradewell.

Goldwire.  THE Ship is safe in the Pool then?

 T *Tradewell.* And makes good,
In her rich Freight, the Name
 she bears, the *Speedwell* :

My Master will find it, for on my certain Knowledge,
For every Hundred that he ventur'd in her
She hath return'd him five.

Goldwire. And it comes timely;
For besides a Payment on the Nail for a Mannor
Lately purchas'd by my Master, his young Daughters
Are ripe for Marriage.

Tradewell. Who! *Nan*, and *Mall*?

Gold. Mistress *Anne* and *Mary*, and with some Addition,

T 3

Or

Or 'tis more punishable in our House
Than *Scandalum magnatum*.

Tradewell. 'Tis great Pity
Such a Gentleman as my Master (for that Title
His being a Citizen cannot take from him)
Hath no Male-heir to inherit his Estate,
And keep his Name alive.

Goldwire. The want of one
Swells my young Mistresses and their Madam Mother,
With Hopes above their Birth and Scale. Their
Dreams are

Of being made Countesses; and they take State
As they were such already. When you went
To the *Indies*, there was some Shape and Proportion
Of a Merchant's House in our Family, but since
My Master, to gain Precedency for my Mistress
Above some elder Merchants' Wives, was knighted,
'Tis grown a little Court in Bravery,
Variety of Fashions, and those rich ones:
There are few great Ladies going to a Masque
That do outshine ours in their every-day Habits.

Tradewell. 'Tis strange my Master in his Wisdom can
Give the Reins to such Exorbitancy.

Goldwire. He must,
Or there's no Peace nor Rest for him at Home.
I grant his 'state will bear it, yet he's censur'd
For his Indulgence, and for Sir *John Frugall*,
By some styl'd Sir *John Prodigal*.

Tradewell. Is his Brother
Mr. *Luke Frugall*, living?

Goldwire. Yes, the more
His Misery, poor Man!

Tradewell. Still in the Counter? [the Hole,

Goldwire. In a worser Place. He was redeemed from
To live in our House in Hell: since his base Usage
Consider'd, 'tis no better. My proud Lady
Admits him to her Table, marry ever

! To live in our House in Hell.

This Passage alludes to a pastime call'd Earley-brake. See the
Virgin Martyr, Act 5, Scene 1st.

Beneath

Beneath the Salt², and there he sits the Subject
Of her Contempt and Scorn; and Dinner ended,
His courteous Nieces find Employment for him
Fitting an Under-prentice, or a Footman,
And not an Uncle.

Tradewell. I wonder,
Being a Scholar well read, and travelled,
The World yielding Means for Men of such Desert,
He should endure it.

Enter Stargaze, Lady, Ann, Mary, Milliscent, *in
several Postures, with Looking-glasses at their Girdles.*

Goldwire. He does, with a strange Patience; and to us
The Servants so familiar, nay humble.

I'll tell you; but I'm cut off.—Look these
Like a Citizen's Wife and Daughters?

Tradewell. In their Habits
They appear other Things; but what are the Motives
Of this strange Preparation?

Goldwire. The young Wag-tails
Expect their Suitors. The first, the Son and Heir
Of the Lord *Lacy*, who needs my Master's Money,
As his Daughter does his Honour. The second, Mr.
A rough-hewn Gentleman, and newly come [*Plenty*,
To a great Estate; and so all Aids of Art
In them's excusable.

Lady. You have done your Parts here:
To your Study, and be curious in the Search
Of the Nativities. [*Exit* Stargaze.

Tradewell. Methinks the Mother,
As if she could renew her Youth, in Care,
Nay Curiosity to appear lovely,
Comes not behind her Daughters.

Goldwire. Keeps the first Place,
And though the Church-book speak her Fifty, they
That say she can write Thirty, more offend her

² *Beneath the Salt.*

See the 6th Note on the Unnatural Combat, Vol. III.

Than if they tax'd her Honesty : To'thet Day
 A Tenant of hers, instructed in her Humour,
 But one she never saw, being brought before her,
 For saying only, " Good young Mistress help me
 " To the Speech of your Lady-mother," so far pleas'd her,
 That he got his Lease renew'd for't.

Tradewell. How she bristles !

Pry'thee, observe her.

Milliscent. As I hope to see

A Country Knight's Son and Heir walk bare before you
 When you are a Countess, (as you may be one
 When my Master dies, or leaves trading), and I conti-
 Your principal Woman, take the upper-hand [during
 Of a Squire's Wife; tho' a Justice, as I must
 By the Place you give me, you look now as young
 As when you were married.

Lady. I think I bear my Years well.

Milliscent. Why should you talk of Years ? Time
 hath not plough'd

One Furrow in your Face : were you not known
 The Mother of these Ladies, you might pass
 For a Virgin of fifteen.

Tradewell. Here's no gross Flattery !
 Will she swallow this ?

Goldwire. You see she does, and glibly.

Milliscent. You never can be old ; wear but a Masque
 Forty Years hence, and you will still seem young
 In your other Parts. What a Waist is here ? O *Venus* !
 That I had been born a King !—and here a Hand
 To be kiss'd ever ; Pardon my Boldness, Madam,
 Then, for a Leg and Foot you will be courted
 When a great Grandmother.

Lady. These indeed, Wench, are not
 So subject to Decayings as the Face,
 Their Comeliness lasts longer.

Milliscent. Ever, ever :
 Such a rare-featur'd, and proportion'd *Madam*,
London could never boast of,

Lady. Where are my Shoes ?

Milliscent.

Milliscent. Those that your Ladyship gave order
Should be made of the Spanish perfum'd Skins?

Lady. The same.

Milliscent. I sent the Prison-bird this Morning for 'em;
But he neglects his Duty.

Ann. He is grown
Exceeding careless.

Mary. And begins to murmur
At our Commands, and sometimes grumbles to us;
He is, forsooth, our Uncle.

Lady. He is your Slave,
And as such use him.

Ann. Willingly; but he's grown
Rebellious, *Madam.*

Enter Luke, with Shoes, Garters, and Roses.

Goldwire. Nay, like Hen, like Chicken.

Lady. I'll humble him.

Goldwire. Here he comes sweating all over :
He shews like a walking Frippery³.

Lady. Very good, Sir ; [sooner
Were you drunk last Night, that you could rise no
With humble Diligence, to do what my Daughters
And Woman did command you?

Luke. Drunk ! an't please you.

Lady. Drunk, I said, Sirrah. Dar'st thou in a Look
Repine, or grumble? thou unthankful Wretch,
Did our Charity redeem thee out of Prison,
(Thy Patrimony spent,) ragged and lowfy,
When the Sheriff's Basket and his broken Meat
Were your Festival Exceedings? and is this
So soon forgot?

Luke. I confess I am
Your Creature, *Madam.*

Lady. And good Reason why
You should continue so.

Ann. Who did new-cloath you?

³ Like a walking Frippery.

A shop where old Cloaths are sold : here it presents the idea of *Autobus* and his wares. Vide *Shakespeare's* Winter's Tale.

Mary. Admitted you to the Dining-room?

Milliscent. Allowed you a fresh Bed in the Garret?

Lady. Or from whom

Received you Spending Money?

Luke. I owe all this

To your Goodness, *Madam.* For it you have my Prayers,
The Beggar's Satisfaction; all my Studies,
(Forgetting what I was, but with all Duty
Remembering what I am) are how to please you.
And if in my long Stay I have offended,
I ask your Pardon. Though you may consider,
Being forc'd to fetch these from the *Old Exchange*,
These from the *Tower*, and these from *Westminster*,
I could not come much sooner.

Goldwire. Here was a Walk
To breathe a Footman!

Ann. 'Tis a curious Fan.

Mary. These Roses will shew rare: would 'twere in
That the Garters might be seen too! [fashion

Milliscent. Many Ladies,
That know they have good Legs, wish the same with you:
Men that way have th' Advantage.

Luke. I was with the Lady,
And deliver'd her the Sattin
For her Gown, and Velvet for her Petticoat;
This Night she vows she'll pay you. [apart.

Goldwire. How am I bound
To your Favour, Mr. *Luke.*

Milliscent. As I live, you will
Perfume all Rooms you walk in.

Lady. Get your Furr⁴;
You shall pull 'em on within. [Exit *Luke.*

Goldwire. That servile Office
Her Pride imposes upon him.

[*Sir John within.* *Goldwire.* *Tradewell.*

Tradewell. My Master calls. We come, Sir.

[*Exeunt* *Goldwire*, *Tradewell.*

⁴ Get your Furr, &c.

To put under her Feet whilst he tried on her Shoes. M. M. Enter

Enter Holdfast with Porters.

Lady. What have you brought there?

Holdfast. The Cream of the Market; Provision enough
To serve a Garrison. I weep to think on't.
When my Master got his Wealth, his Family fed
On Roots and Livers, and Necks of Beef on Sundays.
But now I fear it will be spent in Poultry.
Butcher's Meat will not go down.

Lady. Why, you Rascal, is it at
Your Expence? what Cooks have you provided?

Holdfast. The best of the City.
They have wrought at my Lord Mayor's.

Ann. Fie on 'em,
They smell of Fleet-lane, and Pye-corner. [*sists*]

Mary. And think the Happiness of Man's Life con-
In a mighty Shoulder of Mutton.

Lady. I'll have none
Shall touch what I eat, (you grumbling Cur)
But French-men and Italians; they wear Sattin,
And dish no Meat but in Silver.

Holdfast. You may want, though,
A Dish or two when the Service ends.

Lady. Leave prating,
I'll have my Will: do you as I command you. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Lacy and Page.

Lacy. You were with *Plenty*?

Page. Yes, Sir.

Lacy. And what Answer
Return'd the Clown?

Page. Clown! Sir; he is transform'd,
And grown a Gallant of the last Edition;

More

More rich than gaudy in his Habit, yet
The Freedom and the Pluntness of his Language
Continues with him. When I told him that
You gave him Caution, as he lov'd the Peace,
And Safety of his Life, he should forbear
To pass the Merchant's Threshold, until you
Of his two Daughters had made Choice of her
Whom you design'd to honour as your Wife,
He smil'd in Scorn.

Lacy. In Scorn?

Page. His Words confirm'd it;
They were few, but to this Purpose; tell your Master,
Though his Lordship in Reversion now were his,
It cannot awe me. I was born a Free-man,
And will not yield in the Way of Affection
Precedence to him. I will visit 'em,
Though he sate Porter to deny my Entrance.
When I meet him next, I'll say more to his Face.
Deliver thou this. Then gave me a Piece
To help my Memory, and so we parted.

Lacy. Where got he this Spirit?

Page. At the Academy of Valour,
Newly erected for the Institution
Of elder Brothers. Where they are taught the Ways,
Tho' they refuse to seal for a Duellist,
How to decline a Challenge. He himself
Can best resolve you.

Enter Plenty and three Serving Men.

Lacy. You Sir—

Plenty. What with me, Sir?

How big you look? I will not loose a Hat,
To a Hair's Breadth: move your Beaver, I'll move mine,
Or if you desire to prove your Sword, mine hangs
As near my right Hand, and will as soon out; though
I keep

Not

Not a Fencer to breathe me, walk into *Moan-Fields*,
I dare look on your *Toledo*. Do not shew
A foolish Valour in the Streets, to make
Work for Shopkeepers and their Clubs, 'tis *sewery*,
And the Women will laugh at us.

Lacy. You presume
On the Protection of your Hinds.

Plenty. I scorn it :
Though I keep Men, I fight not with their Fingers,
Nor make it my Religion to follow
The Gallant's Fashion, to have my Family
Consisting in a Footman, and a Page,
And those two sometimes hungry. I can feed them,
And cloath 'em too, my gay Sir.

Lacy. What a fine Man
Hath your Taylor made you !

Plenty. 'Tis quite contrary ;
I have made my Taylor, for my Cloaths are paid for
As soon as put on ; a Sin your Man of Title
Is seldom guilty of ; but Heav'n forgive it !
I have other Faults too, very incident
To a plain Gentleman. I eat my Vension
With my Neighbours in the Country, and present not
My Pheasants, Partridges, and Growse, to the Usurer ;
Nor ever yet paid Brokage to his Scrivener.
I flatter not my Mercer's Wife, nor feast her
With the first Cherries or Pescods, to prepare me
Credit with her Husband, when I come to *London*.
The Wool of my Sheep, or a Score or two of fat Oxen
In *Smithfield*, give me Money for my Expences.
I can make my Wife a Jointure to such Lands too
As are not encumber'd, no Annuity
Or Statute lying on 'em. This I can do
An it please your future Honour ; and why therefore,
You should forbid my being Suitor with you,
My Dullness apprehends not.

Page.

My dullness apprehends not.
This spirited Speech deserves to be remarked ; it is an excellent
Piece

Page. This is bitter.

Lacy. I have heard you, Sir, and in my Patience
Too much of the Stoick. But to parly farther,
Or answer your grofs Jeers, would write me Coward.
This only, thy great Grandfather was a Butcher,
And his Son a Grasier, thy Sire Constable
Of the Hundred, and thou the first of your Dunghill
Created Gentleman. Now you may come on, Sir,
You and your Thrashers.

Plenty. Stir not on your lives.

This for the Grasier, this for the Butcher. [*they fight*
Lacy. So, Sir.

Page. I'll not stand idle; draw my little Rapier
Against your bumb Blades; I'll one by one dispatch you.
Then house this Instrument of Death and Horrour.

Enter Sir John, Luke, Goldwire, Tradewell.

Sir John. Beat down their Weapons. My Gate
What Insolence is this? [*Ruffians Hall:*

Luke. Noble Sir *Maurice*,
Worshipful Mr. *Plenty*—

Sir John. I blush for you,
Men of your Quality expose your Fame
To every vulgar Censure! This at Midnight
After a drunken Supper in a Tavern,
(No civil Man abroad to censure it)
Had shewn poor in you; but in the Day, and View
Of all that pass by, monstrous!

Plenty. Very well, Sir;
You look'd for this Defence.

Lacy. 'Tis thy Protection,
But it will deceive thee.

Sir John. Hold! if you proceed thus,
I must make Use of the next Justice's Power,

Piece of Satire on such, who, puffed up with their high Birth and
Quality (those imaginary honours), are devoid of Merit, nor have the
least Pretension to any Virtue whatever.

And

And leave Persuasion ; and in plain Terms tell you,

Enter Lady, Ann, Mary, and Milliscent.

Neither your Birth, Sir *Maurice*, nor your Wealth,
Shall privilege this Riot. See whom you have drawn
To be Spectators of it ! can you imagine
It can stand with the Credit of my Daughters,
To be the Argument of your Swords ? I th' Street too ?
Nay ere you do salute, or I give Way
To any private Conference, shake Hands
In Sign of Peace. He that draws back, parts with
My good Opinion. This is as it should be.
Make your Approaches, and if their Affection
Can sympathize with yours, they shall not come,
On my Credit, Beggars to you. I will hear
What you reply within.

Lacy. May I have the Honour
To support you, *Lady* ?

Plenty. I know not what is supporting,
But by this fair Hand, Glove and all, I love you.

[*Exeunt all but Luke.*

To him enter Hoyst, Penury, Fortune.

Luke. You are come with all Advantage. I will help
To the Speech of my Brother. [you

Fortune. Have you mov'd him for us ?

Luke. With the best of my Endeavours ; and I hope
You'll find him tractable.

Penury. Heaven grant he prove so !

Hoyst. Howe'er I'll speak my Mind.

Enter Lord Lacy.

Luke. Do so Mr. *Hoyst*.

Go in. I'll pay my Duty to this Lord,
And then I am wholly yours. Heaven bless your Ho-
nour.

Lord.

Lord. Your Hand Mr. *Luke*: The World's much chang'd with you
 Within these few Months; then you were the Gallant &
 No Meeting at the Horse-race, Cocking, Hunting,
 Shooting, or Bowling; at which Mr. *Luke*
 Was not a principal Gamester, and Companion
 For the Nobility.

Luke. I have paid dear
 For these Follies, my good Lord; and tis but justice
 That such as soar above their Pitch, and will not
 Be warn'd by my Example, should like me
 Share in the Miseries that wait upon't.
 Your Honour in your Charity may do well
 Not to upbraid me with those Weaknesses
 Too late repented.

Lord. I nor do, nor will;
 And you shall find I'll lend a helping Hand [you]
 To raise your Fortunes: How deals your Brother with

Luke. Beyond my Merit; I thank his Goodness for't;
 I am a Freeman, all my Debts discharg'd,
 Nor does one Creditor, undone by me,
 Curse my loose Riots. I have Meat and Cloaths,
 Time to ask Heaven Remission for what's past;
 Cares of the World by me are laid aside,
 My present Poverty's a Blessing to me;
 And though I have been long, I dare not say
 I ever liv'd till now.

Lord. You bear it well;
 Yet as you wish I should receive for Truth
 What you deliver, with that Truth acquaint me
 With your Brother's Inclination. I have heard,
 In the Acquisition of his Wealth, he weighs not
 Whose Ruins he builds upon.

Luke. In that, Report
 Wrongs him, my Lord. He is a Citizen,
 And would increase his heap, and will not lose
 What the Law gives him. Such as are worldly wise
 Pursue that Trade, or they will ne'er wear Scarlet.

But

But if your Honour please to know his Temper,
You are come opportunely. I can bring you
Where you unseen shall see and hear his Carriage
Towards some poor Men, whose Making or Undoing
Depends upon his Pleasure.

A Table, Count-Book, Standish, Chairs, and Stools set out.

Lord. To my Wish:

I know no Object that could more content me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Sir John, Hoyft, Fortune, Penury, Goldwire.

Sir John. What would you have me do? reach me a
When I lent my Moneys, I appear'd an Angel; [*Chair.*
But now I would call in mine own, a Devil.

Hoyft. Were you the Devil's Dam, you must stay till
For as I am a Gentleman,— [*I have it.*

Enter Luke placing the Lord Lady.

Luke. There you may hear all. [*the Value;*

Hoyft. I pawn'd you my Land for the tenth Part of
Now 'cause I am a Gamester, and keep Ordinaries,
And a Livery Punk, or so, and trade not with
The Money-mongers' Wives, not one will be bound for
'Tis a hard Case; you must give me longer Day, [*me:*
Or I shall grow very angry.

Sir John. Fret, and spare not.
I know no Obligation lies upon me
With my Honey to feed Drones. But to the Purpose:
How much owes *Penury*?

Goldwire. Two hundred Pounds:
His Bond three Times since forfeited.

Sir John. Is it sued?

Goldwire. Yes, Sir, and Execution cut against him.

Sir John. For Body and Goods.

Goldwire. For both, Sir.

Sir John. See it serv'd.

Penury. I am undone; my Wife and Family
Must starve for Want of Bread.

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U

Sir John.

Sir *John*. More Infidel thou,
In not providing better to support 'em.
What's *Fortune's* Debt?

Goldwire. A Thousand, Sir.

Sir *John*. An Estate

For a good Man. You were the glorious Trader,
Embrac'd all Bargains⁶; the main Venturer
In every Ship that launch'd forth; kept your Wife
As a Lady; she had her Coach, her Choice
Of Summer-houses, built with other Men's Money
Took up at Interest, the certain Road
To *Ludgate* in a Citizen. Pray you acquaint me,
How were my Thousand Pounds employ'd?

Fortune. Insult not

On my Calamity, though being a Debtor,
And a Slave to him that lends, I must endure it.
Yet hear me speak thus much in my Defence;
Losses at Sea, and those, Sir, great and many,
By Storms and Tempests, not domestic Riots
In soothing my Wife's Humour, or mine own,
Have brought me to this low Ebb.

Sir *John*. Suppose this true;

What is't to me? I must and will have my Money,
Or I'll protest you first; and, that done, have
The Statute made for Bankrupts serv'd upon you. [it.

Fortune. 'Tis in your Power, but not in mine, to shun

Luke. Not as a Brother, Sir; but with such Duty,
As I should use unto my Father, since
Your Charity is my Parent, give me Leave
To speak my Thoughts.

Sir *John*. What would you say?

Luke. No Word, Sir,

I hope shall give Offence; nor let it relish
Of Flattery though I proclaim aloud,

⁶ *Embrac'd all Bargains.*

This is a good Picture of that insatiable Avarice, that unlimited Grasping, which has ruined so many Merchants and Traders in all Ages; many dreadful Examples of which can be given in these times. D.

I glory

I glory in the Bravery of your Mind,
 To which your Wealth's a Servant. Not that Riches
 Are or should be contemn'd, they being a Blessing
 Deriv'd from Heaven, and by your Industry
 Pull'd down upon you; but in this, dear Sir,
 You have many Equals: such a Man's Possessions
 Extend as far as yours; a second hath
 His Bags as full; a third in Credit flies
 As high in the popular Voice: but the Distinction
 And noble Difference by which you are
 Divided from 'em, is, that you are styl'd,
 Gentle in your Abundance; good in Plenty;
 And that you feel Compassion in your Bowels
 Of others' Miseries (I have found it, Sir,
 Heaven keep me thankful for't!) while they are curs'd
 As rigid and inexorable.

Sir John. I delight not
 To hear this spoke to my Face..

Luke. That shall not grieve you;
 Your Affability, and Mildness cloath'd
 In the Garments of your Debtors' Breath,
 Shall every where, though you strive to conceal it,
 Be seen and wondred at, and in the Act
 With a prodigal Hand rewarded. Whereas such
 As are born only for themselves, and live so,
 Though prosperous in worldly Understandings,
 Are but like Beasts of Rapine, that by Odds
 Of Strength, usurp and tyrannize o'er others
 Brought under their Subjection.

Lord. A rare Fellow!
 I am strangely taken with him.

Luke. Can you think, Sir,
 In your unquestion'd Wisdom, I beseech you,
 The Goods of this poor Man sold at an Out-cry,
 His Wife turn'd out of Doors, his Children forc'd
 To beg their Bread, this Gentleman's Estate,
 By Wrong extorted can advantage you?

† That is, an Auction. M. M.

Hoyft. If it thrive with him, hang me; as it will
If he be not converted. [damn him,

Luke. You are too violent.

Or that the Ruin of this once brave Merchant
(For fuch he was esteem'd though now decay'd)
Will raife your Reputation with good Men?
But you may urge, (pray you pardon me, my Zeal
Makes me thus bold and vehement) in this
You fatisfy your Anger, and Revenge
For being defeated*. Suppose this, it will not
Repair your Lofs; and there was never yet
But Shame and Scandal in a Victory,
When the Rebels unto Reason, Paſſions, fought it.
Then for Revenge, by great Souls it was ever
Contemn'd, though offer'd; entertain'd by none
But Cowards, baſe and abject Spirits, Strangers
To moral Honesty, and never yet
Acquainted with Religion.

Lord. Our Divines

Cannot ſpeak more effectually.

Sir John. Shall I be
Talk'd out of my Money?

Luke. No, Sir, but intreated
To do yourſelf a Benefit, and preſerve
What you poſſeſs intire.

Sir John. How, my good Brother? [eat,

Luke. By making theſe your Beads-men. When they
Their Thanks, next Heaven, will be paid to your Mercy;
When your Ships are at Sea, their Prayers will ſwell
The Sails with prosperous Winds, and guard 'em from
Tempeſts and Pirates; keep your Ware-houſes
From Fire, or quench 'em with their Tears.

Sir John. No more.

Luke. Write you a good Man in the People's Hearts,
Follow you every where.

Sir John. If this could be—

Luke. It muſt, or our Devotions are but Words,

* Diſappointed. D.

I fee

I see a gentle Promise in your Eye,
Make it a blessed Act, and poor me rich
In being the Instrument.

Sir John. You shall prevail.

Give 'em longer Day. But do you hear no Talk of't?
Should this arrive at Twelve on the Exchange;
I shall be laugh'd at for my foolish Pity, [Time,
Which Money-men hate deadly. Take your own
But see you break not. Carry 'em to the Cellar,
Drink a Health, and thank your Orator.

Penury. On our Knees, Sir.

Fortune. Honest Mr. Luke.

Hoyt. I bless the Counter, where
You learn'd this Rhetorick.

Luke. No more of that, Friends.

[Exeunt Luke, Hoyt, Fortune, Penury.

Sir John. My honourable Lord.

Lord. I have seen and heard all,
(Excuse my Manners,) and with heartily
You were all of a piece. Your Charity to your Debtors
I do commend; but where you should express
Your Piety to the Height, I must boldly tell you
You shew yourself an Atheist.

Sir John. Make me know

My Error, and for what I am thus censur'd,
And I will purge myself, or else confess
A guilty Cause.

Lord. It is your harsh Demeanour
To your poor Brother.

Sir John. Is that all?

Lord. 'Tis more

Than can admit Defence. You keep him as
A Parasite to your Table, subject to
The Scorn of your proud Wife, an Underling
To his own Nieces. And can I with mine Honour
Mix my Blood with his, that is not sensible
Of his Brother's Miseries?

* This unluckily puts us in Mind of "No more of that, Hal, if
you love me." D.

Sir *John*. Pray you take me with you,
 And let me yield my Reasons why I am
 No opener-handed to him. I was born
 His elder Brother, yet my Father's Fondness
 To him the younger robb'd me of my Birth-right:
 He had a fair Estate, which his loose Riots
 Soon brought to nothing. Wants grew heavy on him;
 And when lay'd up for Debt, of all forsaken,
 And in his own Hopes lost, I did redeem him.

Lord. You could not do less.

Sir *John*. Was I bound to it, my Lord?
 What I possess, I may with Justice call
 The Harvest of my Industry. Would you have me,
 Neglecting mine own Family, to give up
 My Estate to his Disposure?

Lord. I would have you,
 What's pass'd forgot, to use him as a Brother;
 A Brother of fair Parts, of a clear Soul,
 Religious, good, and honest.

Sir *John*. Outward Gloss
 Often deceives; may it not prove so in him?
 And yet my long Acquaintance with his Nature
 Renders me doubtful. But that shall not make
 A Breach between us: Let us in to Dinner,
 And what Trust, or Employment, you think fit,
 Shall be conferr'd upon him; if he prove
 True Gold in the Touch, I'll be no Mourner for it.

Lord. If Counterfeit, I'll never trust my Judgement.

[*Exeunt*.]

The End of the FIRST ACT.



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Luke, Holdfast, Goldwire, Tradewell.

Holdfast. **T**H E like was never seen!
Luke. Why in this Rage, Man?

Holdfast.

Holdfast. Men may talk of Country-Christmasses, and
 Court-gluttony, [Carps Tongues,
 Their Thirty Pound for butter'd Eggs, their Pies of
 Their Pheasants drench'd with Ambergrease, the Car-
 Of three fat Wethers bruised for Gravy to [cases
 Make Sauce for a single Peacock; yet their Feasts
 Were Fasts compar'd with the City's.

Tradewell. What dear Dainty
 Was it thou murmur'st at?

Holdfast. Did you not observe it?
 There were three Sucking Pigs serv'd up in a Dish,
 Took from the Sow as soon as farrow'd,
 A Fortnight fed with Dates and Muskadine,
 That stood my Master in twenty Marks a piece,
 Besides the Puddings in their Bellies made
 Of I know not what. I dare swear the Cook that dress'd
 Was the Devil, disguis'd like a Dutch-man, [it

Goldwire. Yet all this
 Will not make you fat, Fellow *Holdfast*,

Holdfast. I am rather
 Starv'd to look on't. But here's the Mischief; though
 The Dishes were rais'd one upon another
 As Woodmongers do Billets¹⁰, for the first,

¹⁰ *As Woodmongers do Billets*

The Luxury of the Table was never carried to such Excess as
 in the Reign of James the First. In the Description of this City
 Entertainment, *Massinger* seems to glance at the monstrous Epicurism
 of *James Earl of Carlisle*, the Son of a *Scotch Merchant*. This
 Prodigy of Luxury first introduced the Custom of Ante-suppers;
 which were served after this Fashion: the Board was covered with
 Dishes as high as a tall Man could reach, filled with the choicest
 and dearest Viands which Land and Sea could afford. And after
 having feasted the Eyes of the Beholders, the Banquet was in a
 Manner thrown away, and fresh Dishes were put on the Table to
 the same Height. *Osborne* tells us, in his Life of K. *James*, that,
 at one of these Feasts, an Attendant of his Majesty eat to his own
 Share a Pye composed of Ambergrease, Magisterial of Pearl, Musk,
 &c. which cost the Earl Ten Pounds. But, as if these Suppers
 were not sufficient to express the Folly and Profuseness of the
 Treater, Banquets no less magnificent than the former were served
 in afterwards. D.

The second, and third Course, and most of the Shops
Of the best Confectioners in *London* ransack'd
To furnish out a Banquet, yet my Lady
Call'd me penurious Rascal, and cry'd out,
There was nothing worth the Eating.

Goldwire. You must have Patience,
This is not done often.

Holdfast. 'Tis not fit it should;
Three such Dinners more would break an Alderman,
And make him give up his Cloak¹¹. I am resolv'd
To have no hand in't. I'll make up my Accompts;
And since my Master longs to be undone,
The great Fiend be his Steward: I will pray,
And bless myself from him. [Exit *Holdfast*.

Goldwire. The Wretch shews in this
An honest Care.

Luke. Out on him! with the Fortune
Of a Slave, he has the Mind of one. However
She bears me hard, I like my Lady's Humour,
And my Brother's Suffrage to it. They are now
Busy on all Hands; one Side eager for
Large Portions, the other arguing strictly
For Jointures and Security; but this
Being above our Scale, no way concerns us.
How dull you look! in the mean Time how intend you
To spend the Hours?

Goldwire. We well know how we would,
But dare not serve our Wills.

Tradewell. Being 'Prentices,
We are bound to Attendance.

Luke. Have you almost serv'd out
The Term of your Indentures, yet make Conscience
By Stants to use your Liberty? Hast thou traded
In the other World, expos'd unto all Dangers,
To make thy Master rich, yet dar'st not take
Some Portion of the Profit of thy Pleasure?
Or wilt thou, being Keeper of the Cash,
Like an Ass that carries Dainties, feed on Thistles?

¹¹ His Alderman's Gown.

Are you Gentlemen born, yet have no gallant Tincture
Of Gentry in you? You are no Mechanicks,
Nor serve some needy Shop-keeper, who surveys
His Every-day-takings. You have in your Keeping,
A Mass of Wealth, from which you may take boldly,
And no way be discover'd. He's no rich Man
That knows all he possesses, and leaves nothing
For his Servants to make Prey of. I blush for you,
Blush at your Poverty of Spirit; you
The brave Sparks of the City?

Goldwire. Mr. Luke,

I wonder you should urge this, having felt
What Misery follows Riot.

Tradewell. And the Penance
You indur'd for't in the Counter.

Luke. You are Fools,
The Case is not the same, I spent mine own Money,
And my Stock being small, no Marvel 'twas soon wasted.
But you without the least Doubt or Suspicion,
If cautelous, may make bold with your Master's.
As for Example; when his Ships come home,
And you take your Receipts, as 'tis the Fashion,
For fifty Bales of Silk you may write forty,
Or for so many Pieces of Cloth of Bodkin,
Tissue, Gold, Silver, Velvets, Sattins, Taffaties;
A Piece of each deducted from the gross
Will never be miss'd, a Dash of a Pen will do it.

Tradewell. Ay, but our Fathers' Bonds that lie in Pawn
For our Honesties must pay for't.

Luke. A meer Bugbear¹²
Invented to fright Children. As I live,
Were I the Master of my Brother's Fortunes,

¹² A meer Bugbear.

Massinger seems to take a peculiar Pleasure in concealing the
Marks of a detested Character during an Act or two. Thus *Fran-*
cisco, in the D. of *Milan*, though not so odious a Hypocrite as
Luke, passes through the first Scenes of that Tragedy for a Man
of Honour and Fidelity. *Luke* appears at first so amiably in the
pitiable Situation of a sincere Penitent and patient Sufferer, that
we are astonished to find the harmless Dove changed on a sudden to
the venomous Serpent, D.

I

I should

I should glory in such Servants. Didst thou know
 What ravishing Lechery it is to enter
 An Ordinary, *cap-a-pe*, trimm'd like a Gallant,
 (For which in Trunks conceal'd be ever furnish'd)
 The Reverence, Respect, the Crouches, Cringes,
 The musical Chime of Gold in your cramm'd Pockets,
 Commands from the Attendants, and poor Porters!
Tradewell. Oh rare!

Luke. Then sitting at the Table with
 The Braveries of the Kingdom, you shall hear
 Occurrents from all Corners of the World,
 The Plots, the Counsels, the Designs of Princes,
 And freely censure 'em; the City Wits
 Cry'd up, or decry'd, as their Passions lead 'em;
 Judgment having nought to do there.

Tradewell. Admirable!

Luke. My Lord no sooner shall rise out of his Chair,
 The Gaming Lord I mean, but you may boldly
 By the Privilege of a Gamester fill his Room,
 For in Play you are all Fellows; have your Knife
 As soon in the Pheasant; drink your Health as freely;
 And, striking in a lucky Hand or two,
 Bay out your Time.

Tradewell. This may be; but suppose
 We should be known.

Luke. Have Money and good Cloaths,
 And you may pass invisible. Or if
 You love a Madam-punk, and your wide Nostriſ
 Be taken with the Scent of Cambrick Smocks
 Wrought, and perfum'd——

Goldwire. There, there, Mr. *Luke*,
 There lies my Road of Happiness.

Luke. Enjoy it,
 And Pleasures stol'n being sweetest, apprehend
 The Raptures of being hurried in a Coach
 To Brentford, Staines, or Barnet.

Goldwire. 'Tis enchanting,
 I have prov'd it.

Luke.

Luke. Hast thou?

Goldwire. Yes, in all these Places,
I have had my several Pagans billeted
For my own Tooth, and, after Ten-pound Suppers,
The Curtains drawn, my Fiddlers playing all Night,
The shaking of the Sheets, which I have danc'd
Again, and again with my Cockatrice,—*Mr. Luke,*
You shall be of my Council, and we Two sworn Brothers,
And therefore I'll be open. I am out now
Six Hundred in the Cash, yet if on a sudden
I should be call'd to Account, I have a Trick
How to evade it, and make up the Sum.

Tradewell. Is't possible?

Luke. You can instruct your Tutor.
How? how? good *Tom.*

Goldwire. Why look you. We Cash-keepers
Hold Correspondence; supply one another
On all Occasions. I can borrow for a Week
Two Hundred Pounds of one, as much of a second,
A third lays down the rest, and when they want,
As my Master's Money come in, I do repay it:
Ka me, ka thee.

Luke. An excellent Knot! 'tis Pity
It e'er should be unloos'd: for me it shall not,
You are shewn the Way, Friend *Tradewell*, you may
make use on't,
Or freeze in the Warehouse, and keep Company
With the Caterer *Holofast.*

Tradewell. No, I am converted.
A *Barbican* Broker will furnish me with Outside,
And then a Crash at the Ordinary.

Goldwire. I am for
The Lady you saw this Morning, who indeed is
My proper Recreation.

Luke. Go to, *Tom.*
What did you make me?

Goldwire. I'll do as much for you,
Employ me when you please.

Luke.

Luke. If you are enquired for,
I will excuse you both.

Tradewell. Kind Mr. *Luke.*

Goldwre. We'll break my Master, to make you;
You know——

Luke. I cannot love Money, go Boys. When Time
It shall appear, I have another End in't. [serves
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*Enter Lord, Sir John, Lacy, Plenty, Lady, Ann,
Mary, Milliscent.*

Sir John. Ten Thousand Pounds apiece I'll make
their Portions,
And after my Decease it shall be Double,
Provided you assure them for their Jointures
Eight Hundred Pounds *per Annum*, and intail
A Thousand more upon the Heirs Male
Begotten on their Bodies.

Lord. Sir, you bind us
To very strict Conditions.

Plenty. You, my Lord,
May do as you please: but to me it seems strange,
We should conclude of Portions, and of Jointures,
Before our Hearts are settled.

Lady. You say right, [A Chair set out.
There are Counsels of more Moment and Importance
On the making up of Marriages to be
Consider'd duly, than the Portion, or the Jointures,
In which a Mother's Care must be exacted,
And I by special Privilege may challenge
A casting Voice.

Lord. How's this?

Lady. Even so, my Lord;
In these Affairs I govern.

Lord.

Lord. Give you Way to't?

Sir John. I must, my Lord.

Lady. 'Tis fit he should, and shall:

You may consult of something else, this Province
Is wholly mine.

Lacy. By the City Custom, Madam?

Lady. Yes, my young Sir; and both must look, my
Will hold it by my Copy. [Daughters

Plenty. Brave i'faith. [to do;

Sir John. Give her Leave to talk, we have the Power
And now touching the Business we last talk'd of
In private, if you please.

Lord. 'Tis well remembered,
You shall take your own Way, Madam.

[*Exeunt Lord and Sir John.*

Lacy. What strange Lecture
Will she read unto us?

Lady. Such as Wisdom warrants
From the superior Bodies. Is *Stargaze* ready
With his several Schemes?

Milliscent. Yes, Madam, and attends
Your Pleasure. [*Exit Milliscent.*

Lacy. *Stargaze*, Lady! what is he? [admire him

Lady. Call him in. You shall first know him, then
For a Man of many Parts, and those Parts rare ones.
He's every Thing indeed; Parcel Physician¹³
And as such prescribes my Diet, and foretells
My Dreams when I eat Potatoes; Parcel Poet,
And sings Encomiums on my Virtues sweetly;
My Antecedent, or my Gentleman Usher;
And as the Stars move, with that due Proportion
He walks before me; but an absolute Master
In the Calculation of Nativities;

¹³ These Expounders of the Stars united many Professions in their own Persons. They were Astrologers and Fortune tellers, Physicians, and sometimes Divines, Finders of stolen Goods, Exorcists, Resolvers of Questions, &c. &c. D.

Guided by that never-erring Science call'd,
Judicial Astrology. ¹⁴

Plenty. Stargaze! sure

I have a Penny Almanack about me
Inscrib'd to you, as to his Patroness,
In his Name publish'd.

Lady. Keep it as a Jewel.

Some Statesmen that I will not name are wholly
Govern'd by his Predictions, for they serve
For any Latitude in Christendom,
As well as our own Climate.

Enter Milliscent, and Stargaze, with two Schemes.

Lady. I believe so.

Plenty. Must we couple by the Almanack?

Lady. Be silent.

And ere we do articulate, ¹⁵ much more
Grow to a full Conclusion, instruct us
Whether this Day and Hour, by the Planets, promise
Happy Success in Marriage.

Stargaze. *In omni*

Parte, & toto.

Plenty. Good learn'd Sir, in English.

And since it is resolv'd we must be Coxcombs,
Make us so in our own Language.

Stargaze. You are pleasant:

'Thus in our vulgar Tongue then.

Lady. Pray you observe him,

¹⁴ ————— *Never erring Science call'd*
Judicial Astrology.

In the Reigns of *James* and *Charles* the First, the People were as much infatuated with the Belief of Astrology as of Witchcraft. Innumerable were the Pamphlets and Books of Nativities, Horary Inspections, Predictions, and Prognostications, Conjunctions, and Calculations, published by Gadbury, Bonker, Lilly, and many other Cheats and Impostors. The Professors of Judicial Astrology were equally carested during the Civil Wars by the Royalists and Parliamentarians, the Presbyterians alone affected to treat them with Contempt; and Lilly, in the Hist. of his Life, complains of them as Persecutors of his beloved Science. D.

¹⁵ To *articulate*, means here to propose, or treat of Articles, to stipulate. M. M.

Stargaze. *Venus*, in the West-angle, the House of Marriage the 7th House, in Trine of *Mars*, in Conjunction of *Luna*; and *Mars* Almuthen, or Lord of the Horoscope.

Plenty. Hey-day!

Lady. The Angel's Language, I am ravish'd! forward.

Stargaze. *Mars*, as I said, Lord of the Horoscope, or Geniture, in mutual Reception of each other, she in her Exaltation, and he in his Triplicite Trine, and Face, assure a fortunate Combination to *Hymen*, excellent, prosperous, and happy.

Lady. Kneel, and give Thanks. [*The Women kneel.*]

Lacy. For what we understand not?

Plenty. And have as little Faith in't?

Lady. Be incredulous;

To me 'tis Oracle.

Stargaze. Now for the Sovereignty of my future Ladies, your Daughters, after they are married.

Plenty. Wearing the Breeches you mean.

Lady. Touch that Point home,

It is a principal one, and with *London Ladies* Of main Consideration.

Stargaze. This is infallible: *Saturn* out of all Dignities in his Detriment and Fall, combust: and *Venus* in the South-angle elevated above him, Lady of both their Nativities, in her essential and accidental Dignities; occidental from the Sun, oriental from the Angle of the East, in Cazini of the Sun, in her Joy, and free from the malevolent Beams of Infortunes; in a Sign commanding, and *Mars* in a Constellation obeying; she fortunate, and he dejected; the Disposers of Marriage in the Radix of the native in Feminine Figures, argue, foretel, and declare Pre-eminence, Rule, Pre-eminence, and absolute Sovereignty in Women.

Lacy. Is't possible!

Stargaze. 'Tis drawn, I assure you, from the Aphorisms of the old *Chaldeans*; *Zoroastes* the first and greatest Magician, *Mercurius Trismegistus*, the latter *Ptolomy*, and the everlasting Prognosticator, old *Erra Pater*.

Lady. Are you yet satisfy'd?

Plenty. In what?

Lady,

Lady. That you
Are bound to obey your Wives; it being so
Determin'd by the Stars, against whose Influence
There is no Opposition.

Plenty. Since I must
Be married by the Almanack, as I may be,
'Twere requisite the Services and Duties
Which, as you say, I must pay to my Wife,
Were set down in the Calendar.

Lacy. With the Date
Of my Apprenticeship.

Lady. Make your Demands;
I'll sit as Moderatrix, if they press you
With over-hard Conditions.

Lacy. Mine hath the Van,
I stand your Charge, sweet.

Stargaze. Silence.

Ann. I require first
(And that since 'tis the Fashion with kind Husbands,
In civil Manners you must grant) my Will
In all things whatsoever, and that Will
To be obey'd, not argued.

Lady. And good Reason.

Plenty. A gentle *Imprimis*.

Lacy. This in gross contains all;
But your special *Items*, Lady.

Ann. When I am one ¹⁶
(And you are honour'd to be styl'd my Husband)
To urge my having my Page, my Gentleman-usher;
My Woman sworn to my Secrets; my Coach
Drawn by six Flanders Mares; my Coachman, Grooms,
Postilion and Footmen——

Lacy. Is there aught else
To be demanded?

Ann. Yes, Sir, mine own Doctor;
French and *Italian* Cooks, Musicians, Songsters,
And a Chaplain that must preach to please my Fancy;
A Friend at Court, to place me at a Mask;
The private Box took up at a new Play

¹⁶ That is, a Lady.

For me and my Retinue, a fresh Habit,
 (Of a Fashion never seen before) to draw
 The Gallants' Eyes that sit on the Stage, upon me;
 Some decayed Lady for my Parasite,
 To flatter me, and rail at other Madams;
 And there ends my Ambition.

Lacy. Your Desires
 Are modest, I confess.

Ann. These Toys subscrib'd to,
 And you continuing an obedient Husband,
 Upon all fit Occasions you shall find me
 A most indulgent Wife.

Lady. You have said; give place,
 And hear your younger Sister.

Plenty. If she speak
 Her Language, may the great Fiend bootéd and spur'd,
 With a Scitche at his Girdle, as the *Scotchman* says,
 Ride headlong down her Throat!

Lacy. Curse not the Judge
 Before you hear the Sentence.

Mary. In some Part
 My Sister hath spoke well for the City Pleasures,
 But I am for the Country's, and must say
 Under Correction, in her Demands
 She was too modest.

Lacy. How like you this Exordium?

Plenty. Too modest, with a Mischief!

Mary. Yes, too modest:
 I know my Value, and prize it to the Worth;
 My Youth, my Beauty.

Plenty. How your Glass deceives you!

Mary. The Greatness of the Portion I bring with me,
 And the Sea of Happiness that from me flows to you.

Lacy. She bears up close.

Mary. And can you, in your Wisdom,
 Or rustical Simplicity imagine,
 You have met some innocent Country Girl, that never
 Look'd farther than her Father's Farm, nor knew more
 Than the Price of Corn in the Market; or at what Rate
 Beef went a Stone? that would survey your Dairy,

And bring in Mutton out of Cheese and Butter ?
That could give Directions at what Time of the Moon
To cut her Cocks for Capons against *Christmas*,
Or when to raise up Goslings ?

Plenty. These are Arts.

Would not misbecome you, tho' you should put in
Obedience and Duty.

Mary. Yes, and Patience,
To fit like a Fool at Home, and eye your Thrashers ;
Then make Provision for your slaving Hounds,
When you come drunk from an Alehouse, after Hunting
With your Clowns and Comrades, as if all were your's,
You the Lord Paramount, and I the Drudge ;
The Case, Sir, must be otherwise.

Plenty. How, I beseech you ?

Mary. Marry, thus. I will not like my Sister challenge
What's useful, or superfluous from my Husband,
That's base all o'er. Mine shall receive from me,
What I think fit. I'll have the 'State convey'd
Into my Hands ; and be put to his Pension,
Which the wise Viragos of our Climate practise ;
I will receive your Rents.

Plenty. You shall be hang'd first.

Mary. Make Sale, or Purchase. Nay, I'll have my
Neighbours

Instructed, when a Passenger shall ask,
Whose House is this ? though you stand by, to answer,
The Lady *Plenty's*. Or who owns this Manor ?
The Lady *Plenty*. Whose Sheep are these ? Whose Oxen ?
The Lady *Plenty's*.

Plenty. A plentiful Pox upon you.

Mary. And when I have Children, if it be enquir'd
By a Stranger whose they are ?—they shall still eccho
My Lady *Plenty's*, the Husband never thought on.

Plenty. In their Begetting : I think so.

Mary. Since you'll marry
In the City for our Wealth, in Justice, we
Must have the Country's Sovereignty.

Plenty. And we nothing.

Mary.

Mary. A Nag of forty Shillings, a Couple of Spaniels,
With a Spar-Hawk, is sufficient, and these too,
As you shall behave yourself, during my Pleasure,
I will not greatly stand on. I have said, Sir;
Now if you like me, so.

Lady. At my Intreaty,
The Articles shall be easier.

Plenty. Shall they i'faith?
Like Bitch, like Whelps.

Lacy. Use fair Words.

Plenty. I cannot;
I have read of a House of Pride, and now I have found
A Whirlwind overturn it. [one :

Lacy. On these Terms,
Will your Minxship be a Lady?

Plenty. A Lady in a Morris;
I'll wed a Pedlar's Punck first.

Lacy. A Tinker's Trull,
A Beggar without a Smock.

Plenty. Let Monsieur Almanack,
Since he is so cunning with his *Jacob's* Staff,
Find you out a Husband in a Bowling-alley.

Lacy. The general Pimp to a Brothel.

Plenty. Tho' that now,
All the loose Desires of Man were rak'd up in me,
And no Means but thy Maidenhead left to quench 'em,
I would turn Cinders, or the next Sow-gelder
(On my Life) should lib me, rather than embrace thee.

Ann. Wooing do you call this?

Mary. A Bear-baiting rather.

Plenty. Were you worried, you deserve it, and I hope
I shall live to see it.

Lacy. I'll not rail, nor curse you, [tions
Only this; you are pretty Peates, and your great Por-
Add much unto your Handsomness; but as
You would command your Husbands you are Beggars,
Deform'd, and ugly.

Lady. Hear me.

Plenty. Not a Word more. [Exeunt Lacy and Plenty.

Ann. I ever thought it would come to this.

Mary. We may

Lead Apes in Hell for Husbands, if you bind us
T'articulate thus with our Suitors. [*Both speak weeping.*]

Stargaze. Now the Cloud breaks,
And the Storm will fall on me.

Lady. You Rascal, Juggler. [*She breaks his Head,*

Stargaze. Dear Madam. and beats him.

Lady. Hold you Intelligence with the Stars,
And thus deceive me?

Stargaze. My Art cannot err,
If it does I'll burn my Astrolabe. In mine own Star
I did foresee this broken Head, and Beating;
And now your Ladyship sees, as I do feel it,
It could not be avoided.

Lady. Did you?

Stargaze. Madam,
Have Patience but a Week, and if you find not
All my Predictions true touching your Daughters,
And a Change of Fortune to yourself, a rare one,
Turn me out of Doors. These are not the Men, the
Planets

Appointed for their Husbands, there will come
Gallants of another Metal.

Milliscent. Once more trust him.

Ann. Mary. Do, Lady Mother.

Lady. I am vex'd, look to it;
Turn o'er your Books; if once again you fool me,
You shall graze elsewhere: Come, Girls. [*Exeunt.*]

Stargaze. I am glad I 'scap'd thus.

SCENE III.

Enter Lord, and Sir John.

Lord. The Plot shews very likely.

Sir John. I repose

My principal Trust in your Lordship; 'twill prepare
The Physick I intend to minister
To my Wife and Daughters.

Lord.

Lord. I will do my Part
To fet it off to the Life.

Enter Lacy and Plenty.

Sir John. It may produce
A Scene of no vulgar Mirth.—Here come the Suitors;
When we understand how they relish my Wife's Humours,
The rest is feasible.

Lord. Their Looks are cloudy.

Sir John. How fits the Wind? Are you ready to
launch forth
Into this Sea of Marriage?

Plenty. Call it rather
A Whirlpool of Afflictions.

Lacy. If you please
To injoin me to it, I will undertake
To find the North Passage to the *Indies* sooner,
Than plough with your proud Heifer.

Plenty. I will make
A Voyage to Hell first.

Sir John. How, Sir?

Plenty. And court *Proserpine*
In the Sight of *Pluto*, his three-headed Porter
Cerberus standing by, and all the Furies,
With their Whips to scourge me for't, than say, I
Jeffrey

Take you *Mary* for my Wife.

Lord. Why what's the Matter?

Lacy. The Matter is, the Mother (with your Pardon,
I cannot but speak so much,) is a most insufferable,
Proud, insolent Lady.

Plenty. And the Daughters worse.
The Dam in Years had the Advantage to be wicked,
But they were so in her Belly.

Lacy. I must tell you,
With Reverence to your Wealth, I do begin
To think you of the same Leaven.

Plenty. Take my Counsel;

'Tis safer for your Credit to profess
Yourself a Cuckold, and upon Record,
Than say they are your Daughters.

Sir *John*. You go too far, Sir.

Lacy. They have so artickled with us.

Plenty. And will not take us
For their Husbands, but their Slaves; and so aforehand
They do profess they'll use us.

Sir *John*. Leave this Heat:
Tho' they are mine, I must tell you, the Perverseness
Of their Manners (which they did not take from me,
But from their Mother) qualified, they deserve
Your Equals.

Lacy. True, but what's bred in the Bone
Admits no Hope of Cure.

Plenty. Tho' Saints and Angels
Were their Physicians.

Sir *John*. You conclude too fast.

Plenty. Good-by t'you; I'll travel three Years,
but I'll bury
This Shame that lives upon me.

Lacy. With your Licence,
I'll keep him Company:

Lord. Who shall furnish you,
For your Expences?

Plenty. He shall not need your Help,
My Purse is his, we were Rivals, but now Friends,
And will live and die so.

Lacy. Ere we go, I'll pay
My Duty as a Son.

Plenty. And till then leave you. [*Exeunt Lacy and Plenty*.]

Lord. They are strangely mov'd.

Sir *John*. What's Wealth, accompanied
With Disobedience in a Wife and Children?
My Heart will break.

Lord. Be comforted, and hope better:
We'll ride abroad, the fresh Air and Discourse,
May yield us new Inventions,

Sir *John*,

Sir *John*. You are noble,
And shall in all things, as you please command me.
[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Shave'em and Secret.

Secret. **D**EAD Doings, Daughter.
Shave'em. Doings! Sufferings, Mother:
Men have forgot what doing is;
And such as have to pay for what they do,
Are impotent, or Eunuchs.

Secret. You have a Friend yet, [*Musick come down.*]
And a Striker too, I take it.

Shave'em. Goldwire is so,
And comes to me by Stealth, and as he can steal,
maintains me /

In Cloaths, I grant; but alas! Dame, what's one Friend?
I would have a Hundred, for every Hour, and Use,
And Change of Humour I am in, a fresh one.
'Tis a Flock of Sheep that makes a lean Wolf fat,
And not a single Lambkin. I am starv'd,
Starv'd in my Pleasures. I know not what a Coach is,
To hurry me to the Bourse¹⁷, or Old Exchange;
The Neathouse for Musk-melons, and the Gardens
Where we traffick for Asparagus, are to me
In the other World.

Secret. There are other Places, Lady,
Where you might find Customers.

Shave'em. You would have me foot it
To the dancing of the Ropes, sit a whole Afternoon there

¹⁷ To hurry me to the Bourse.

Bourse is French for an Exchange. M. M.

In Expectation of Nuts and Fippins ;
 Gape round about me, and yet not find a Chapman
 That in Courtesy will bid a Chop of Mutton,
 Or a Pint of Strum-wine, for me.

Secret. You are so impatient.
 But I can tell you News will comfort you,
 And the whole Sisterhood.

Shave'em. What's that ?

Secret. I am told
 Two Ambassadors are come over. A *French* Monsieur,
 And a *Venetian*, one of the Clariffimi,
 A hot-rein'd *Marmosite*. Their Followers,
 For their Country's Honour, after a long Vacation,
 Will make a full Term with us.

Shave'em. They indeed are
 Our certain and best Customers. Who knocks there?
[knocking within.]

Ramble. (Within.) Open the Door.

Secret. What are you ?

Ramble (Within.) *Ramble.*

Scuffle. (Within.) *Scuffle.*¹⁸

Ramble. (Within.) Your constant Visitants.

Shave'em. Let 'em not in.

I know 'em swaggering, suburban Roarers,
 Six-penny Truckers.

Ramble. (Within.) Down go all your Windows,
 And your Neighbours too shall suffer.

Scuffle. (Within.) Force the Doors.

Secret. They are Out-laws, Mistrefs *Shave'em*, and
 there is

No Remedy against 'em. What should you fear ?
 They are but Men, lying at your clofe Ward,
 You have foil'd their Betters.

Shave'em. Out you Baud ! You care not
 Upon what desperate Service yon employ me,
 Nor with whom, so you have your Fee.

¹⁸ It is evident that, in answer to *Secret's* Question, demanding who they are, they tell her their Names ; they are here made to answer, yet say nothing. M. M.

Secret. Sweet Lady-bird
Sing a milder Key.

Enter Ramble and Scuffle.

Scuffle. Are you grown proud?

Ramble. I knew you a Waistcoateer in the Garden Alliet,
And would come to a Sailor's Whistle.

Secret. Good Sir *Ramble*,
Use her not roughly. She is very tender.

Ramble. Rank and rotten, is she not?

[*She draws her Knife, Ramble*

Shave'em. Your Spital Rongue-ships *his Sword.*
Shall not make me so.

Secret. As you are a Man, Squire *Scuffle*,
Step in between 'em. A Weapon of that Length
Was ne'er drawn in my House.

Shave'em. Let him come on,
I'll scour it in your Guts you Dog.

Ramble. You Brach¹⁹,
Are you turn'd Mankind? You forgot I gave you,
When we last join'd Issue, Twenty Pound.

Shave'em. O'er Night,
And kick'd it out of me in the Morning. I was then

¹⁹ You Brach,

Are you turn'd Mankind?

Mr. Upton, in his *Remarks on the three Plays of Ben Jonson*, p. 92, observes that the Word *Mankind* or *Mannish*, which we meet with in old Authors, has not been yet sufficiently explained — *Man*, besides its well-known Signification, in the Language of our Forefathers, signified *Wickedness*. *Somner*, *Man*, *Homo*, a Man. *Item facinus, scelus, nefas*, &c. *Manful, nefandus, sceleratus quasi scelerum plenus*. Having thus seen its original Signification, let us now turn to our old Poets; and thus *Chaucer* uses it in the *Man of Law's Tale*

Fie, Mannish fie.

Fairfax.

See, see this mankind Strumpet, see (he cried)

This shameless Whore.

Shakespeare in *Coriolanus*, Act. IV.

"Are you Mankind?"

Notwithstanding this learned Note, I think that, *are you turn'd Mankind*, means only, are you turn'd *Virago*, as *Goldwire* calls her in the next Page. *Jolante* says, in the *Guardian*, I keep no Mankind Servant in my House; meaning that she kept no Male Servant. M. M.

A No-

314 THE CITY-MADAM.

A Novice, but I know to make my Game now.
Fetch the Constable.

Enter Goldwire like a Justice of Peace, Ding'em like a Constable, the Musicians like Watchmen.

Secret. Ah me! Here's one unsent for,
And a Justice of Peace too.

Shave'em. I'll hang you both, you Rascals,
I can but ride. You for the Purse you cut
In *Powl's*²⁰ at a Sermon; I have smoak'd you.
And you for the Bacon you took on the Highway,
From the poor Market Woman, as she rode from
Rumford.

Ramble. Mistress *Shave'em*,—

Scuffle. Mistress *Secret*,—

On our Knees we beg your Pardon.

Ramble. Set a Ransom on us.

Secret. We cannot stand trifling. If you mean to
save them,

Shut them out at the Back-door.

Shave'em. First for Punishment
They shall leave their Cloaks behind 'em, and in Sign
I am their Sovereign, and they my Vassals;
For Homage kiss my Shoe-sole, Rogues, and vanish.

[Exeunt Ramble and Scuffle.]

Goldwire. My brave Virago! The Coast's clear.
Strike up.

Shave'em. My *Goldwire* made a Justice.

[Goldwire and the rest discovered.]

Secret. And your Scout
Turn'd Constable, and the Musicians Watchmen.

Goldwire. We come not to fright you, but to make
you merry.

A light Lavalto.

[They dance.]

Shave'em. I am tir'd. No more.

This was your Device.

Ding'em. Wholly his own. He is
No Pig-sconce, Mistress.

²⁰ By *Powl's* is meant *St. Paul's Church*, which appears, from several Passages in the old Plays, to have been the common Rendezvous of the Sharps and Pick-pockets of the Time,

Secret,

Secret. He has an excellent Head-piece.

Goldwire. Fie! no, not I: your jeering Gallants say
We Citizens have no Wit.

Ding'em. He dies that says so.
This was a Master-piece.

Goldwire. A trifling Stratagem,
Not worth the talking of.

Shave'em. I must kiss thee for it,
Again, and again.

Ding'em. Make much of her. Did you know
What Suitors she had since she saw you——

Goldwire. I the Way of Marriage?

Ding'em. Yes, Sir, for Marriage, and the other
thing too;

The Commodity is the same. An *Irish* Lord offer'd her
Five Pound a Week.

Secret. And a cashier'd Captain, half
Of his Entertainment.

Ding'em. And a new-made Courtier
The next Suit he could beg.

Goldwire. And did my sweet one
Refuse all this for me?

Shave'em. Weep not for Joy,
'Tis true. Let others talk of Lords, and Commanders,
And Country Heirs for their Servants; but give me
My gallant 'Prentice. He parts with his Money
So civilly and demurely: keeps no Account
Of his Expences, and comes ever furnish'd.
I know thou hast brought Money to make up
My Gown and Petticoat, with th' Appurtenances.

Goldwire. I have it here, Duck; thou shalt want for
Nothing.

Shave'em. Let the Chamber be perfum'd, and get
His Cap and Pantables ready.

Goldwire. There's for thee,
And thee. That for a Banquet.

Secret. And a Caudle
Again you rise.

Goldwire. There!

Shave'em.

316 THE CITY-MADAM.

Shave'em. Usher us up in State.

Goldwire. You will be constant.

Shave'em. Thou art the whole World to me.

[*Exeunt wantonly. Musick play'd before them.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Luke.

Ann. (Within) Where is this Uncle?

Lady. (Within) Call this Beadsmen-Brother :
He hath forgot Attendance.

Mary. (Within) Seek him out ; Idleness spoils him.

Luke. I deserve much more

Than their Scorn can load me with, and 'tis but Justice,
That I should live the Family's Drudge, design'd
To all the sordid Offices their Pride

Imposes on me ; since if now I sat

A Judge in mine own Cause, I should conclude

I am not worth their Pity : such as want

Discourse, and Judgment, and through Weakness fall,

May merit Man's Compassion ; but I,

That knew Profuseness of Expence the Parent

Of wretched Poverty, her fatal Daughter,

To riot out mine own, to live upon

The Alms of others, steering on a Rock

I might have shunn'd : O Heaven ! 'tis not fit

I should look upward, much less hope for Mercy.

Enter Lady, Ann, Mary, Stargaze, and Milliscent.

Lady. What are you devising, Sir ?

Ann. My Uncle is much given to his Devotion.

Mary. And takes Time to mumble

A *Paternoster* to himself.

Lady. Know you where

Your Brother is ? It better would become you

(Your

(Your Means of Life depending wholly on him)
To give your Attendance.

Luke. In my Will I do:

But since he rode forth Yesterday with Lord *Lacy*,
I have not seen him.

Lady. And why went not you
By his Stirrup? how do you look? were his Eyes clos'd,
You'd be glad of such Employment.

Luke. 'Twas his Pleasure
I should wait your Commands, and those I am ever
Most ready to receive.

Lady. I know you can speak well;
But say and do.

Enter Lord Lacy with a Will.

Luke. Here comes my Lord.

Lady. Further off:
You are no Companion for him; and his Business
Aims not at you, as I take it.

Luke. Can I live in this base Condition? [*Aside.*

Lady. I hop'd, my Lord,
You had brought Mr. *Frugal* with you; for I must ask
An Account of him from you.

Lord. I can give it, Lady;
But with the best Discretion of a Woman,
And a strong fortified Patience, I desire you
To give it Hearing.

Luke. My Heart beats.

Lady. My Lord, you much amaze me.

Lord. I shall astonish you. The noble Merchant,
Who, living, was for his Integrity
And upright Dealing (a rare Miracle
In a rich Citizen) *London's* best Honour;
Is—I am loth to speak it.

Luke. Wondrous strange!

Lady. I do suppose the worst; not dead I hope?

Lord.

Lord. Your Supposition's true, your Hopes are false.
He's dead.

Lady. Ay me!

Ann. My Father!

Mary. My kind Father!

Luke. Now they insult not.

Lord. Pray hear me out.

He's dead. Dead to the World, and you; and now
Lives only to himself.

Luke. What Riddle's this?

Lady. Aft not the Torturer of my Afflictions;
But make me understand the Sum of all
That I must undergo.

Lord. In few Words take it:
He is retir'd into a Monastery,
Where he resolves to end his Days.

Luke. More strange!

Lord. I saw him take Post for *Dover*, and the Wind
Sitting so fair, by this he's safe at *Calais*,
And ere long will be at *Lovain*.

Lady. Could I guess
What where the Motives that induc'd him to it,
'Twere some Allay to my Sorrows.

Lord. I'll instruct you,
And chide you into that Knowledge: 'twas your Pride
Above your Rank, and stubborn Disobedience
Of these your Daughters, in their Milk suck'd from
you.

At Home the Harshness of his Entertainment,
You wilfully forgetting that your all
Was borrowed from him; and to hear abroad
The Imputations dispers'd upon you,
And justly too, I fear, that drew him to
This strict Retirement: And thus much said for him,
I am myself to accuse you

Lady. I confess
A guilty Cause to him, but in a Thought,
My Lord, I ne'er wrong'd you.

Lord,

Lord. In Fact you have;
The insolent Disgrace you put upon
My only Son, and Mr. *Plenty*, Men, that lov'd
Your Daughters in a noble Way, to wash off
The Scandal, put a Resolution in 'em
For three Years Travel.

Lady. I am much griev'd for it.

Lord. One Thing I had forgot ; your Rigour to
His decay'd Brother, in which your Flatteries,
Or Sorceries, made him Co-agent with you,
Wrought not the least Impression.

Luke. Humph ! this sounds well.

Lady. 'Tis now past help : After these Storms, my
Lord,

A little Calm, if you please.

Lord. If what I have told you
Shew'd like a Storm, what now I must deliver
Will prove a raging Tempest. His whole Estate
In Lands and Leases, Debts and present Monies,
With all the Moveables he stood possess'd of,
With the best Advice which he could get for Gold
From his learned Counsel, by this formal Will
Is pass'd o'er to his Brother. With it take
The Key of his Counting-house. Not a Groat left you
Which you can call your own.

Lady. Undone for ever.

Ann. Mary. What will become of us ?

Luke. Humph !

Lord. The Scene is chang'd.
And he that was your Slave, by Fate appointed
Your Governor : you kneel to me in vain.
I cannot help you ; I discharge the Trust
Imposed upon me. This Humility
From him may gain Remission, and perhaps
Forgetfulness of your barbarous Usage to him.

Lady. Am I come to this ?

Lord. Enjoy your own, good Sir,
But use it with due Reverence. I once heard you
Speak most divinely in the Opposition

Of

Of a revengeful Humour, to these shew it ;
 And such who then depended on the Mercy
 Of your Brother wholly now at your Devotion,
 And make good the Opinion I held of you ;
 Of which I am most confident.

Luke. Pray you rise,
 And rise with this Assurance, I am still,
 As I was of late, your Creature ; and if rais'd
 In any thing, 'tis in my Power to serve you ;
 My Will is still the same. O my Lord !
 This Heap of Wealth which you possess me of,
 Which to a worldly Man had been a Blessing,
 And to the Messenger might with Justice challenge
 A kind of Adoration, is to me
 A Curse, I cannot thank you for ; and much less
 Rejoice in that Tranquillity of Mind,
 My Brother's Vows must purchase. I have made
 A dear Exchange with him. He now enjoys
 My Peace, and Poverty, the Trouble of
 His Wealth conferr'd on me, and that a Burthen
 Too heavy for my weak Shoulders.

Lord. Honest Soul,
 With what feeling he receives it !

Lady. You shall have
 My best Assistance, if you please to use it,
 To help you to support it.

Luke. By no Means,
 The Weight shall rather sink me, than you part
 With one short Minute from those lawful Pleasures
 Which you were born to, in your Care to aid me ;
 You shall have all Abundance. In my Nature
 I was ever liberal ; (my Lord you know it)
 Kind, affable. And now methinks I see
 Before my Face the Jubilee of Joy,
 When it is assur'd my Brother lives in me,
 His Debtors in full Cups crown'd to my Health,
 With Pæans to my Praise will celebrate.
 For they well know 'tis far from me to take
 The Forfeiture of a Bond. Nay, I shall blush,

The

The Interest never paid after three Years,
 When I demand my Principal. And his Servants
 Who from a slavish Fear paid their Obedience
 By him exacted; now when they are mine
 Will grow familiar Friends, and as such use me,
 Being certain of the Mildness of my Temper,
 Which my Change of Fortune, frequent in most Men,
 Hath not the Power to alter.

Lord. Yet take Heed, Sir,
 You ruin not with too much Lenity
 What his fit Severity rais'd.

Lady. And we fall from
 That Height we have maintain'd.

Luke. I'll build it higher,
 To Admiration higher. With Disdain
 I look upon these Habits, no Way suiting
 The Wife and Daughters of a knighted Citizen
 Bless'd with Abundance.

Lord. There, Sir, I join with you;
 A fit Decorum must be kept; the Court
 Distinguish'd from the City.

Luke. With your Favour
 I know what you would say; but give me Leave
 In this to be your Advocate. You are wide,
 Wide the whole Region in what I purpose.
 Since all the Titles, Honours, long Descents
 Borrow their Gloss from Wealth, the Rich with Reason
 May challenge their Prerogatives. And it shall be
 My Glory, nay a Triumph, to revive
 In the Pomp that these shall shine, the Memory
 Of the *Roman* Matrons, who kept captive Queens
 To be their Hand-maids. And when you appear
 Like *Juno* in full Majesty, and my Nieces
 Like *Iris*, *Hebe*, or what Deities else
 Old Poets fancy; (your cramm'd Ward-robcs richer
 Than various Nature's) and draw down the Envy
 Of our Western World upon you, only hold me
 Your vigilant *Hermes* with aërial Wings,
 (My *Caduceus*, my strong Zeal to serve you)

322 THE CITY-MADAM.

Prefs'd to fetch in all Rarities may delight you,
And I am made immortal.

Lord. A strange Frenzy.

Luke. Off with these Rags, and then to Bed. There
dream

Of future Greatness; which when you awake
I'll make a certain Truth: but I must be
A Doer, not a Promiser. The Performance
Requiring Haste, I kiss your Hands and leave you.

[Exit Luke.]

Lord. Are we all turn'd Statues? Have his strange
Words

Charm'd us? What muse you on, Lady?

Lady. Do not trouble me.

Lord. Sleep you too, young ones?

Ann. Swift-wing'd Time till now

Was never tedious to me. Would 'twere Night!

Mary. Nay, Morning rather.

Lord. Can you ground your Faith
On such Impossibilities? have you so soon
Forgot your Husband?

Lady. He was a Vanity
I must no more remember.

Lord. Excellent!

You your kind Father?

Ann. Such an Uncle never
Was read of in Story!

Lord. Not one Word in Answer
Of my Demands?

Mary. You are but a Lord; and know,
My Thoughts soar higher.

Lord. Admirable! I will leave you
To your Castles in the Air—when I relate this,
It will exceed Belief, but he must know it. [Exit Lord.]

Stargaze. Now I may boldly speak. May it please
you, Madam,
To look upon your Vassal: I foresaw this,
The Stars assur'd it.

Lady.

Lady. I begin to feel
Myself another Woman.

Stargaze. Now you shall find
All my Predictions true, and nobler Matches
Prepared for my young Ladies.

Millis. Princely Husbands.

Ann. I'll go no less.

Mary. Not a Word more,
Provide my Night-rail.

Millis. What shall we be To-morrow? [Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter Luke with a Key.

Luke. 'Twas no phantastick Object, but a Truth,
A real Truth, no Dream. I did not slumber,
And could wake ever with a brooding Eye
To gaze upon't! It did endure the Touch,
I saw, and felt it. Yet what I beheld
And handled oft, did so transcend Belief
(My Wonder and Astonishment pass'd o'er)
I faintly could give Credit to my Senses.
Thou dumb Magician, that without a Charm
Did'st make my Entrance easy, to possess
What wise Men wish and toil for! *Hermes' Moly*²¹;
Sybilla's golden Bough; the great Elixir,
Imagin'd only by the Alchymist;
Compar'd with thee are Shadows, thou the Substance
And Guardian of Felicity. No Marvel,
My Brother made thy Place of Rest his Bosom,
Thou being the Keeper of his Heart, a Mistress
To be hugg'd ever. In Bye-corners of
This sacred Room, Silver in Bags heap'd up
Like Billers saw'd, and ready for the Fire,
Unworthy to hold Fellowship with bright Gold
That flow'd about the Room, conceal'd itself.

²¹ *Hermes Moly.*

A Plant of sovereign Use in many Diseases. *Hederic* and *Morell* term
it "*Ruta Sylvestris radix.*" D.

Y 2

There

324 THE CITY-MADAM.

There needs no artificial Light, the Splendor
 Makes a perpetual Day there, Night and Darkness
 By that still burning Lamp for ever banish'd.
 But when guided by that, my Eyes had made
 Discovery of the Caskets, and they open'd,
 Each sparkling Diamond from itself shot forth
 A Pyramid of Flames, and in the Roof
 Fix'd it a glorious Star, and made the Place
 Heaven's Abstract, or Epitome; Rubies, Sapphires,
 And Ropes of oriental Pearl; these seen, I could not
 But look on Gold with Contempt. And yet I found
 What weak Credulity could have no Faith in
 A Treasure far exceeding these. Here lay
 A Manor bound fast in a Skin of Parchment,
 The Wax continuing hard, the Acres melting.
 Here a sure Deed of Gift for a Market-town,
 If not redeem'd this Day, which is not in
 The Unthrift's Power. There being scarce one Shire
 In Wales or England, where my Moneys are not
 Lent out at Usury, the certain Hook
 To draw in more. I am sublim'd! gross Earth
 Supports me not. I walk on Air!—Who's there?
 Thieves! raise the Street, Thieves!

Enter Lord, Sir John, Lacy, and Plenty, as Indians.

Lord. What strange Passion's this?
 Have you your Eyes? do you know me?

Luke. You, my Lord!
 I do: but this Retinue, in these Shapes too,
 May well excuse my Fears. When 'tis your Pleasure
 That I should wait upon you, give me Leave
 To do it at your own House, for I must tell you,
 Things as they now are with with me, well consider'
 I do not like such Visitants.

Lord. Yesterday
 When you had nothing (praise your Poverty for't)
 You could have sung secure before a Thief;
 But now you are grown rich, Doubts and Suspensions
 And

And needless Fears possess you. Thank a good Brother,
ther,

But let not this exalt you.

Luke. A good Brother :

Good in his Conscience, I confess, and wise,
In giving o'er the World. But his Estate,
Which your Lordship may conceive great, no Way
Answers the general Opinion. Alas,
With a great Charge, I am left a poor Man by him.

Lord. A poor Man, say you ?

Luke. Poor, compar'd with what
'Tis thought I do possess. Some little Land,
Fair houshold Furniture ; a few good Debts,
But empty Bags I find : yet I will be
A faithful Steward to his Wife and Daughters,
And to the utmost of my Power obey
His Will in all Things.

Lord. I'll not argue with you
Of his Estate, but bind you to Performance
Of his last Request, which is for Testimony
Of his religious Charity, that you would
Receive these *Indians*, lately sent him from
Virginia, into your House ; and labour
At any Rate with the best of your Endeavours,
Assisted by the Aids of our Divines,
To make 'em Christians.

Luke. Call you this, my Lord,
Religious Charity, to send Infidels
Like hungry Locusts, to devour the Bread
Should feed his Family ? I neither can,
Nor will consent to't.

Lord. Do not slight it, 'tis
With him a Business of such Consequence,
That should he only hear 'tis not embrac'd,
And chearfully, in this his Conscience aiming
At the saving of three Souls, 'twill draw him o'er.
To see it himself accomplish'd.

Luke. Heaven forbid
I should divert him from his holy Purpose

To worldly Cares again ! I rather will
Sustain the Burthen, and with the Converted
Feast the Converters, who I know will prove
The greater Feeders.

Sir *John*. *Oh, ha, enswab Chrish bully leika.*

Plenty. *Enaula.*

Lacy. *Harrico botikia bonnery.*

Luke. Ha ! In this Heathen Language,
How is it possible our Doctors should
Hold Conference with 'em ? or I use the Means
For their Conversion ?

Lord. That shall be no Hindrance
To your Purposes. They have liv'd long
In the *English* Colony, and speak our Language,
As their own Dialect ; the Business does concern you.
Mine own Designs command me hence. Continue,
As in your Poverty you were, a pious
And honest Man.

Luke. That is, interpreted,
A Slave, and Beggar.

Sir *John*. You conceive it right,
There being no Religion, nor Virtue,
But in Abundance ; and no Vice but Want.
All Deities serve *Plutus*.

Luke. Oracle.

Sir *John*. Temples rais'd to ourselves in the Increase
Of Wealth, and Reputation, speak a wise Man ;
But Sacrifice to an imagin'd Power,
Of which we have no Sense, but in Belief,
A superstitious Fool.

Luke. True Worldly Wisdom.

Sir *John*. All Knowledge else is Folly.

Lacy. Now we are yours,
Be confident your better Angel is
Enter'd your House.

Plenty. There be nothing in
The Compass of your Wishes, but shall end
In their Fruition to the Full.

Sir *John*.

Sir *John*. As yet,
 You do not know us; but when you understand
 The Wonders we can do, and what the Ends were
 That brought us hither, you will entertain us
 With more Respect.

Luke. There's something whispers to me,
 These are no common Men—my House is yours,
 Enjoy it freely: only grant me this,
 Not to be seen Abroad till I have heard
 More of your sacred Principles. Pray enter.
 You are learned *Europeans*, and we worse
 Than ignorant *Americans*.

Sir *John*. You shall find it. [Exeunt.

The End of the THIRD ACT.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Ding'em, Gett-all, and Holdfast.

Ding'em. NOT speak with him! with Fear survey
 me better,
 Thou Figure of Famine.

Gett-all. Coming, as we do,
 From his quondam Patrons, his dear Ingles²² now,
 The brave Spark *Tradewell*——

Ding'em. And the Man of Men
 In the Service of a Woman, gallant *Goldwire*?

Enter Luke.

Holdfast. I know 'em for his 'Prentices, without
 These Flourishes. Here are rude Fellows, Sir.

²² The Word *Ingle* frequently occurs in *Jonson*, and means a favourite Friend. M. M.

Ingle, or *Engle*, is a Minion, or favourite Boy, kept for infamous Pleasures; *Minsbew* and *Skinner* understand the Word in this Sense, and derive it from the Latin *Inguen*.—*B. Jonson* seems to hint at something not very distant from this Meaning in his Silent Woman.—*Truelove* says of *Clerimont*, "What between his Mistress
 "abroad, and his *Ingle* at home, high fare, &c." D.

Y 4

Ding'em.

Ding'em. Not yours, you Rascal !

Holdfast. No, Don Pimp, you may seek 'em
In *Bridewell*, or the Hole, here are none of your
Comrades.

Luke. One of 'em looks as he would cut my Throat :
Your Business, Friends ?

Holdfast. I'll fetch a Constable,
Let him answer him in the Stocks.

Ding'em. Stir an thou dar'st ;
Fright me with *Bridewell* and the Stocks ? they are Flea-
bitings

I am familiar with.

[draws.

Luke. Pray you put up.
And Sirrah hold your Peace.

Ding'em. Thy Word's a Law,
And I obey. Live, Scrape-shoe, and be thankful.
Thou Man of Muck and Money, for as such
I now salute thee, the Suburbian Gamesters
Have heard thy Fortunes, and I am in Person
Sent to congratulate.

Gett-all. The News hath reach'd
The Ordinaries, and all the Gamesters are
Ambitious to shake the golden Golls²³
Of worshipful Mr. *Luke*. I come from *Tradewell*,
Your fine facetious Factor.

Ding'em. I from *Goldwire*.
He and his *Hellen* have prepared a Banquet
With the Appurtenances, to entertain thee,
For I must whisper in thine Ear, thou art
To be her *Paris* ; but bring Money with thee
To quit old Scores.

Gett-all. Blind Chance hath frown'd upon
Brave *Tradewell*. He's blown up, but not without
Hope of Recovery, so you supply him
With a good round Sum. In my House I can assure you
There's half a Million stirring.

Luke. What hath he lost ?

Gett-all. Three hundred.

Luke. A Trifle.

²³ A cant Phrase for Hands. M. M.

Gett-all.

Gett-all. Make it up a Thousand,
And I will fit him with such Tools as shall
Bring in a Myriad.

Luke. They know me well,
Nor need you use such Circumstances for 'em.
What's mine is theirs. They are my Friends, not
Servants,

But in their Care to enrich me ; and these Courses
The speeding Means. Your Name, I pray you?

Gett. *Gett-all.*

I have been many Years an Ordinary-keeper,
My Box my poor Revenue.

Luke. Your Name suits well
With your Profession. Bid him bear up, he shall not
Sit long on Pennylefs Bench.

Gett-all. There spake an Angel.

Luke. You know Mistress *Shave'em*?

Gett-all. The Pontifical Punk.

Luke. The same.

Let him meet me there some two Hours hence,
And tell *Tom Goldwire*, I will then be with him,
Furnish'd beyond his Hopes, and let your Mistress
Appear in her best Trim.

Ding'em. She will make thee young,
Old Eson. She is ever furnish'd with
Medæa's Drugs, Restoratives. I fly
To keep 'em sober till thy Worship come,
They will be drunk with Joy else.

Gett-all. I'll run with you.

[*Exeunt Ding'em and Gett-all.*]

Holdfast. You will not do as you say, I hope.

Luke. Enquire not,
I shall do what becomes me—to the Door. [*Knocking.*]
New Visitants : What are they?

Holdfast. A whole Batch, Sir,
Almost of the same Leaven : your needy Debtors,
Penury, Fortune, Hoyst.

Luke. They come to gratulate
The Fortune fall'n upon me.

Holdfast.

Holdfast. Rather, Sir,
Like the others, to prey on you.

Luke. I am simple,
They know my Good-nature. But let 'em in however.

Holdfast. All will come to Ruin; I see Beggary
Already knocking at the Door.—You may enter,
But use a Conscience, and do not work upon
A tender-hearted Gentleman too much,
'Twill shew like Charity in you.

Enter Fortune, Penury, and Hoyst.

Luke. Welcome, Friends:
I know your Hearts, and Wishes; you are glad
You have chang'd your Creditor.

Penury. I weep for Joy
To look upon his Worship's Face.

Fortune. His Worship's?
I see Lord Mayor written on his Forehead;
The Cap of Maintenance and City Sword
Borne up in State before him.

Hoyst. Hospitals,
And a third Bourse, erected by his Honour.

Penury. The City Poet on the Pageant Day
Preferring him before *Gresham*.

Hoyst. All the Conduits
Spouting Canary-sack.

Fortune. Not a Prisoner left,
Under Ten Pounds.

Penury. We his poor Beads-men feasting
Our Neighbours on his Bounty.

Luke. May I make good
Your Prophécies, gentle Friends, as I'll endeavour
To the utmost of my Power!

Holdfast. Yes, for one Year,
And break the next.

Luke. You are ever prating, Sirrah:
Your present Business, Friends?

Fortune. Were your Brother present,
Mine had been of some Consequence; but now

The

The Power lies in your Worship's Hand, 'tis little,
And will I know, as soon as ask'd, be granted.

Luke. 'Tis very probable.

Fortune. The kind Forbearance [for't!]
Of my great Debt, by your Means (Heaven be prais'd
Hath rais'd my sunk Estate. I have two Ships,
Which I long since gave lost, above my Hopes
Return'd from *Barbary*, and richly freighted.

Luke. Where are they?

Fortune. Near *Gravesend*.

Luke. I am truly glad of it.

Fortune. I find your Worship's Charity, and dare
swear so.

Now may I have your Licence, as I know
With Willingness I shall, to make the best
Of the Commodities, though you have Execution,
And after Judgment against all that's mine,
As my poor Body, I shall be enabled
To make Payment of my Debts to all the World,
And leave myself a Competence.

Luke. You much wrong me,
If you only doubt it. Yours, Mr. *Hoyst*?

Hoyst. 'Tis the surrendering back the Mortgage of
My Lands, and on good Terms, but three Days Patience;
By an Uncle's Death I have Means left to redeem it,
And cancel all the forfeited Bonds I seal'd to
In my Riots to the Merchant; for I am
Resolv'd to leave off Play, and turn good Husband.

Luke. A good Intent, and to be cherish'd in you.
Yours, *Penury*?

Penury. My State stands as it did, Sir:
What I ow'd I owe, but can pay nothing to you.
Yet if you please to trust me with ten Pounds more,
I can buy a Commodity of a Sailor
Will make me a Free Man. There, Sir, is his Name;
And the Parcels I am to deal for. [*Gives him a Paper.*]

Luke. You are all so reasonable
In your Demands, that I must freely grant 'em.

Some

Some three Hours hence meet me on the *Exchange*,
You shall be amply satisfy'd.

Penury. Heaven preserve you.

Fortune. Happy were *London*, if within her Walls
She had many such rich Men.

[*Exeunt Fortune, Hoyft, and Penury.*]

Luke. No more, now leave me;
I am full of various Thoughts. Be careful, *Holdfast*;
I have much to do.

Holdfast. And I something to say,
Would you give me hearing.

Luke. At my better Leisure.

*Till my Return look well unto the *Indians*.

In the mean Time do you as this directs you. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*Enter Goldwire, Tradewell, Shave'em, Secret, Gett-all,
and Ding'em.*

Goldwire. All that is mine is theirs. Those were his
Words.

Ding'em. I am authentical.

Tradewell. And that I should not
Sit long on pennyless Bench.

Gett-all. But suddenly start up
A Gamester at the Height, and cry at all.

Shave'em. And did he seem to have an Inclination
To toy with me?

Ding'em. He wish'd you would put on
Your best Habiliments, for he resolv'd
To make a jovial Day on't.

Goldwire. Hug him close, Wench,
And thou may'st eat Gold, and Amber. I well know him
For a most insatiate Drabber. He hath given,
Before he spent his own Estate, which was
Nothing to the huge Mass he's now possess'd of,
A hundred Pound a Leap.

Shave'em. Hell take my Doctor!

He

He should have brought me some fresh Oil of Talk,
These Ceruses are common.

Secret. 'Troth, sweet Lady,
The Colours are well laid on.

Goldwire. And thick enough,
I find that on my Lips.

Shave'em. Do you so, Jack Sauce?
I'll keep 'em further off.

Goldwire. But be assur'd first
Of a new Maintainer ere you cashire the old one.
But bind him fast by thy Sorceries, and thou shalt
Be my Revenue; the whole College study
The Reparation of thy ruin'd Face;
Thou shalt have thy proper and bald-headed Coachman.
Thy Taylor and Embroiderer shall kneel
To thee their Idol. *Cheapside* and the *Exchange*
Shall court thy Custom, and thou shalt forget
There ever was a Saint *Martin's* ²⁴. Thy Procurer
Shall be sheath'd in Velvet, and a reverend Veil
Pass her for a grave Matron. Have an Eye to the Door,
And let loud Musick when this Monarch enters
Proclaim his Entertainment.

Ding'em. That's my Office. [Cornets flourish.
The Concert's ready.

Enter Luke.

Traderwell. And the God of Pleasure.
Mr *Luke*, our *Comus* enters.

Goldwire. Set your Face in Order,
I will prepare him—Live I to see this Day,
And to acknowledge you my Royal Master?

Traderwell. Let the Iron Chests fly open, and the Gold
Rusty for Want of Use appear again.

Gett-all. Make my Ordinary flourish.

Shave'em. Welcome, Sir,
To your own Palace. [Musick.

²⁴ *St. Martin's.*

I suppose the House of Correction at that Time was in *St. Martins*.
M. M.

Goldwire.

Goldwire. Kifs your *Cleopatra*,
And shew yourself in your magnificent Bounties
A second *Anthony*.

Ding'em. All the Nine Worthies.

Secret. Variety of Pleasures wait on you,
And a strong Back!

Luke. Give me Leave to breathe, I pray you.
I am astonish'd! all this Preparation
For me? and this choice modest Beauty wrought
To feed my Appetite?

All. We are all your Creatures.

Luke. A House well furnish'd.

Goldwire. At your own Cost, Sir,
Glad I the Instrument. I prophesied
You should possess what now you do, and therefore
Prepar'd it for your Pleasure. There's no Rag
This *Venus* wears, but on my Knowledge was
Deriv'd from your Brother's Cash. The Lease of the
House

And Furniture cost near a Thousand, Sir.

Shave'em. But now you are Master both of it and me.
I hope you'll build elsewhere.

Luke. And see you plac'd,
Fair-one, to your Desert. As I live, Friend *Tradewell*,
I hardly knew you, your Cloaths so well become you.
What is your Loss; speak Truth?

Tradewell. Three Hundred, Sir.

Gett-all. But on a new Supply he shall recover
The Sum told twenty Times o'er.

Shave'em. There is a Banquet,
And after that a soft Couch that attends you.

Luke. I couple not in the Day-light. Expectation
Heightens the Pleasure of the Night, my Sweet-one.
Your Musick's harsh, discharge it: I have provided
A better Concert, and you shall frolick it
In another Place.

[*The Musick ceases.*]

Goldwire. But have you brought Gold, and Store,
Sir?

Tradewell.

Tradewell. I long to wear the Castor²⁵.

Goldwire. I to appear
In a fresh Habit.

Shave'em. My Mercer and my Silkman
Waited me two Hours since.

Luke. I am no Porter
To carry so much Gold as will supply
Your vast Desires, but I've ta'en Order for you.

Enter Sheriff, Marshall, and Officers.

You shall have what's fitting, and they come here
Will see it perform'd. Do your Offices : You have
My Lord Chief Justice's Warrant for't.

Sheriff. Seize 'em all.

Shave'em. The City Marshal!

Goldwire. And the Sheriff! I know him.

Secret. We are betrayed.

Ding'em. Undone.

Gett-all. Dear Mr. *Luke.*

Goldwire. You cannot be so cruel : Your Persuasion
Chid us into these Courses, oft repeating,
" Shew yourselves City-sparks, and hang up Money."

Luke. True : when it was my Brother's, I con-
temn'd it ;

But now it is mine own, the Case is alter'd.

Tradewell. Will you prove yourself a Devil?
Tempt us to Mischief, and then discover it?

Luke. Argue that hereafter.

In the mean Time, Mr. *Goldwire*, you that made
Your ten Pound Suppers ; kept your Punks at Livery
In *Brentford*, *Staines*, and *Barnet* ; and this in *London* ;
Held Correspondence with your Fellow-cashiers,
Ka me, ka thee ; and knew in your Accompts
To cheat my Brother ; if you can, evade me.

²⁵ I long to wear the Castor, &c.

Alluding to the Throwers of the Dice at Hazard, and to the Cloth
made of the Beaver's Hair. M. M.

336 THE CITY-MADAM.

If there be Law in *London*, your Father's Bonds
Shall answer for what you are out.

Goldwire. You often told us
It was a Bug-bear.

Luke. Such a one as shall fright 'em
Out of their Estates to make me Satisfaction,
To the utmost Scruple. And for you, Madam,
My *Cleopatra*, by your own Confession
Your House and all your Moveables are mine;
Nor shall you nor your Matron need to trouble
Your Mercer, or your Silkman; a blue Gown,
And a Whip to boot, as I will handle it
Will serve the Turn in *Bridewell*, and these soft Hands,
When they're inur'd to beating Hemp, be scour'd
In your penitent Tears, and quite forget
Powders and Bitter Almonds.

Shave'em, Secret, Ding'em. Will you shew no Mercy?

Luke. I am inexorable.

Gett-all. I'll make bold

To take my Leave, the Gamesters stay my coming.

Luke. We must not part so, gentle Mr. *Gett-all*.
Your Box, your certain Income, must pay back
Three Hundred as I take it, or you lye by it.
There's half a Million stirring in your House,
This a poor Trifle.—Mr. Shrief and Mr. Marshal,
On your Perils do your Offices.

Goldwire. Dost thou cry now
Like a maudlin Gamester after Loss? I'll suffer
Like a Boman²⁶, and now in my Misery,
In Scorn of all thy Wealth, to thy Teeth tell thee
Thou wert my Pandar.

Luke. Shall I hear this from
My 'Prentice?

Marshal. Stop his Mouth.

Sheriff. Away with 'em.

[*Exeunt Sheriff, Marshal, and the rest.*]

Luke. A prosperous Omen in my Entrance to

²⁶ *Like a Boman.*

A Boman, in the Language of *Asia*, means a gallant Fellow. M. M.

My alter'd Nature ! These House-thieves remov'd,
 And what was lost, beyond my Hopes recover'd,
 Will add unto my Heap. Increase of Wealth
 Is the rich Man's Ambition; and mine
 Shall know no Bounds. The valiant *Macedon*
 Having in his Conceit subdued one World,
 Lamented that there were no more to conquer :
 In my Way, he shall be my great Example.
 And when my private House in cramm'd Abundance
 Shall prove the Chamber of the City-poor,
 And *Genoa's* Bankers shall look pale with Envy
 When I am mentioned, I shall grieve there is
 No more to be exhausted in one Kingdom.
 Religion, Conscience, Charity, farewell ;
 To me you are Words only and no more,
 All human Happiness consists in Store. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter Serjeants, Fortune, Hoyft, Penury.

Fortune. At Mr. *Luke's* Suit ?

The Action Twenty Thousand.

1 Serjeant. With two or three Executions, which
 shall grind

You to Powder when we have you in the Compter.

Fortune. Thou dost belye him, Varlet. He, good
 Gentleman,

Will weep when he hears how we are us'd.

1 Serjeant. Yes, Mill-stones.

Penury. He promis'd to lend me ten Pound for a
 Bargain,

He will not do it this Way.

2 Serjeant. I have Warrant

For what I have done. You are a poor Fellow,

And there being little to be got by you,

In Charity, as I am an Officer,

I would not have seen you but upon Compulsion,

And for mine own Security.

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3 Serjeant.

3 *Serjeant*. You are a Gallant,
And I'll do you a Courtesy; provided
That you have Money. For a Piece an Hour
I'll keep you in the House, till you send for Bail.

2 *Serjeant*. In the mean Time, Yeoman, run to the
other Compter,
And search if there be aught else out against him.

3 *Serjeant*. That done, haste to his Creditors. He's
a Prize,
And as we are City-pirates by our Oaths,
We must make the best on't.

Hoyft. Do your worst, I care not.
I'll be remov'd to the *Fleet*, and drink and drab there
In Spite of your Teeth. I now repent I ever
Intended to be honest.

Enter Luke.

3 *Serjeant*. Here he comes;
You had best him tell so.

Fortune. Worshipful Sir,
You come in Time to free us from these Ban-dogs.
I know you gave no Way to't.

Penury. Or, if you did,
'Twas but to try our Patience.

Hoyft. I must tell you
I do not like such Trials.

Luke. Are you Serjeants
Acquainted with the Danger of a Rescue,
Yet stand here prating in the Street? The Compter
Is a safer Place to parly in.

Fortune. Are you in earnest?

Luke. Yes faith, I will be satisfy'd to a Token,
Or, build upon't, you rot there.

Fortune. Can a Gentleman
Of your soft and silken Temper speak such Language?

Penury. So honest, so religious?

Hoyft. That preach'd
So much of Charity for us to your Brother?

Luke. Yes, when I was in Poverty, it shew'd well;
But I inherit with his 'State, his Mind,
And rougher Nature; I grant then I talked,
For some Ends to myself conceal'd, of Pity,
The Poor-man's Orisons, and such-like Nothings:
But what I thought, you all shall feel, and with Rigour.
Kind Mr. *Luke* says it. Who pays for your Attendance?
Do you wait gratis?

Fortune. Hear us speak.

Luke. While I,
Like the Adder, stop mine Ears. Or did I listen,
Tho' you spake with the Tongues of Angels to me,
I am not to be alter'd.

Fortune. Let me make the best
Of my Ships, and their Freight.

Penury. Lend me the Ten Pounds you promis'd.

Hoyst. A Day or two's Patience to redeem my Mortgage,
And you shall be satisfy'd.

Fortune. To the utmost Farthing. [not

Luke. I'll shew some Mercy; which is, that I will
Torture you with false Hopes, but make you know
What you shall trust to. Your Ships to my Use
Are seiz'd on. I have got into my Hands
Your Bargain from the Sailor, 'twas a good one
For such a petty Sum. I will likewise take
The Extremity of your Mortgage, and the Forfeit
Of your several Bonds; the Use and Principal
Shall not serve. Think of the Basket, Wretches,
And a Coal-sack for a Winding-sheet.

Fortune. Broker.

Hoyst. Jew.

Fortune. Impostor.

Hoyst. Cut-throat.

Fortune. Hypocrite.

Luke. Do, rail on.

Move Mountains with your Breath, it shakes not me.

Penury. On my Knees I beg Compassion. My Wife
and Children

Shall hourly pray for your Worship.

Fortune. Mine betake thee²⁷
To the Devil thy Tutor.

Penury. Look upon my Tears.

Hoyft. My Rage.

Fortune. My Wrongs.

Luke. They are all alike to me ;
Intreats, Curses, Prayers, or Imprecations.
Do your Duties, Serjeants : I am elsewhere look'd for.
[Exit Luke.

3 Serjeant. This your kind Creditor ?

2 Serjeant. A vast Villain rather.

Penury. See, see, the Serjeants pity us. Yet he's
Marble.

Hoyft. Buried alive !

Fortune. There's no Means to avoid it. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Holdfast, Stargaze, and Milliscent.

Stargaze. Not wait on my Lady ?

Holdfast. Nor come at her :

You find it not in your Almanack.

Milliscent. Nor I have Licence

To bring her Breakfast ?

Holdfast. My new Master hath

Decreed this for a Fasting-day. She hath feasted long ;
And after a Carnival, Lent ever follows.

Milliscent. Give me the Key of her Wardrobe. You'll
repent this :

I must know what Gown she'll wear ;

Holdfast. You are mistaken,

Dame President of the Sweetmeats. She and her
Daughters

Are turn'd Philosophers, and must carry all

Their Wealth about 'em. They have Cloaths laid in
their Chamber,

If they please to put 'em on, and without Help too,

²⁷ *Mine betake thee, &c.*

May the Earth open to swallow thee up, or mayst thou be under-
mined. D.

Or

Or they may walk naked. You look, Mr *Stargaze*,
As you had seen a strange Comet, and had now foretold
The End of the World, and on what Day. And you,
As the Wasps had broke into the Galley-pots,
And eaten up your Apricots.

Lady. (within) *Stargaze!* *Milliscent!*

Milliscent. My Lady's Voice.

Holdfast. Stir not, you are confin'd here.
Your Ladyship may approach them if you please,
But they are bound in this Circle.

Lady. (within) Mine own Bees
Rebel against me! when my kind Brother knows this,
I will be so reveng'd.

Holdfast. The World's well alter'd.
He's your kind Brother now. But Yesterday
Your Slave and Jestling-stock.

Enter Lady, Ann, Mary, in coarse Habits, weeping.

Milliscent. What Witch hath transform'd you?

Stargaze. Is this the glorious Shape your cheating
Brother

Promis'd you should appear in?

Milliscent. My young Ladies
In Buffin Gowns and green Aprons! tear 'em off,
Rather shew all than be seen thus.

Holdfast. 'Tis more comely,
I wis, than their other Whim-whams,

Milliscent. A French Hood too,
Now 'tis out of Fashion! a Fool's Cap would shew better.

Lady. We are fool'd indeed; By whose Command
are we us'd thus?

Enter Luke.

Holdfast. Here he comes that can best resolve you.

Lady. O good Brother!
Do you thus preserve your Protestation to me?

Can Queens envy this Habit? or did *Jung*
E'er feast in such a Shape?

Ann. You talk'd of *Hebe*,
Of *Iris*, and I know not what; but, were they
Dress'd as we are, they were sure some Chandler's
Daughters

Bleaching Linen in *Moorfields*.

Mary. Or *Exchange* Wenches,
Coming from eating Pudding-pies on a *Sunday*
At *Pimlico*, or *Islington*.

Luke. Save you, Sister.

I now dare stile you so: you were before
Too glorious to be look'd on; now you appear
Like a City-matron; and my pretty Nieces
Such Things as were born and bred there. Why should
you ape

The Fashions of Court-ladies? whose high Titles
And Pedigrees of long Descent give warrant
For their superfluous Bravery? 'Twas monstrous:
Till now you ne'er look'd lovely.

Lady. Is this spoken
In Scorn?

Luke. Fie! no, with Judgment. I make good
My Promise, and now shew you like yourselves,
In your own natural Shapes, and stand resolv'd
You shall continue so.

Lady. It is confess'd, Sir.

Luke. Sir! Sirrah. Use your old Phrase, I can bear it.

Lady. That, if you please, forgotten. We acknowledge
We have deserv'd ill from you, yet despair not,
Tho' we are at your Disposal, you'll maintain us
Like your Brother's Wife and Daughters.

Luke. 'Tis my Purpose.

Lady. And nor make us ridiculous.

Luke. Admir'd rather;

As fair Examples for our proud City-dames
And their proud Brood to imitate. Do not frown:
If you do, I laugh, and glory that I have
The Power in you to scourge a general Vice.

And

And rise up a new Satyrift. But hear gently,
 And in a gentle Phrase I'll reprehend
 Your late disguis'd Deformity, and cry up
 This Decency and Neatness, with th' Advantage
 You shall receive by't.

Lady. We are bound to hear you.

Luke. With a Soul inclin'd to learn. Your Father was
 An honest Country Farmer, Goodman Humble,
 By his Neighbours ne'er call'd Master. Did your Pride
 Descend from him? but let that pass. Your Fortune,
 Or rather your Husband's Industry, advanc'd you
 To the Rank of a Merchant's Wife. He made a Knight,
 And your sweet Mistress-ship Ladyfied; you wore
 Sattin on solemn Days, a Chain of Gold,
 A Velvet Hood, rich Borders, and sometimes
 A dainty Miniver Cap²⁸, a Silver Pin
 Headed with a Pearl worth Three Pence. And thus far
 You were privileg'd, and no Man envy'd it;
 It being for the City's Honour that
 There should be a Distinction between
 The Wife of a Patrician, and Plebeian.—

Milliscent. Pray you leave Preaching, or chuse some
 other Text;

Your Rhetorick is too moving, for it makes
 Your Auditory weep.

Luke. Peace chattering Magpie,
 I'll treat of you anon: But when the Height
 And Dignity of *London's* Blessings grew
 Contemptible, and the Name Lady Mayorefs
 Became a Bye-word, and you scorn'd the Means
 By which you were rais'd, my Brother's fond Indulgence,
 Giving the Reins to it; and no Object pleased you
 But the glittering Pomp, and Bravery of the Court;
 What a strange, nay monstrous Metamorphosis follow'd!
 No *English* Workman then could please your Fancy;
 The *French* and *Tuscan* dress your whole Discourse;
 This Baud to Prodigality entertain'd,
 To buz into your Ears, what Shape this Countess

²⁸ *A dainty Miniver Cap.*

That is, a Cap of Squirrels' Skins. M. M.

Appear'd in the last Mask, and how it drew
The young Lord's Eyes upon her ; and this Usher
Succeeded in the eldest 'Prentice's Place
To walk before you.

Lady. Pray you end.

Holdfast. Proceed, Sir,
I could fast almost a 'Prenticeship to hear you,
You touch 'em so to the Quick.

Luke. Then, as I said,
The reverend Hood cast off, your borrow'd Hair;
Powder'd and curl'd was by your Dresser's Art
Form'd like a Coronet, hang'd with Diamonds,
And the richest Orient Pearl : Your Carkanets
That did adorn your Neck with equal Value ;
Your *Hungerland* Bands and *Spanish* Quellio-ruffs ;
Great Lords and Ladies feasted to survey
Embroider'd Petticoats ; and Sickness feign'd
That your Night-rails of Forty Pounds a Piece
Might be seen with Envy of the Visitants ;
Rich Pantables in Ostentation shown,
And Roses worth a Family. You were serv'd in Plate,
Stirr'd not a Foot without your Coach ; and going
To Church not for Devotion, but to shew
Your Pomp, you were tickled when the Beggars cry'd,
Heaven save your Honour ! This Idolatry
Paid to a painted Room.

Holdfast. Nay, you have Reason
To blubber, all of you.

Luke. And when you lay
In Child-bed, at the Christening of this Minx,
I well remember it, as you had been
An absolute Princess, since they have no more,
Three several Chambers hung. The first with Arras,
And that for Waiters ; the second Crimson Sattin,
For the meaner Sort of Guests ; the third of Scarlet
Of the rich *Tyrian* Dye, a Canopy
To cover the Brat's Cradle ; you in State
Like *Pompey's Julia*.

Lady. No more, I pray you.

Luke.

Luke. Of this be sure you shall not. I'll cut off
Whatever is exorbitant in you,
Or in your Daughters, and reduce you to
Your natural Forms and Habits: not in Revenge
Of your base Usage of me, but to fright
Others by your Example: 'Tis decreed
You shall serve one another, for I will
Allow no Waiter to you; out of doors
With these useless Drones.

Holdfast. Will you pack?

Milliscent. Not till I have
My Trunks along with me.

Luke. Not a Rag; you came
Hither without a Box.

Stargaze. You'll shew to me
I hope, Sir, more Compassion.

Holdfast. Troth I'll be
Thus far a Suitor for him. He hath printed
An Almanack for this Year at his own Charge,
Let him have th' Impression with him to set up with.

Luke. For once I'll be intreated; let it be
Thrown to him out of the Window.

Stargaze. O cursed Stars
That reign'd at my Nativity! how have you cheated
Your poor Observer!

Ann. Must we part in Tears?

Mary. Farewell, good *Milliscent*.

Lady. I am sick, and meet with
A rough Physician. O my Pride and Scorn!
How justly I am punish'd!

Mary. Now we suffer
For our Stubborness and Disobedience
To our good Father.

Ann. And the base Conditions
We impos'd upon our Suitors.

Luke. Get you in,
And caterwaul in a Corner.

Lady. There's no contending.

[*Lady, Ann, Mary, go off at one Door; Stargaze and
Milliscent at the other.*

Luke.

Luke. How lik'st thou my Carriage, *Holdfast?*

Holdfast. Well in some Part,

But it relishes I know not how, a little
Of too much Tyranny:

Luke. Thou art a Fool:

He's cruel to himself, that dares not be
Severe to those that us'd him cruelly.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the FOURTH ACT.



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Luke, Sir John, Lacy, Plenty.

Luke. **Y**OU care not then, as it seems, to be converted
To our Religion.

Sir John. We know no such Word,
Nor Power but the Devil, and him we serve for Fear,
Not Love.

Luke. I am glad that Charge is sav'd.

Sir John. We put
That Trick upon your Brother, to have Means
To come to the City. Now to you we'll discover
The close Design that brought us, with Assurance
If you lend your Aids to furnish us with that
Which in the Colony was not to be purchas'd,
No Merchant ever made such a Return
For his most precious Venture, as you shall
Receive from us; far, far above your Hopes,
Or Fancy to imagine,

Luke.

Luke. It must be
Some strange Commodity, and of a dear Value,
(Such an Opinion is planted in me,
You will deal fairly) that I would not hazard.
Give me the Name of't.

Lacy. I fear you will make
Some Scruple in your Conscience to grant it. [Safety

Luke. Conscience! No, no; so it may be done with
And without Danger of the Law.

Plenty. For that
You shall sleep securely. Nor shall it diminish.
But add unto your Heap such an Increase,
As what you now possess shall appear an Atom,
To the Mountain it brings with it.

Luke. Do not rack me
With Expectation.

Sir *John.* Thus then in a Word:
The Devil—(Why start you at his Name? if you
Desire to wallow in Wealth and worldly Honours,
You must make Haste to be familiar with him)
This Devil, whose Priest I am, and by him made
A deep Magician (for I can do Wonders)
Appear'd to me in *Virginia*, and commanded
With many Stripes (for that's his cruel Custom)
I should provide on Pain of his fierce Wrath,
Against the next great Sacrifice, at which
We groveling on our Faces fall before him,
Two Christian Virgins, that with their pure Blood
Might dye his horrid Altars; and a Third
(In his Hate to such Embraces as are lawful)
Married and with your ceremonious Rites;
As an Oblation unto *Hecate*,
And wanton Lust her Favourite.

Luke. A devilish Custom!
And yet why should it startle me? there are
Enough of the Sex fit for his Use: but Virgins,
And such a Matron as you speak of, hardly
To be wrought to it.

Plenty. A Mine of Gold for a Fee
Waits him that undertakes it, and performs it.

Lacy.

Lacy. Know you no distressed Widow, or poor Maids, whose Want of Dower, tho' well born, Makes 'em weary of their own Country?

Sir John. Such as had rather be Miserable in another World, than where They have surfeited in Felicity?

Luke. Give me Leave,
I would not lose this Purchase. A grave Matron And two pure Virgins! Umph! I think my Sister, Though proud, was ever honest; and my Nieces Untainted yet! Why should they not be shipp'd For this Employment? They are burthensome to me, And eat too much; and if they stay in *London*, They will find Friends that to my Loss will force me To Composition. 'Twere a Master-piece, If this could be effected. They were ever Ambitious of Title. Should I urge Matching with these they shall live *Indian Queens*, It may do much. But what shall I feel here, Knowing to what they are design'd? They absent, The Thought of them will leave me. It shall be so. I'll furnish you, and, to indear the Service, In mine own Family, and my Blood too.

Sir John. Make this good, and your House shall not Contain the Gold we'll send you.

Luke. You have seen my Sister, and my two Nieces?

Sir John. Yes, Sir.

Luke. These persuaded
How happily they shall live, and in what Pomp
When they are in your Kingdoms (for you must
Work in 'em a Belief that you are Kings)—

Plenty. We are so.

Luke. I'll put it in Practice instantly. Study you
For moving Language. Sister! Nieces! How!

Enter Lady, Ann, Mary.

Still mourning? dry your Eyes, and clear these Clouds
That do obscure your Beauties. Did you believe

My

My personated Reprehension, though
It shew'd like a rough Anger, could be serious?
Forget the Fright I put you in. My End
In humbling you was, to set off the Height
Of Honour, princely Honour, which my Studies,
When you least expect it, shall confer upon you!
Still you seem doubtful: be not wanting to
Yourselfes, nor let the Strangeness of the Means,
With the Shadow of some Danger, render you
Incredulous.

Lady. Our Usage hath been such.
As we can faintly hope that your Intents
And Language are the same.

Luke. I'll change those Hopes
To Certainties.

Sir *John.* With what Art he winds about them!

Luke. What will you say! or what Thanks shall I
look for?

If now I raise you to such Eminence, as
The Wife and Daughters of a Citizen
Never arriv'd at? Many for their Wealth (I grant)
Have written Ladies of Honour, and some few
Have higher Titles, and that's the farthest Rise
You can in *England* hope for. What think you
If I should mark you out a Way to live
Queens in another Climate?

Ann. We desire
A Competence.

Mary. And prefer our Country's Smoke
Before outlandish Fire.

Lady. But should we listen
To such Impossibilites, 'tis not in
The Power of Man to make it good.

Luke. I'll do't.
Nor is this Seat of Majesty far remov'd.
It is but to *Virginia*.

Lady. How, *Virginia*!
High Heaven forbid. Remember, Sir, I beseech you,
What Creatures are shipp'd thither.

Ann.

Ann. Condemn'd Wretches,
Forfeited to the Law.

Mary. Strumpets and Bawds,
For the Abomination of their Lives,
Spew'd out of their own Country.

Luke. Your false Fears
Abuse my noble Purposes. Such indeed
Are sent as Slaves to labour there, but you
To absolute Sovereignty. Observe these Men,
With Reverence observe them; they are Kings
Kings of such spacious Territories and Dominions,
As our great *Britain*, measur'd, will appear
A Garden to it.

Lacy. You shall be ador'd there
As GoddesSES.

Sir John. Your Litters made of Gold
Supported by your Vassals, proud to bear
The Burthen on their Shoulders.

Plenty. Pomp, and Ease,
With Delicates that *Europe* never knew,
Like Pages shall wait on you.

Luke. If you have Minds
To entertain the Greatness offer'd to you,
With outstretch'd Arms and willing Hands embrace it.
But this refus'd, imagine what can make you
Most miserable here; and rest assur'd,
In Storms it falls upon you: take 'em in,
And use your best Persuasion. If that fail,
I'll send 'em aboard in a dry Fat²⁹.

Sir John. Be not mov'd, Sir.
We'll work 'em to your Will: Yet ere we part,
Your worldly Cares deferr'd, a little Mirth
Would not misbecome us.

[*Exeunt Lacy, Plenty, Lady, Ann, Mary.*]

Luke. You say well. And now
It comes into my Memory, this is my Birth-day
Which with Solemnity I would observe,
But that it would ask Cost.

²⁹ Now spelt *Vat*.

Sir *John*. That shall not grieve you.
 By my Art I will prepare you such a Feast,
 As *Persia* in her Height of Pomp and Riot
 Did never equal; and ravishing Musick
 As the *Italian* Princes seldom heard
 At their greatest Entertainments. Name your Guests.

Luke. I must have none.

Sir *John*. Not the City Senate?

Luke. No.

Nor yet poor Neighbours. The first would argue me
 Of foolish Ostentation; the latter
 Of too much Hospitality, and a Virtue
 Grown obsolete, and useless. I will sit
 Alone and surfeit in my Store, while others
 With Envy pine at it; my Genius pamper'd
 With the Thought of what I am, and what they suffer,
 I have mark'd out to Misery.

Sir *John*. You shall;
 And something I will add, you yet conceive not,
 Nor will I be slow-pac'd.

Luke. I have one Business,
 And that dispatch'd I am free.

Sir *John*. About it, Sir,
 Leave the rest to me.

Luke. 'Till now I ne'er lov'd Magick ³⁰.

[*Exeunt*.

³⁰ 'Till now I ne'er lov'd Magick.

Till this Scene the Author had conducted his Plot with great Skill, and within the Bounds of Probability; but the shocking Project of an Uncle's sacrificing his Sister and Nieces to diabolical Prostitution, in Hopes of immense Gain from Strangers and Indians, is beyond all Credibility.—*Luke* is too much a Man of the World to be so grossly imposed on; besides, he knew that his Brother was living, and would in all Probability call him to a strict Account for making away with his Wife and Daughters in this strange Manner: he too, who could be alarmed at the Hint which the Nobleman gave him of Sir *John's* coming Home to see the Indians converted, if *Luke* would not undertake that Business himself, would never have hazarded such a dangerous Trial of his Brother's Patience.

This Comedy is an admirable Satire on City Pride and Luxury; and 'tis to be lamented, that the last Scenes should be disgraced with so much extravagant and romantic Contrivance and ridiculous Machinery. A few judicious Alterations would make the *City-Madam* an excellent Comedy. D.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Lord, Old Goldwire, and Old Tradewell:

Lord. Believe me, Gentlemen! I never was
So cozen'd in a Fellow: He disguis'd
Hypocrisy in such a cunning Shape
Of real Goodness, that I would have sworn
This Devil a Saint. *Mr. Goldwire, and Mr. Tradewell,*
What do you mean to do? Put on.

Old Goldwire. With your Lordship's Favour.

Lord. I'll have it so.

Old Tradew. Your Will, my Lord, excuses
The Rudeness of our Manners.

Lord. You have receiv'd
Penitent Letters from your Sons, I doubt not?

Old Tradew. They are our only Sons.

Old Goldw. And as we are Fathers,
Remembering the Errors of our Youth,
We would pardon Slips in them.

Old Tradew. And pay for 'em
In a moderate Way.

Old Goldw. In which we hope your Lordship
Will be our Mediator,

Lord. All my Power

Enter Luke.

You freely shall command. 'Tis he! You are well met,
And to my Wish. And wondrous brave,
Your Habit speaks you a Merchant Royal.

Luke. What I wear I take not upon Trust.

Lord. Your Betters may, and blush not for't.

Luke. If you have nought else with me
But to argue that, I will make bold to leave you.

Lord. You are very peremptory; pray you stay.
I once held you an upright honest Man.

Luke. I am honest now
By a hundred thousand Pound (I thank my Stars for't)
Upon

Upon the Exchange ; and if your late Opinion
Be alter'd, who can help it? Good my Lord,
To the Point. I have other Business than to talk
Of Honesty and Opinions.

Lord. Yet you may
Do well, if you please, to shew the one, and merit
The other from good Men, in a Case that now
Is offer'd to you.

Luke. What is't? I am troubled.

Lord. Here are two Gentlemen, the Fathers of
Your Brother's 'Prentices.

Luke. Mine, my Lord, I take it.

Lord. Mr. *Goldwire*, and Mr. *Tradewell*.

Luke. They are welcome, if
They come prepar'd to satisfy the Damage
I have sustain'd by their Sons.

Old Goldw. We are, so you please
To use a Conscience.

Old Tradew. Which we hope you will do,
For your own Worship's Sake.

Luke. Conscience, my Friends,
And Wealth are not always Neighbours. Should I part
With what the Law gives me, I should suffer mainly
In my Reputation. For it would convince me
Of Indiscretion. Nor will you, I hope, move me
To do myself such Prejudice.

Lord. No Moderation?

Luke. They cannot look for't, and preserve in
Me a thriving Citizen's Credit. Your Bonds lie
For your Sons' Truth, and they shall answer all
They have run out. The Masters never prosper'd
Since Gentlemen's Sons grew 'Prentices. When we look
To have our Business done at Home, they are
Abroad in the Tennis-court, or in *Partridge-Alley*,
In *Lambeth Marsh*, or a Cheating Ordinary,
Where I found your Sons. I have your Bonds, look to't.
A thousand Pounds a-piece ; and that will hardly
Repair my Losses.

VOL. IV.

A a

Lord.

Lord. Thou dar'st not shew thyself
Such a Devil.

Luke. Good Words.

Lord. Such a Cut-throat. I have heard of
The Usage of your Brother's Wife and Daughters.
You shall find you are not lawless³¹, and that your
Monies cannot justify your Villainies.

Luke. I endure this.

And, good my Lord, now you talk in Time of Monies,
Pay in what you owe me. And give me Leave to wonder
Your Wisdom should have Leisure to consider
The Business of these Gentlemen, or my Carriage
To my Sister, or my Nieces, being yourself
So much in my Danger.

Lord. In thy Danger?

Luke. Mine.

I find in my Counting-house a Manor pawn'd;
Pawn'd, my good Lord, *Lacy-Manor*, and that Manor
From which you have the Title of a Lord,
An please your good Lordship. You are a Nobleman,
Pray, you pay in my Monies. The Interest
Will eat faster in't, than *Aqua-fortis* in Iron.
Now though you bear me hard, I love your Lordship.
I grant your Person to be priviledg'd
From all Arrests; yet there lives a foolish Creature
Call'd an Under-sheriff, who, being well paid, will serve
An Extent on Lord's, or Lown's Land. Pay it in;
I would be loth your Name should sink; or that
Your hopeful Son, when he returns from Travel,
Should find you, my Lord, without Land. You are angry
For my good Counsel. Look you to your Bonds; had
I known
Of your coming, believe it, I would have had Serjeants
ready.

Lord, how you fret! but that a Tavern's near
You should taste a Cup of Muscadine in my House,

³¹ *Lawless*—means here *above Law*, and is used in the same Sense in
the Fatal Dowry. M. M.

To

To wash down Sorrow ; but there it will do better ;
I know you'll drink a Health to me. [Exit Luke.

Lord. To thy Damnation !

Was there ever such a Villain ! Heaven forgive me !
For speaking so unchristianly, though he deserves it.

Old Goldw. We are undone.

Old Tradew. Our Families quite ruined.

Lord. Take Courage, Gentlemen, Comfort may
appear,

And Punishment overtake him, when he least expects it.

SCENE the Last.

Enter Sir John, and Holdfast.

Sir John. Be silent on your Life.

Holdfast. I am o'erjoy'd.

Sir John. Are the Pictures plac'd as I directed ?

Holdfast. Yes, Sir.

Sir John. And the Musicians ready ?

Holdfast. All is done.

As you commanded.

Sir John [at the Door]. Make Haste and be careful,
You know your Cue, and Postures.

Plenty [within]. We are perfect.

Sir John. 'Tis well : Are the rest comè too ?

Holdfast. And dispos'd of

To your own With.

Sir John. Set forth the Table : So

Enter Servants with a rich Banquet.

A perfect Banquet. At the Upper-end,
His Chair in State, he shall feast like a Prince.

Holdfast. And rise like a Dutch Hangman.

Enter Luke.

Sir John. Not a Word more.

How like you the Preparation ? Fill your Room ³²,
And taste the Cates ; then in your Thoughts consider

³² That is, take your Place. M. M.

A rich Man, that lives wisely to himself,
In his full Height of Glory.

Luke. I can brook

No Rival in this Happiness. How sweetly
These Dainties, when unpay'd for, please my Palate !
Some Wine, *Jove's* Nectar : Brightness to the Star
That govern'd at my Birth ! Shoot down thy Influence,
And with a Perpetuity of Being
Continue this Felicity ; not gain'd
By Vows to Saints above, and much less purchas'd
By thriving Industry ; nor fall'n upon me
As a Reward to Piety, and Religion,
Or Service to my Country : I owe all this
To Diffimulation, and the Shape
I wore of Goodness. Let my Brother number
His Beads devoutly, and believe his Alms
To Beggars, his Compassion to his Debtors,
Will wing his better Part, disrob'd of Flesh,
To soar above the Firmament. I am well,
And so I surfeit here in all Abundance.
Tho' stil'd a Cormorant, a Cut-throat, Jew,
And prosecuted with the fatal Curses
Of Widows, undone Orphans, and what else
Such as malign my State can load me with ;
I will not envy it ³³. You promis'd Musick.

Sir John. And you shall hear the Strength and Power
Of it, the Spirit of *Orpheus* rais'd to make it good,
And in those ravishing Strains with which he mov'd
Charon and *Cerberus* to give him Way
To fetch from Hell his lost *Eurydice*.
Appear swifter than Thought.

Musick. At one Door *Cerberus* ; at the other,
Charon, *Orpheus*, *Chorus*.

Luke. 'Tis wondrous strange. [you?
Sir John. Does not the Object and the Accent take

³³ The Verb, to envy, is in this Passage used in a very uncommon Sense. I will not envy it, means I will not repine at it. M. M.

Luke. A pretty Fable. But that Musick should
Alter in Fiends their Nature, is to me
Impossible. Since in myself I find,
What I have once decreed shall know no Change.

Sir John. You are constant to your Purposes, yet I
think
That I could stagger you.

Luke. How?

Sir John. Should I present
Your Servants, Debtors, and the rest that suffer
By your fit Severity, I presume the Sight
Would move you to Compassion.

Luke. Not a Mote.
The Musick that your *Orpheus* made, was harsh
To the Delight I should receive in hearing
Their Cries and Groans: If it be in your Power
I would now see 'em.

Sir John. Spirits in their Shapes
Shall shew them as they are. But if it should move you?

Luke. If it do, may I ne'er find Pity!

Sir John. Be your own Judge.
Appear as I commanded.

[*Sad Musick* ³⁴. *Enter Goldwire and Tradewell as from Prison. Fortune, Hoyst, Penury following after them: Shave'em in a Blue-gown; Secret, Ding'em, Old Tradewell, and Old Goldwire, with Serjeants. As directed, they all kneel to Luke, heaving up their Hands for Mercy. Stargaze with a Pack of Almanacks; Milliscent.*

Luke. Ha, ha, ha!
This move me to Compassion? Or raise
One Sign of seeming Pity in my Face?

³⁴ *Sad Musick*—Solemn or soft Musick. So *Shakspear*, in his *Henry*
IV. 2d Part:

Unless some dull and favourable Hand
Will whisper Musick to my weary Spirit.

D.

A a 3

You

You are deceived. It rather renders me
 More flinty, and obdurate : A South Wind
 Shall sooner soften Marble, and the Rain
 That slides down gently from his flaggy Wings
 O'erflow the Alps, than Knees, or Tears, or Groans,
 Shall wrest Compunction from me. 'Tis my Glory
 That they are wretched ; and by me made so,
 It sets my Happiness off. I could not triumph
 If these were not my Captives. Ha ! my Tarriers,
 As it appears, have seiz'd on these old Foxes,
 As I gave Order ; New Addition to
 My Scene of Mirth. Ha, ha ! They now grow tedious ;
 Let 'em be remov'd ; some other Object, if
 Your Art can shew it.

Sir *John*. You shall perceive 'tis boundless.
 Yet one Thing real, if you please ?

Luke. What is it ?

Sir *John*. Your Nieces, ere they put to Sea, crave
 humbly,
 Though absent in their Bodies, they may take Leave
 Of their late Suitors' Statues³⁵.

Enter Lady, Ann, and Mary.

Luke. There they hang ;
 In Things indifferent I am tractable.

Sir *John*. There, pay your Vows, you have Liberty.

Ann. O sweet Figure [*Plenty and Lacy ready behind.*
 Of my abused *Lacy* ! When remov'd
 Into another World ; I'll daily pay
 A Sacrifice of Sighs to thy Remembrance ;
 And with a Shower of Tears strive to wash off

³⁵ The Word Statues is here used to express Portraits. M. M.

I think it appears from the Text that *Lacy* and *Plenty* in their own Persons represented themselves as Statues. Consequently Statues could not mean Pictures ; besides how came their Pictures into Sir *John's* House, who were not of Kin to the Family, and who left the House in Anger, disgusted with the Treatment of the two Daughters ? — The Statues here are supposed to be produced by Sir *John's* Skill in Conjurat[i]on. D.

The Stain of that Contempt, my foolish Pride
And Insolence threw upon thee.

Mary. I had been
Too happy, if I had enjoy'd the Substance;
But, far unworthy of it, now I fall
Thus prostrate to thy Statue.

Lady. My kind Husband!
Blessed in my Misery! from the Monastery
To which my Disobedience confin'd thee,
With thy Soul's Eye, which Distance cannot hinder,
Look on my Penitence. O that I could
Call back Time past, thy holy Vow dispens'd,
With what Humility would I observe
My long-neglected Duty!

Sir John. Does not this move you?

Luke. Yes, as they do the Statues, and her Sorrow
My absent Brother. If by your magick Art
You can give Life to these, or bring him hither
To witness her Repentance, I may have
Perchance some Feeling of it.

Sir John. For your Sport
You shall see a Master-piece. Here's nothing but
A Superficies, Colours, and no Substance.
Sit still, and to your Wonder and Amazement,
I'll give these Organs. This the Sacrifice
To make the great Work perfect.

Enter Lacy and Plenty.

Luke. Prodigious!

Sir John. Nay, they have Life, and Motion. Descend;
And for your absent Brother, this wash'd off,
Against your Will, you shall know him.

Enter Lord and the rest.

Luke. I am lost.
Guilt strikes me dumb.

Sir John. You have seen, my Lord, the Pageant?

A a 4

Lord

Lord. I have, and am ravish'd with it.

Sir John. What think you now
Of this clear Soul? this honest pious Man?
Have I stripp'd him bare? Or will your Lordship have
A farther Trial of him? 'Tis not in a Wolf to change
his Nature.

Lord. I long since confess'd my Error.

Sir John. Look up, I forgive you,
And seal your Pardons thus.

Lady. I am too full
Of Joy to speak it.

Ann. I am another Creature;
Not what I was.

Mary. I vow to shew myself
When I am married, an humble Wife,
Not a commanding Mistress.

Plenty. On those Terms
I gladly thus embrace you.

Lacy. Welcome to
My Bosom. As the one-half of myself,
I'll love you, and cherish you.

Goldwire. Mercy.

Tradewell and the rest. Good Sir, Mercy.

Sir John. This Day is sacred to it. All shall find me,
As far as lawful Pity can give Way to't,
Indulgent to your Wishes, though with Loss
Unto myself. My kind, and honest Brother,
Looking into yourself, have you seen the Gorgon?
What a golden Dream you have had in the Possession
Of my Estate! but here's a Revocation
That wakes you out of it. Monster in Nature!
Revengeful, avaricious, Atheist,
Transcending all Example. But I shall be
A Sharer in thy Crimes, should I repeat 'em.
What wilt thou do? Turn Hypocrite again,
With Hope Diffimulation can aid thee?
Or that one Eye will shed a Tear in Sign
Of Sorrow for thee? I have Warrant to

Make

Make bold with mine own, pray you uncase. This Key
too

I must make bold with. Hide thyself in some Desert,
Where good Men ne'er may find thee; or in Justice
Pack to *Virginia*, and repent; not for
Those horrid Ends to which thou did'st design these.

Luke. I care not where I go. What's done, with Words,
Cannot be undone. [Exit *Luke*.

Lady. Yet, Sir, shew some Mercy;
Because his Cruelty to me and mine
Did Good upon us.

Sir John. Of that at better Leisure,
As his Penitency shall work me. Make you good
Your promis'd Reformation, and instruct
Our City Dames, whom Wealth makes proud, to move
In their own Spheres; and willingly to confess
In their Habits, Manners, and their highest Port,
A Distance 'twixt the City and the Court.

[Exeunt *Omnes*.





P O E M S

O N

Several Occasions,

By PHILIP MASSINGER,



To my judicious and learned Friend the Author
[James Shirley] upon his ingenious Poem, The
Grateful Servant, a Comedy, published in 1630.

**** Hough I well know that my obscurer Name
 * T * Lifted with theirs *, who here advance thy
 * * * Fame,
 **** Cannot add to it, give me leave to be,
 Among the rest, a modest Votary
 At th' Altar of thy Muse. I dare not raise
 Giant Hyperboles unto thy Praise;
 Or hope it can find Credit in this Age,
 Though I should swear, in each triumphant Page
 Of this thy Work, there's no Line but of Weight,
 And Poesy itself shewn at the Height:
 Such Common Places, Friend, will not agree
 With thy own Vote, and my Integrity.
 I'll steer a Mid-way, have clear Truth my Guide,
 And urge a Praise which cannot be denied.
 Here are no forc'd Expressions, no rack'd Phrase;
 No *Babel* Compositions to amaze
 The tortur'd Reader; no believ'd Defence
 To strengthen the bold *Atheist's* Insolence;
 No obscene Syllable, that may compel
 A Blush from a chaste Maid; but all so well
 Express'd and order'd, as wise Men must say
 It is a grateful Poem, a good Play:
 And such as read ingenuously, shall find
 Few have outstripp'd thee, many halt behind.

Philip Massinger.

* John Fox, John Hall, Charles Aleyn, Thomas Randolph, Robert
Stapylton, Thomas Craford, William Habington.

To

To his Son *, upon his Minerva †.

***** HOU art my Son ; in that my Choice is
 * T * spoke :
 * * * Thine with thy Father's Muse strikes equal
 ***** Stroke.

It shew'd more Art in *Virgil* to relate,
 And make it worth the hearing, his Gnat's Fate ;
 Than to conceive what those great Minds must be
 That fought, and found out, fruitful *Italy*.
 And such as read and do not apprehend,
 And with Applause, the Purpose and the End
 Of this neat Poem, in themselves confess
 A dull Stupidity and Barrenness.
 Methinks I do behold in this rare Birth,
 A Temple built up to facetious Mirth,
 Pleas'd *Phæbus* smiling on it : doubt not, then,
 But that the Suffrage of judicious Men
 Will honour this *Thalia* ; and, for those
 That praise Sir *Bevis*, or what's worse in Prose,
 Let them dwell still in Ignorance. To write
 In a new Strain, and from it raise Delight,
 As thou in this hast done, doth not by Chance,
 But Merit crown thee with the Laurel Branch.

Philip Massinger.

* *James Shirley.*

† The Innovation of *Penelope* and *Ulysses*, a mock Poem. See *Wit*
 restored, in several select Poems not formerly publish'd. Octavo, 1658,
 p. 142.

*To the Right Honourable my most singular good Lord
and Patron Philip Earl of Pembroke and Mont-
gomery, Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's House-
hold, &c. upon the deplorable and untimely Death of
his late truly Noble Son Charles * Lord Herbert,
&c.*

WAS Fate, not want of Duty, did me wrong;
 Or with the rest, my *Hymenæal* Song
 Had been presented, when the Knot was ty'd
 That made the Bridegroom and the Bride
 A happy Pair. I curs'd my Absence then
 That hinder'd it, and bit my Star-cross'd Pen,
 Too busy in Stage Blanks, and trifling Rhime,
 When such a Cause call'd, and so apt a Time
 To pay a general Debt; mine being more
 Than they could owe, who since, or heretofore,
 Have labour'd with exalted Lines to raise
 Brave Piles, or rather Pyramids of Praise
 To *Pembroke* and his Family: And dare I,
 Being silent then, aim at an *Elegy*?
 Or hope my weak Muse can bring forth one Verse
 Deserving to wait on the sable Hearse
 Of your late hopeful *Charles*? His *Obsequies*
 Exact the Mourning of all Hearts and Eyes
 That knew him, or lov'd Virtue. He that would
 Write what he was, to all Posterity, should
 Have ample Credit in himself, to borrow
 (Nay make his own) the saddest Accents, Sorrow
 Ever express'd, and a more moving Quill
 Than *Spenser* us'd when he gave *Astrophil*
 A living *Epicædium*. For poor me,
 By Truth I vow it is no Flattery,

* *Charles Lord Herbert* married Mary only Daughter of *Villiers*
the great Duke of *Buckingham*, but he died before Cohabitation. D.

I from

I from my Soul wish (if it might remove
 Grief's Burthen, which too feelingly you prove)
 Though I have been ambitious of Fame,
 As Poets are, and would preserve a Name,
 That, my Toys burnt, I'd liv'd unknown to Men,
 And ne'er had writ, nor ne'er to write again.
 Vain Wish, and to be scorn'd ! Can my foul Drops
 With such pure Gold be valu'd ? or the Loss
 Of Thousand Lives like mine merit to be
 The same Age thought on, when his Destiny
 Is only mentioned ? No, my Lord, his Fate
 Is to be prized at a higher Rate ;
 Nor are the Groans of common Men to be
 Blended with those which the Nobility
 Vent hourly for him. That great Ladies mourn
 His sudden Death, and Lords vie at his Urn
 Drops of Compassion ; that true Sorrow, fed
 With Showers of Tears, still bathe the widow'd Bed
 Of his dear Spouse ; that our great King and Queen
 (To grace your Grief) disdain'd not to be seen
 Your royal Comforters ; these well become
 The Loss of such a Hope, and on his Tomb
 Deserve to live.—But, since no more could be
 Presented, to set off his Tragedy,
 And with a general Sadness, why should you
 (Pardon my Boldness !) pay more than his Due,
 Be the Debt ne'er so great ? No Stoick can,
 As you were a loving Father, and a Man,
 Forbid a mod'rate Sorrow ; but to take
 Too much of it, for his or your own Sake,
 If we may trust *Divines*, will rather be
 Censur'd Repining than true Piety.
 I still presume too far, and more than fear
 My Duty may offend pressing too near
 Your private Passions. I thus conclude
 If now you shew your passive Fortitude
 In bearing this Affliction, and prove
 You take it as a Trial of Heav'n's Love

And

And Favour to you, you ere long shall see
Your second Care return'd from *Italy*,
To bless his native *England*, each rare Part
That in his Brother liv'd, and joy'd your Heart,
Transferr'd to him, and to the World make known
He takes Possession of what's now his own,

Your Honour's

most humble

and faithful Servant,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

A P P E N D I X.

V O L. I.

P I C T U R E.

PAGE 55.

Honorio to Matthias.

——— Besides

Your *May of Youth* is past.

This is a parallel Place which may serve to settle that contested Passage in *Macbeth*,

——— My Way of Life

Is fallen into the fear.

It plainly proves that *Shakespeare* wrote *May of Life*,—and indeed it is singular that it should be disputed, for the Progress of Youth to Age is well represented, by the Bloom of *May*, and the yellow Leaf in *October*.

D.

DUKE OF MILAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Graccho. ——— If the Bells

Ring out the Tune, as if the Streets were burning

And he cry 'tis rare Musick; bid him sleep:

'Tis Sign he has took his Liquor; and if you meet

An Officer preaching of Sobriety,

Unless he read it in *Geneva* Print

Lay him by the Heels.

Graccho's Injunction to his Fellow Servants to promote the Cause of Drunkenness, resembles *Dogberry's* Charge to the Watch, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act III.

Dogb. You shall comprehend all Vagrum Men;

You are to bid any Man stand, in the Prince's Name—

Watch. How if he will not stand?

Dogb. Why then take no Note of him, but let him go, and presently call the Watch together, and thank God you are rid of a Knave.

B b 2

ROMAN

ROMAN ACTOR.

The *Roman Actor* was more highly commended by the Author's Friends, as we learn from the several Poems addressed to him on its Publication, than any of his Plays.—In the Dedication he tells his Patrons, that he esteemed it the greatest Effort of his *Minerva*.—The Success of it with the Public in general was certainly very considerable.

Betterton revived the *Roman Actor*, and represented the Part of *Paris*; but in what Year I could never learn; for *Downs*, the only Stage Historian from the Restoration to the Revolution, makes no mention of this Play.

It was again revived about the Year 1723, at *Lincoln's-Inn Fields* Theatre, when *Walker*, afterwards the celebrated *Macbeth*, acted the Part of *Paris*. D.

BOND-MAN*.—

* The *Bond-man* was acted by *Rhodes*, of the Bookseller's Company, in 1659, some Time before the Restoration, by Permission or Connivance of the Rump Parliament.—*Betterton* played *Pistander* the *Bond-Man*; and this Part *Downes* puts into the List of that great Actor's principal Characters. D.

ACT I. SCENE III.

PAGE 102.

On the first Consideration of this Passage, I did not apprehend that the Word *Staunch* could import any Meaning that would render it intelligible, and I had therefore emended the Passage by reading *starch'd* instead of *staunch*; but I have since found a similar acceptance of that Word in *Jonson's Silent Woman*, where *Truewit* says, "If your Mistress love Valour, talk of your Sword, and be frequent in the mention of Quarrels, tho' you be *staunch* in fighting." ACT IV. SCENE I. This is one of the many Instances that may be produced to prove how necessary it is, for the Editor of any ancient Dramatick Writer, to read with Attention the other Dramatick Productions of the Time. M. M.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Cleora. The Monster too that feeds on Fears.

An Imitation of *Othello*, 3d Act.

———— Beware of Jealousy!

It is the green-ey'd Monster that makes the Meal
It feeds on.

Arch. ——— There's a Sport too
Lying perdue.

Archidamus

Archidamus means *Enfans Perdus*, the forlorn Hope of a Camp, which generally consists of Gentlemen of Companies, and are so called because they are given up for lost Men, in respect of the dangerous Service they go upon. D.

S C E N E III.

Cimb. We are no Brokers.
That is, we are not Men totally divested of Conscience; or such as will do any Thing for Money.

Brokers were Persons employed, in the Times of *James* and *Charles* the First, to raise Money for young Heirs at an exorbitant Interest, and were the common Go-betweens in every Business where Advantage and Profit of any Kind was to be had.

V O L. II.

F A T A L D O W R Y.

A C T III. P. 225.

That 'tis not strange your Landrels in the Leaguer
Grew mad in Love with you.

To beleaguer, is to besiege a Town or Fort: and a Leaguer was the Siege of a Place.

Bobadil, in *Every Man in his Humour*, boasts that the Leaguer of *Sbignonium*, at which he was present, was the best that he ever beheld with his Eyes.

I imagine that *Beaumelle*, by Leaguer, means a Fort, in which *Romont* might be a Commanding Officer.

Holland's Leaguer, was the Siege of *Holland*.

Romont. — But yet be careful;
Detraction's a bold Monster, and fears not
To wound the Fame of Princes.

So *Horatio*, in the 3d Act of the *Fair Penitent*, in Language very similar, tells *Calista*;

—— 'Tis a busy talking World,
That with licentious Breath blows like the Wind
As freely on the Palace as the Cottage.

Page 230.

Rochfort. And for you, Daughter, off with this, off with it.

Beaumelle had bidden her Attendant *Bellapert* pin-on her Veil, disclaiming the Use of Jewels, as pretending to think them improper for a Lady of good Fame; therefore the indulgent Father, deceived by his Daughter's Artifice, bids her not give into that restrained Behaviour, but to pull off her Veil, and dress more gorgeously.

A C T

A C T IV.

Noval. ———— *My Aymer,*
Like a free wanton Jennet i' th' Meadows,
I look about and neigh, take Hedge and Ditch,
Feed in my Neighbours Pastures; pick my Choice
Of all their fair-maned Mares.

Orway, in his *Orphan*, seems to have had this Passage in View;
Act I. Scene the Last.

The lusty Bull ranges through all the Field,
And from the Herd singling his Female out
Enjoys her and abandons her at Will.

Rowe, in his *Fair Penitent*, with less Grossness improves the Thought
very happily, in the Character of *Lotharia*. Act II.

By the Joys which yet my Soul has uncontroll'd pursu'd
I would not turn aside from my least Pleasure,

* * * * *

But like the Birds, great Nature's happy Commoners,
That haunt in Woods, in Meads, and flow'ry Gardens,
Rifle the Sweets, and taste the choicest Fruits,
Yet scorn to ask the lordly Owner's Leave.

D,

S C E N E II.

Beaumont. Some Tricks and Crotchets he has in his Head,
As all Musicians have ————

This is spoken of *Aymer* a Musician, at whose House *Noval* and
Beaumelle were detected by *Charobis*. In the Reign of *James* the First
the Practice of carrying on Intrigues seems to have been familiar to the
Gentlemen who stiled themselves Masters of Musick, who were indeed
no better than Pimps and Bawd Gallants, as they were then stiled.

In a Play of *Middleton*, called *Your Five Gallants*, *Premiere*, the
Bawd Gallant, explains the Mystery of keeping a House of Recrea-
tion, under the Pretence of teaching the Ladies Musick.

"To Fools and Strangers these are Gentlewomen of Sort and Wor-
ship; Knights Heirs, great in Portion, boarded here for Musick, &c."

D.

S C E N E THE LAST.

Rockford. ———— I pronounc'd her Death
As a Judge only, and a Friend to Justice;

* * * * *

Broke all the Ties of Nature, and cast off
The Love and soft Affection of a Father.

Mr. Rowe's Sciolto, in *The Fair Penitent*, expresses himself in much the
same Language as *Rockford*.

P^{re}

I've held the Balance with an iron Hand,
And put off every tender human Thought
To doom my Child to Death.

Fair Penitent, Act V. Scene II.

EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

A C T IV.

————— She's come;
Can she be guilty! —————

Eudoxia's innocent Look shakes for a Moment the Emperor's Belief of her Guilt. This Idea is plainly taken from *Shakespeare*, whom *Massinger* often imitates. *Othello*, Act iii.

————— But *Desdemona* comes!
If she be false, O then Heaven mocks itself.

————— It was indeed.
Eud. The fairest (Apple) I ever saw.
Theod. It was?

*It had Virtues in it my Eudoxia
Not visible to the Eye*——

The Anger about the Apple resembles *Othello's* affecting and terrible Expostulation of *Desdemona* concerning the Handkerchief——

Theod. What did you with it, tell me punctually;
I look for a strict Account——
Athen. What shall I answer?
Theod. Do you stagger—ha?
Othello. Fetch me the Handkerchief!
Desd. Why do you speak so startingly and rash!

A C T V.

Theod. Wherefore pay you
This Adoration to a sinful Creature?
I am Flesh and Blood as you are, sensible
Of Heat and Cold, &c.

Mr. *Rowe*, who stands indebted to *Massinger* for his Play of the *Fair Penitent*, has here stolen the Thoughts quoted above, to put them into the Mouth of *Tamerlane*, Act ii.

————— Oh *Axalla*!
Could I forget I am a Man as thou art,
Would not the Winter's Cold, or Summer's Heat,
Sickness, or Thirst and Hunger, &c,

MAID

M A I D O F H O N O U R.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Bert. ——— You will not find there
Your Masters of Dependencies to take up
A drunken Brawl, or to get you the Names
Of valiant Chevaliers, Fellows that will be
For a Cloak of thrice-dy'd Velvet and a cast Suit,
Kick'd down Stairs.

Masters of Dependencies were certain Swordsmen, who took upon themselves to adjust the Modes of Fighting, and settle the Point of Honour in all Quarrels between young Heirs or quarrelsome Companions: here *Bertoldo* means Bullies, and such Swordsmen as *Bessus's* Friends in *King and No King*, who, pretending to be Masters of nice Points of Honour, were rank Cowards. D.

V O L. III.

U N N A T U R A L C O M B A T.

A C T II. S C E N E III.

Belgarde to Malefort Senior.

——— And *handsomely* you have seen me fight. If now
At this downright Game, I may but hold your Cards,
I'll not pull down the Side.

I'll not pull down the Side, seems to have been a proverbial or common Expression; which imports, that he who offers to hold another's Cards, will not injure the Party for which he stands.

So Cosimo in the Duke of Florence,

If I hold your Cards, I shall pull down the Side.
If I engage in this jolly drinking Bout, I shall disgrace the Party, I
shall not be able to stand to it.

D.

A C T III.

PAGE 214.

——— And he is bound to sooth
Every grim Sir above him.

Mr.

Mr. *Doddsley*, in his Edition, reads every trim *Sir* above him; but if the present Reading required any Support, it is confirmed by a Passage in *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, where the same Expression occurs.

Cowley. It is a Faith
That we will die in, since from the Black-guard
To the grim *Sir* in Office, there are few
Hold other Tenets.

Elder Brother. Act I. Scene I.
M. M.

NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Welb. Art thou scarce manumized from the *Porters Lodge*,
And darest thou dream of Marriage?

The *Porter's Lodge* is mentioned frequently in our old Dramatick Poets, as a Place of Punishment; but what that really was, has not as yet, that I know of, been explained.

The Expression in the above-cited Passage is used allegorically.

"Are you, *Althworth*, who are but a meer Boy and just freed from
"the Discipline of the School, so forward and indiscreet as to think
"of entering into the Bonds of Matrimony?"

From a fair Interpretation of many Passages in our Dramatick Writers, it appears that the *Porter's Lodge* was formerly a Place belonging to the King's Palace, or any great Nobleman's House, where inferior Dependents, Retainers, and Servants, were punished for contumacious and petulant Behaviour.

Dennis, in a Letter to Sir *John Edgar*, a Name assumed by Sir *Richard Steele* in a Periodical Paper called *The Theatre*, treats the Players with great Severity.—His Satire was principally levelled at *Cibber*, the Under Manager to Sir *Richard Steele*.—*Dennis* was then extremely sore from the bad Success of the *Invader of his Country*, a Tragedy altered from *Shakespeare's Coriolanus*: the Ill-fortune of the Play he attributed to the Managers *Wilkes* and *Cibber*.—The old Man insults upon it that all Players who should offend against Decency and Good Manners ought to be severely punished; and that upon some great Misdemeanor committed, the King's Comedians formerly were sent to *Whitehall*, and whipt at the *Porter's Lodge*. I have heard, says *Dennis*, *Joe Haines* more than once ingenuously confess that he had been whipt twice there.

Dennis's Letter to Sir John Edgar, p. 9.

D.

The

The following SONGS, originally sung in the *Fatal Dowry*, and printed in the Quarto Edition of 1632, were omitted in the Octavo of 1759, and not inserted in their proper Place in this present Edition. I suppose they were introduced at the End of the 2d Act, though I see no great Propriety in placing them there, or in any Part of the Play. D.

THE FATAL DOWRY. End of Act II.

CITIZENS SONG OF THE COURTIER.

COURTIER, if thou needs wilt wive,
From this Lesson learne to thrive;
If thou match a Lady, that passes thee in Birth and State,
Let her curious Garments be
Twice above thine owne Degree;
This will draw great Eyes upon her,
Get her Servants, and thee Honour.

COURTIERS SONG OF THE CITIZENS.

POOR Cittizen, if thou wilt be
A happy Husband, learn of me;
To set thy Wife first in thy Shop.
A fair Wife, a kind Wife, a sweet Wife, sets a poor Man up.
What though thy Shelves be ne'er so bare,
A Woman still is current Ware;
Each Man will cheapen, Foe and Friend;
But whilst thou art at e'other End,
Whate'er thou seest, or what dost hear,
Fool, have no Eye to, nor an Ear;
And after Supper, for her sake,
When thou hast fed, snort, though thou wake:
What, though the Gallants call thee Mome,
Yet with thy Lanthorne light her Home;
Then look into the Town, and tell,
If no such Tradesman there doe dwell.

F I N I S.

CORRIGENDA in the new Edition of MASSINGER.

V O L. I.

- P. i, line 7, for *they* read *which*
 13 and 14, strike out the parenthesis
- P. ii, line 22, for *gave* read *give*
- P. vii. line 8, for *by Stile*, read *by the Style*
 30, for *Tone* read *tame*
- P. ix, line 12, strike out the word *and*
- P. x, line 26, for *could* read *should*
- P. xi, line 12, for *writes* read *styles*
- P. 19, line 14, for *To seek me* read *To seek to me*
- P. 53, line 12, for *Dignity* read *Divinity*.
- P. 75, line 2, for *Pleurisy* read *Plurisy*
- P. 87, line 18, for *the Event's*, read *th' Events!*
- P. 116, line 4, for *temped* read *tempted*
- P. 145, last line but 3, for *antient'st* read *patients'st*
- P. 148, line 6, for *next Door*, read *next the Door*
- P. 165, line 2, for *me* read *you*
- P. 166, line last but 3, for *Watch* read *Witch*
- P. 176, line 9, for *liquorish* read *lickerish*
- P. 177, (erroneously number'd) line 3, for *keepst* read *kep'st*
- P. 178, line 6, for *He* read *The*
- P. 232, line 27, for *Food* read *Foot*
- P. 241, line 20, the parenthesis should end after the word *Husband*
- P. 242, line 23, for *Monument's* read *monumental*
- P. 253, line 10, after *Creditors* insert the word *Noses*
- P. 277, line 3, for *bear* read *bare*
- P. 299, line 30, for *resolv'd* read *resolve*
- P. 326, line 14, strike out the word *of*,

V O L. II.

- P. 70, line 18, for *The* read *That*
- P. 103, line 4, for *Rules* read *Rule*
- P. 112, line 22, for *the Piece of Honour* read *the least Piece of Honour*
- Ibid. at the bottom, for *gives her a scarf*, read *gives her scarf*
- P. 178, line 25, for *'Tbis* read *'Tis*
- P. 209, line 6, and in the first line of the note, for *your* read *you*
- P. 224, after the 20th line, insert the following speeches, which are entirely omitted:

Romont. What a perfume the Musk-cat leaves behind him!
 Do you admit him as a Property
 To save you Charges, Lady?

Beaumelle. ——— "Tis not usefess,
 Since you are to succeed him.

Romont. So I respect, &c.

Vol. IV.

C c

P. 322.

- P. 232, line 19, for *beat* read *bait*
 26 and 27, strike out the parenthesis
 P. 248, line 16, after *Keep* insert *him*
 P. 250, line 16, for *I've* read *I have*
 P. 271, line 22, after *quæ* insert *sunt*
 P. 312, line 22, for *be thyself* read *by thyself?*
 P. 353, line 16, for *the Roman* read *this Roman*
 P. 356, line 13, after *fashion* insert *should*
 P. 387, last line but 5, for *your* read *our*

V O L. III.

- P. 37, the 3 last lines of the note are misplaced, and belong to the note in the succeeding page.
 P. 151, line 11, for *Tapster* read *Taster*
 P. 167, last line but 1, for *observ'd* read *deserv'd*
 P. 177, line 3, the word *with* should end this line instead of being placed at the beginning of the next.
 P. 190, line 29, for *o'erbear* read *o'erbear*
 P. 209, line 17, for *Rea* read *Reason*
 P. 214, line 8, for *learn* read *learn'd*
 P. 231, line 30, for *wrong* read *wrung*
 P. 274, line 32, for *to think* read *you think*

V O L. IV.

- P. 17, line 14, instead of *Calypso* read *my neighbour*; tho' *Calypso* is the person alluded to, she is not named.
 P. 36, line last but 4, for *gives* read *give*
 P. 39, line 30, for the old *Pandarus*, read the old *Squire of Troy*; *Pandarus*, tho' the person alluded to, is not named.
 P. 41, line 21, after *which* insert the word *time*
 P. 63, line 9, for *Were* read *We're*
 P. 111, line 8, for *Ye*, read *Yet*,
 P. 125, line 24, for *bear* read *dear*
 P. 203, line 27, for a *day two*, read a *day or two*
 P. 208, line 21, for *and* read *an*
 P. 213, line last but 3, for *look* read *looks*
 P. 215, line 13, for *Bow* read *Blow*
 P. 223, line 22, for *forward* read *froward*
 P. 234, line 1, insert the name of *Eugenia* as the speaker
 P. 256, in the note, for *your Goodness*, read *you, Goodness!*
 P. 296, last line but 2, for *profit of*, read *profit for*
 P. 324, last line but 5, for *consider* read *consider'd*



